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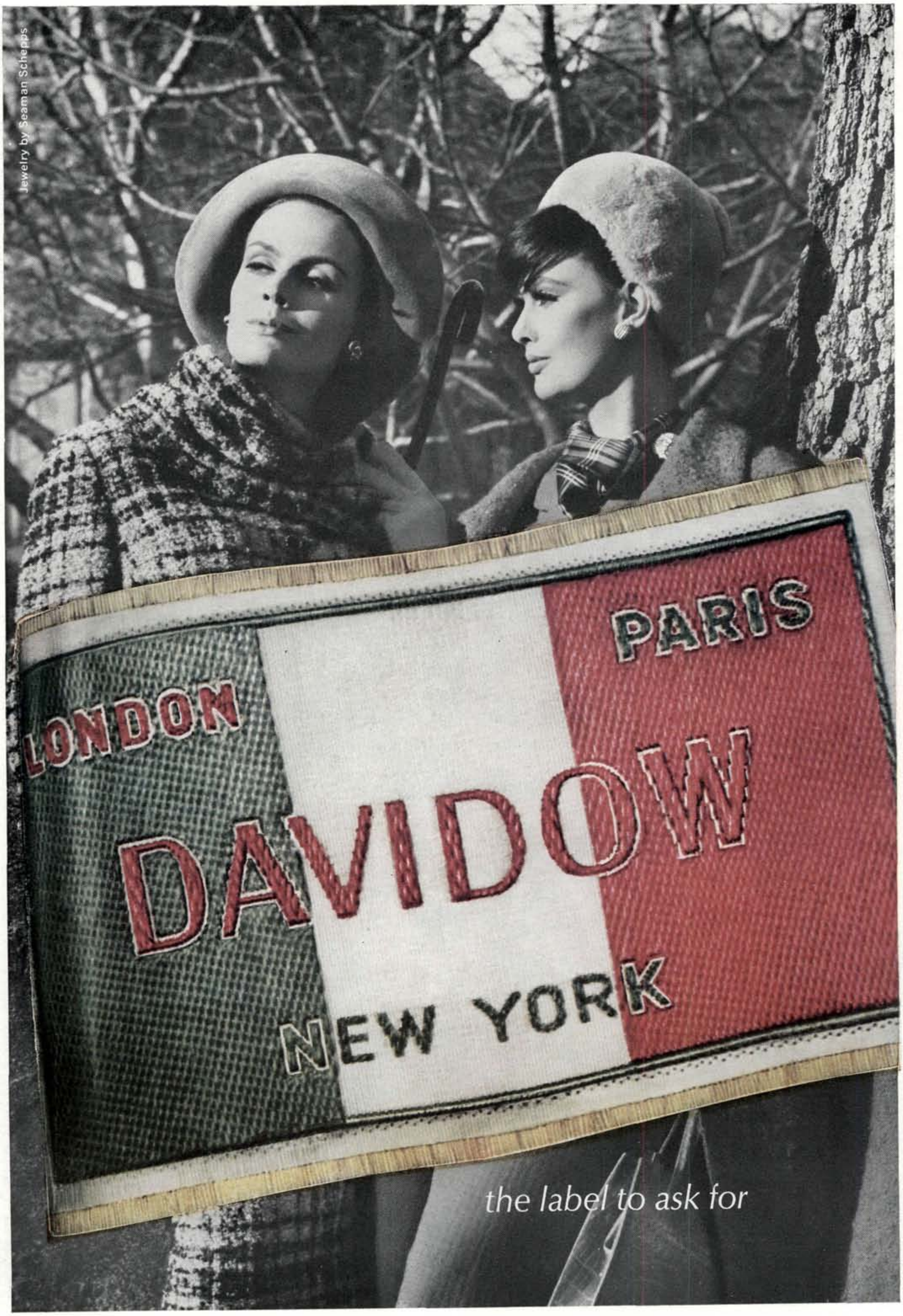
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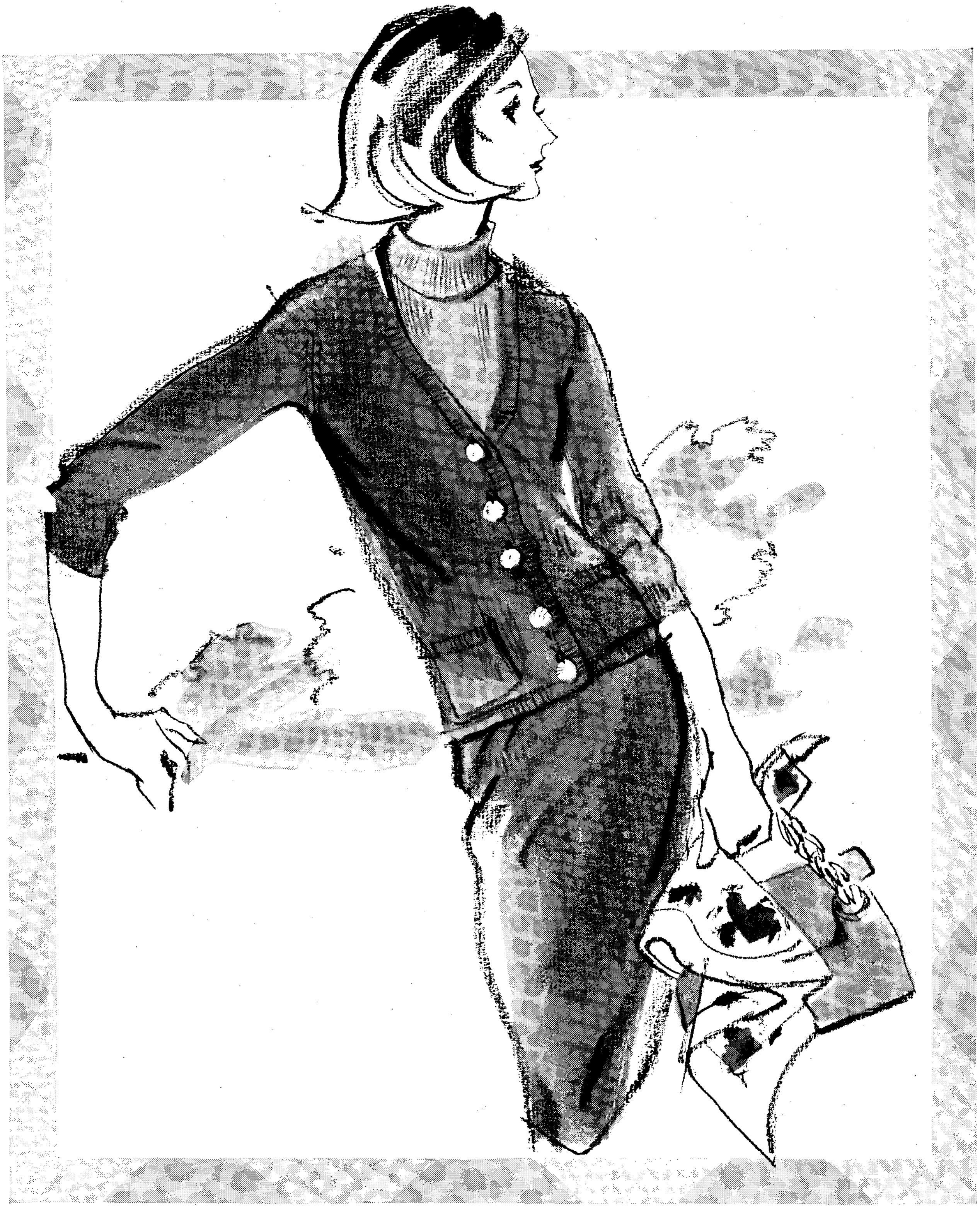

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				27	28	29
30	31	1	2	3	4	5

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Any Wednesday—A sprightly farce about a girl who is a rich man's plaything and lives in an executive suite maintained by her lover's company. Sandy Dennis is full of bounce and charm as the girl, and Rosemary Murphy and Don Porter lend her admirable support. Henry Kaplan has directed Muriel Resnik's play in effervescent style, and Robert Randolph has provided a bright décor. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Blues for Mister Charlie—A rambling discussion about the differences that exist between blacks and whites who are trying, with no success whatever, to live together in the Southern area of the United States. Written by James Baldwin, the drama has several splendid performances, and fine direction by Burgess Meredith. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Aug. 29.)

The Deputy—The famous drama in verse by Rolf Hochhuth, which examines in some detail the relations between the Vatican and the Third Reich during the Second World War. David Carradine is currently in the leading role. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Dylan—The outrageous and eloquent Welsh poet masterfully personified by Sir Alec Guinness in a highly satisfactory play by Sidney Michaels. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 12.)

The Subject Was Roses—A tedious account of the vicissitudes of an Irish-American family in the Bronx. Written by Frank D. Gilroy, the play concerns itself with the return of a Second World War soldier to his native haunt, where his father and mother are constantly bickering. With Jack Albertson, Irene Dailey, and Martin Sheen. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Three Sisters—Maybe Lee Strasberg's direction is at first a trifle aimless in this interpretation of Chekhov, but it gets into focus as it goes along. So do the actors, all members of the Actors Studio, who, while not entirely harmonious as an ensemble, have many individual merits. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**barefoot in the park:** An account of the troubles a young couple have in a Manhattan walkup. The cast includes Penny Fuller, Robert Redford, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **mary, mary:** An estranged couple making their way back to the old nest. Mindy Carson, William Prince, and Howard Morton are now in Jean Kerr's comedy. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **never too late:** A comedy having to do with a man in his sixties who learns to his dismay that he is about to become a father again. With Dennis O'Keefe, Will Hutchins, Martha Scott, and Fran Sharon. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Fade Out - Fade In—Kicking Hollywood around is pretty old stuff, but this musical, by Adolph Green and Betty Comden, with music by Jule Styne, makes the most of the theme, particularly when Carol Burnett and Jack Cassidy are giving it a whirl. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Funny Girl—Barbra Streisand portraying Fanny Brice in a show that is big, loud, and colorful but a trifle short on warmth. Written by Isobel Lennart, the play has music and lyrics by Jule Styne and Bob Merrill, and, along with Miss Streisand, it features Sydney Chaplin, Kay Medford, and Danny Meehan. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hello, Dolly!—Carol Channing romps happily through this adaptation of Thornton Wilder's "The Matchmaker," which has lively lyrics and music by Jerry Herman, and a helpful book by Michael Stewart. The direction and choreography, by Gower Champion, are also commendable. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

High Spirits—A musical interpretation of Noël Coward's "Blithe Spirit," in which Beatrice Lillie cavorts about as a mad, mad medium. Hugh Martin and Timothy Gray wrote the music and lyrics, which are amiable, and Tammy Grimes, Louise Troy, and Edward Woodward also contribute to the generally festive enterprise. Mr. Coward is the director. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

What Makes Sammy Run?—A foot-dragging musical about a no-good who makes it big in Hollywood. The book was written by Budd and Stuart Schulberg, and the lyrics and music are by Ervin Drake. Prominent in the cast are Steve Lawrence, Sally Ann Howes, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**a funny thing happened on the way to the forum:** Danny Dayton and a number of others, clowning about ancient Rome. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Aug. 29.) . . . **how to succeed in business without really trying:** The saga of a young egomaniac who skips to the top of the mercantile world by duplicity, chicanery, and just plain gall. Darryl Hickman is the youth on the upswing, and Rudy Vallée is his employer. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **oliver!:** An entertainment based on Dickens' "Oliver Twist." Lionel Bart is responsible for the book, music, and lyrics. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Lincoln Center Repertory—Arthur Miller's lengthy drama "After the Fall," which is apparently autobiographical and deals with intellectual and political difficulties of all sorts, is several cuts below his best work. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matineés Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Music Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of Lehár's "The Merry Widow," with Patrice Munsel, Bob Wright, and Mischa Auer, is the second of two productions by the company. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Through Saturday, Sept. 19.)

Greek Tragedy Theatre—A two-week repertory, in modern Greek, of Euripides' "Medea," and Sophocles' "Electra." The engagement opens on Monday, Aug. 31, and will end on Saturday, Sept. 12. "Medea" will be presented through Saturday, Sept. 5. A limited number of wireless hand receivers that provide a simultaneous translation may be rented at each performance. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées the first week on Wednesday at 2 and Saturday at 2:30.)

The Blacks—Jean Genet's occasionally stunning, occasionally windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies that lie between the Negroes and the whites of the world. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Blood Knot—An obvious, tricky, but often effective drama about a pair of South African brothers, one a Negro and the other half-white. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dutchman and **The American Dream**—"Dutchman" is a nightmare tragicomedy about the

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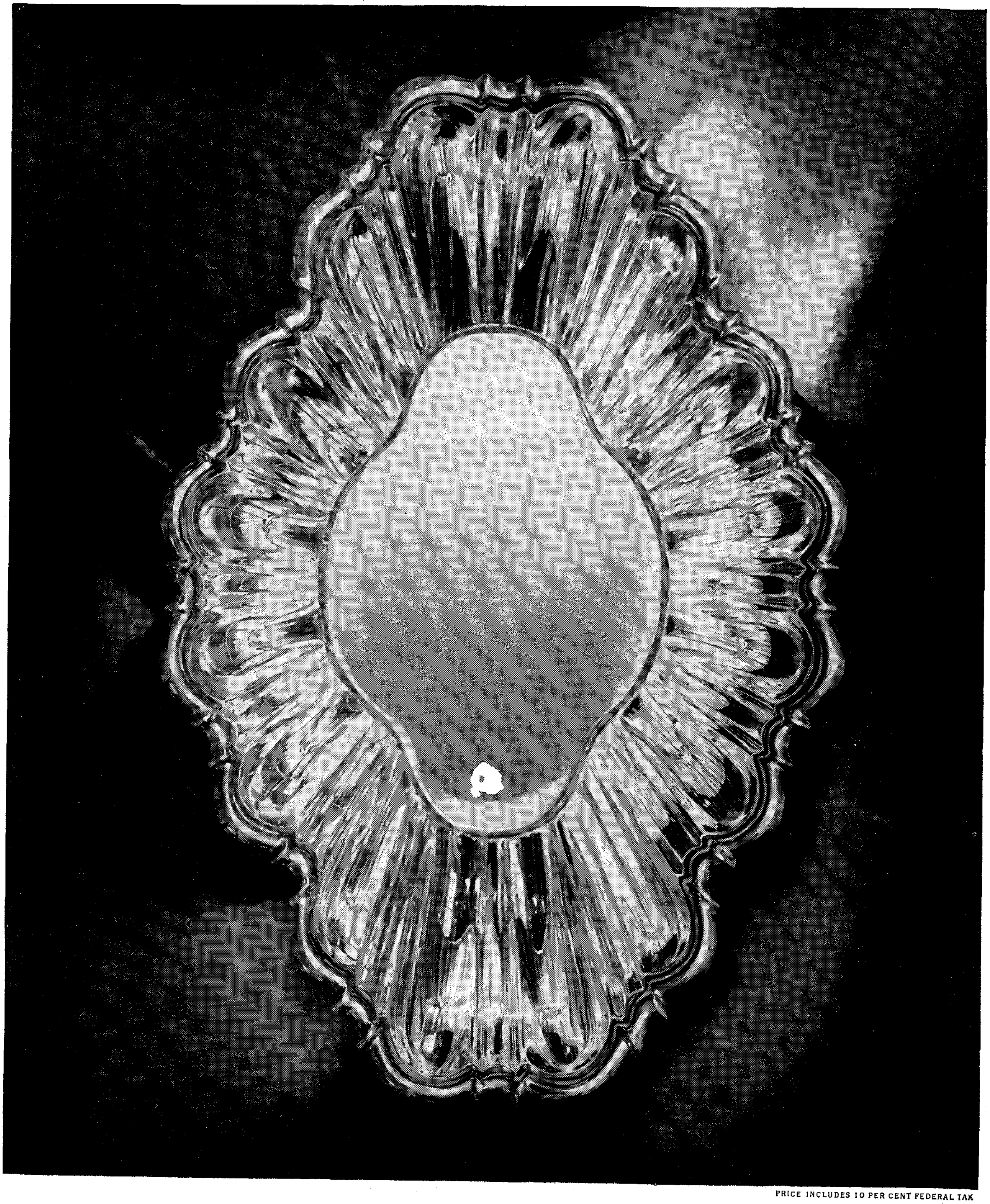

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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encounter of a respectable young Negro and a mad and maddening blonde in a subway car. The author is a most promising dramatist named LeRoi Jones, whose language is often as brutal and tough as the occasion demands. As a companion piece, the management is reviving, for the fifth time, its knockout production of "The American Dream," Edward Albee's sardonic family portrait. No one under eighteen admitted. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In White America—A chronological arrangement of official and private documents recounting the history of the Negro in this country. It may not make a play, exactly, but, as recited and acted by six able performers, it certainly makes a dramatic and moving evening. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave., S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Knack—Ann Jellicoe's farce, which has been directed by the inventive Mike Nichols, is a British import, and so is half its cast. The theme is seduction, and the story, such as it is, concerns three young men and a girl on her way to the Y.W.C.A. The show has its ups and downs, many of the ups being provided by the fine comic acting of Brian Bedford. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Third Ear—A program of improvisation, directed by Elaine May. (Premise, 154 Bleecker St. GR 7-9260. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 11.)

The Trojan Women—This production of Euripides' tragedy of the aftermath of the Trojan War is always clear and visually satisfying. Michael Cacoyannis was the director, and the beautiful translation is the work of the late Edith Hamilton. The individual performances vary considerably in quality. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

Rebekah Harkness Foundation Dance Festival—A series of seven free performances. Monday, Aug. 31: An international gala, featuring Sierra Leone, Spanish, and Indonesian dancers from the World's Fair. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 1-2: The Alvin Ailey Dance Theatre. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Sept. 3-4: The First Chamber Dance Quartet and the Ballet Español Ximenez-Vargas. . . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 5-6: Lotte Goslar and her company, Nora Kovach and Istvan Rabovsky with their Hungarian Ballets 'Bihari,' and Lupe Serrano and Conrad Ludlow. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Evenings at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Folies-Bergère—The Parisian revue, with a cast of seventy headed by Patachou, Georges Ulmer, and Liliane Montevecchi. Presented by Stephen W. Sharmat and produced by Arthur Lesser. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:10 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Ice Show—The twenty-fifth-anniversary edition of "Ice Capades." (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1 and 5. Closes Sunday, Sept. 20.)

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of Sophocles' "Electra," with Lee Grant. The final production of the season. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly at 8:30. Closes Saturday, Aug. 29.)

Jones Beach Marine Theatre—"Around the World in 80 Days," a musical with a cast of two hundred headed by David Atkinson, Robert Clary, and Jan McArt. (Nightly at 8:30; through Sunday, Sept. 6. For tickets, call CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

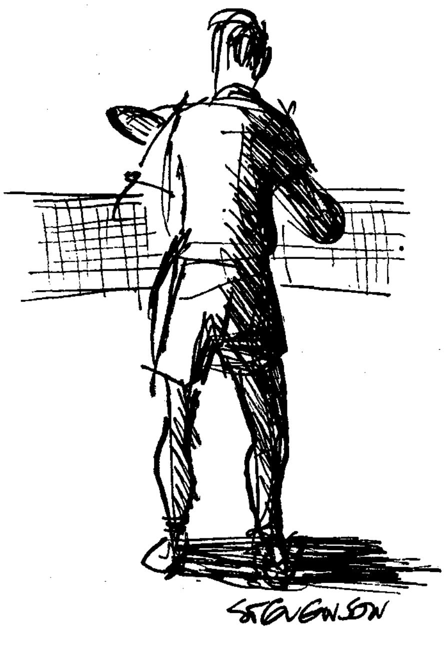
DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The days when orchestrations were woven like Persian rugs are resurrected by the Tommy Dorsey band, now run by Sam Donahue. Helen Forrest gives the lyrics a real hip-hip-hooray performance, and the Pied Pipers are a gleeful glee club. A handsome young singer, Frank Sinatra, Jr., makes a personal appearance as Frank Sinatra, Jr. It is, by the way, possible to dance to this memorable music. The setting is the Royal Box. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The garden that grows on the walls of the restaurant is filled with flowers that are quite contrary, but all is normal at dance-floor level. George Anaya's assortment of Cuban crooners and bandsmen makes sitting-down music from eight to ten, and then getting-up music from ten to one. The musicians are at liberty on Mondays.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—Red sky at night (sailors' delight), brought about by the enormous supply of plush that upholsters this tribute to the Fall River Line. Stan Rubin, his Tiger Town Five, and a bunch of other musicians do dance music (in both past and present tenses) Mondays through Thursdays from seven to twelve and Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; all quiet Sundays.

New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000)—In the Seven Hills, whose muralled walls are the bright last deed of the late René Bouché, a septet—I Cavalieri di Roma, who are nearly all stringmen—makes the sort of luxurious dance tunes to be expected of it, and serves as background for the gloriously impassioned ballads of Dino Palermo. Eight to one every night but Sunday and Monday is the plan.



Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—*Comme il faut* is the house rule in the dignified Café Pierre, where a spunky little Ben Cutler band provides the dance music. Yvette Souviron, who carols as she strokes a keyboard, is the rest of the music; Mondays are her vacations.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, one must be prepared to be frisky when Mark Monte's jubilant bandsmen are on, to be cheerful when Milt Shaw's orchestra is on, and to be stoic when the Barry Sisters are singing. The Sisters appear at ten on weekdays, at dinner and supper Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano, supported by a violin, starts the day in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and brings it to an end in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. The LeFleurs cut classes every Monday, and the Edwardian Room does not function on Friday and Saturday. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes a sidewalk café (pastry, ices, and a cold bottle) in the balmiest part of Europe, Gunnar Hansen's violin furthers the pleasant stratagem. Curfew arrives at one. Sundays are silent.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—This particular set of Alps turns a handsome pink at sundown and stays that way until well past bedtime. Charles Turecamo's band and Quintero's ensemble ply their trade without surcease from eight to two.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181)—You'll know where the wild thyme grows when you watch our gilded youth revel on the dance floor, almost at risk of life and beautiful limb. The setting purports to be the house that Somerset Maugham built in the Cairo of another day. The music, created by machinery, not mankind, roars like a lion from eight to four every night.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—Outdoor sports, boy and girl, take the floor from around eight until a fair piece past midnight every evening underneath the same stars they use in Heaven. Ted Auletta's band, which gets a summery sound out of its harp and its flute, trades places hour after hour with a flight of Latinos. An indoor rink is ready in case of rain.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): A coeducational discussion group of all ages keeps steady hours and steady talk at both bar and grill. The moderator is Goldie Hawkins, who plays piano off and on during the evening (Wayne Sanders is his alternate), and then does double piano with Mr. S. after the theatre. Sam Hamilton runs one of the pianos from five-thirty to eight. Closed Fridays through Sundays. . . . **In Boboli,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Easy living in a walled city, which is Florence, by the look of it. The words and music that are on tap serve to heighten this impression. Dancing Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays. Closed Mondays. . . . **Le Caprice,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Bobby Short, playboy of what remains of the Western World, is applying supercharger technique to both piano and lyrics in a scene taken from a terribly fashionable spa—quite possibly this summer at Marienbad. He checks in at ten-thirty, flanked by Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, his faithful sidemen. There's solo piano, too, from five-thirty until nine by Jules Kuti, and from nine to two by Otis Clements. Closed Sundays. . . . **Café Ambassador,** in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): Every *geste* is *beau* in this grandiose assemblage of scenery, in the midst of which Ray Hartley plays seemly piano for anyone who's dining between seven and one. No music Sundays. . . . **Downstairs at the Upstairs,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Fifty civilized ways of dealing with our paramount problem—love—are set forth in the sad and/or owlish songs of Mabel Mercer, dean emeritus of women. Her seminars, held only Fridays and Saturdays, begin at ten-thirty, and Sam Hamilton's piano is the proper background. . . . **Drake Room,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

0900): A sort of royal road to cocktails, dinner, and supper. Most of the time, Addison Bailey is in cheerful communion with a piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The trappings of this medieval banqueting hall most certainly represent all of King Henri's ransom. Through its pomp and circumstance Norbert Faconi, president emeritus of the League of Mobile Violinists, glides with reasonable frequency every evening but Sunday. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A further exposition of King Henri's ideas about domestic architecture, which were, basically, that all play makes an evening gay. George Cardini, whose violin is incurably romantic, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The oldest cottage industry in the Village—one wholly concerned with such handicrafts and footwork as flamenco. Dancing for the diners as well. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, who has sat at one piano longer than anyone else in town, makes no bones about his addiction to the show tunes, British and American, that are deservedly imperishable. He gets rolling in the bar of the Hotel Earle at nine. No music on Mondays. . . . ***ROMA DI NOTTE***, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. RE 4-3443): An ambulatory song fest goes on from six until two every night but Sunday, and so does the chef. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): A reëstablishment of the Age of Ornamentation, providing room for the restrained but calorific Andalusian guitar wielded from eight to one by Gustavo Lopez. No music Mondays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Undergraduate practitioners of one or another of the lively arts have turned the room into a Central Casting Office. Three of the office workers play jazz, new school, every night but Sunday. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): The Regency Room cocktail lounge, an accurate replica of the halls of Montezuma, affords—from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday—Rack Godwin, whose piano combines opulence with a very mild Regency rakishness. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Mansion life in Little Old New York, right down to the glass-topped conservatory and a bit of open-air breathing space, is preserved in this restaurant, in whose bar there is piano from five to seven-thirty and from nine to two. No music Sundays. . . . **MICHELANGELO**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Life moves at such a becomingly petty pace every night of the week that the diners (the banquets are Roman and North of Italy) hardly notice when it's time to go home. The piano starts at five and Joe Candullo's persuasive dance trio at nine-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays a brace of singers join in. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The Hungarian rhapsody here involves zimbalons, violins, tenors, and sopranos who are prepared to demonstrate, gently but firmly, that silence is not golden. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **PETROUSHKA**, 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): As of Tuesday, Sept. 1, Moscow nights will be here again, but they will be of the old Imperial variety. Marina Fedorovskaya once more will sing those great big heartbreaking Russian ballads in her contained fashion, and betweentimes a piano and violin will collaborate on kindred tunes. Seven-thirty until two is the length of the aforesaid nights. Closed Mondays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): A wayside inn on the great trade route between Broadway and Park Avenue; i.e., East and West *do* meet, and every night of the week. After nine, there's dancing at the south end of the pavilion. . . . **NANDO'S MIRAMAR**, 38 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-4186): Nonstop but non-obtrusive piano makes the downing of cocktails, dinner, and supper all the easier in these fairly placid surroundings. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **PLACE LAUTREC**, in the New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): In this bit of the many-chambered Hilton nautilus, Mario Peralta manipulates, from cocktails until ten, an implausible confection of wood and leather called the bandonion—a hundred-year-old concertina with extra heart and soul. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **SHERATON MOTOR INN**, Twelfth Ave. at 42nd St. (OX 5-6500): In the Crown Restaurant (fifth floor) of this distant but very twentieth-century Camelot, the sort of harp that once through Tara's halls is done every evening, from seven to nine, by Joyce Rosenfield. . . . **LA FONDA DEL SOL**, 123 W. 50th St. (PL 7-8800): A small but vocal set of pedestrians, guitars in hand, make one circuit after another of a plaza in which the dining, like the music, has more than a touch of Latin America. The circuit riders function from five-thirty to eleven; on Sundays, there are, from one to nine, several perpetually travelling troupes of singers and dancers, from wherever Spanish is spoken.

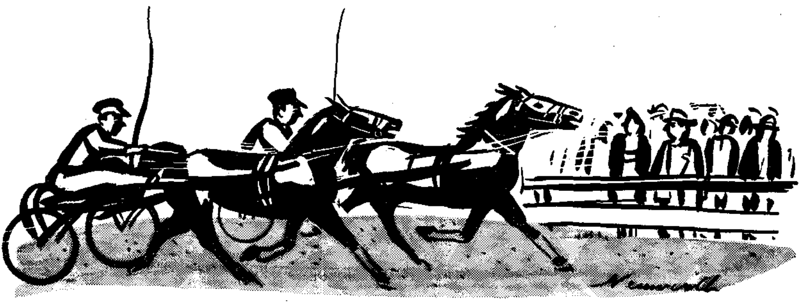
BIG AND BRASSY

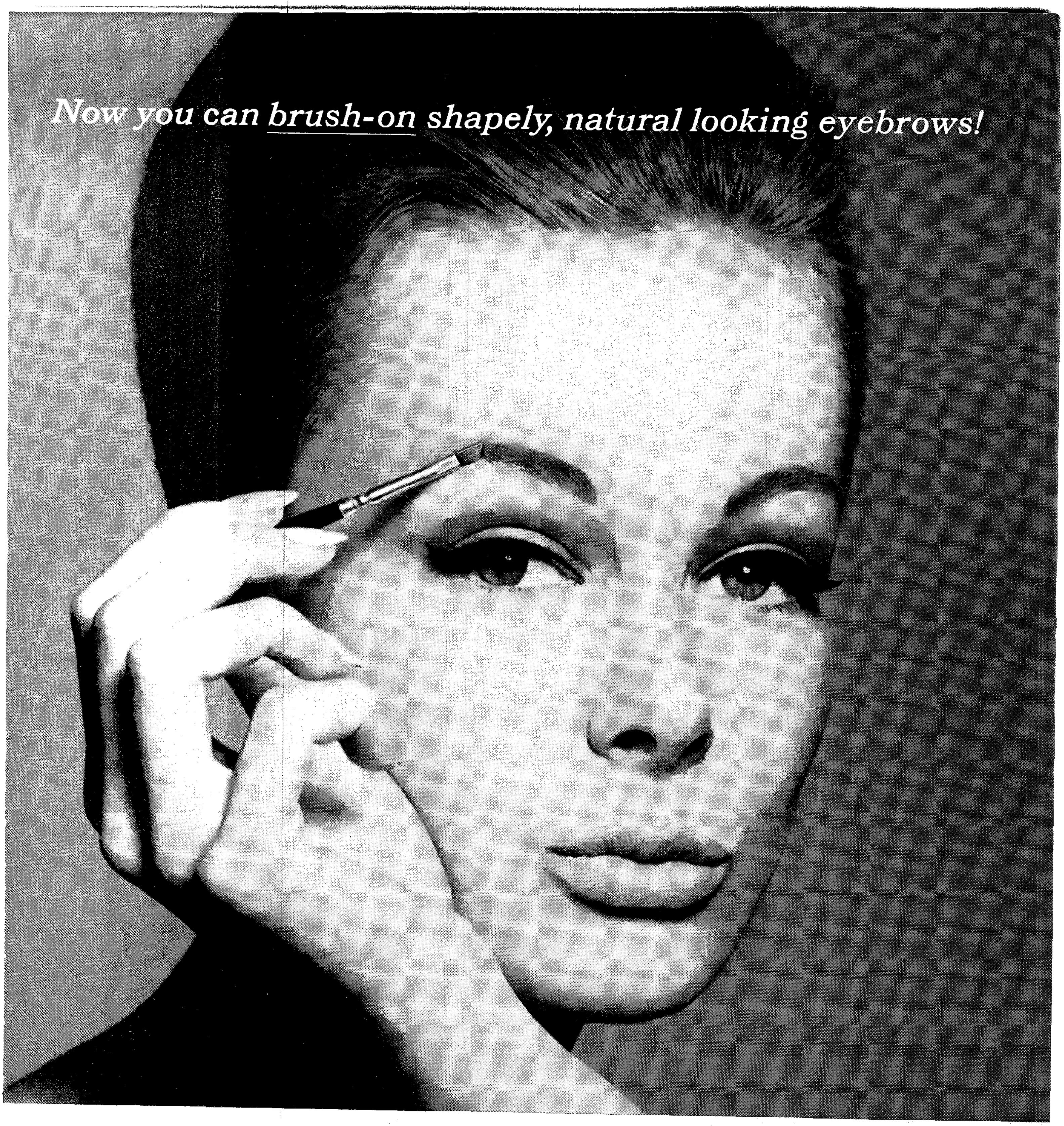
LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): When the roll is called up yonder, it will be answered by Edlee, Darlene, Judi, Tanna, Barbera, Uli, and the rest of the Latin Quarter girls with the wonderful names and wonderful figures. On earth, their companions are the gallants of the Xavier Cugat band, which is surrounded by all sorts of accoutrements, among them Betty George, a singer so hourglass as to be almost fourth dimensional. Dancing. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Saturday, Aug. 29, brings to an end a noble experiment—the blending of Kaye Ballard, whose songs and stories are thickly strewn with lunatic fringe, into the Duke Ellington band, a lively host for her antics. The Ellingtons, with the Duke at his piano, also do a solo stint that sounds like eighteen million dollars. On Monday, Aug. 31, a new set of characters moves in. Closed Sundays. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Collectors of record albums can hear Jerry Vale, an industrious maker of them, repeating himself in person in the middle of a Copa floor show that includes the customary walking, talking dolls and the customary comedian, who at the moment is Rip Taylor. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge, which makes one feel that it is perpetually *three o'clock in the morning*, there is plenty of jive, jingle, and jangle, part of it done by the foursome of Erskine Hawkins. Ten to four every night is the scheme of things.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

CHÂTEAU MADRID, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The Costa del Sol is no sunnier than the disposition of Los Chavales de España, who parade in full-dress uniform up and down the shore, singing and playing like mad. They are accompanied by a set of fine flamenco dancers named Isabella and Miguel. Dining as well as dancing is in order. Sundays, there's a rampant tea dance, and only one parade, at ten-thirty. The Chavales' own dance music and Emilio Reyes' band are the perfect stimulants

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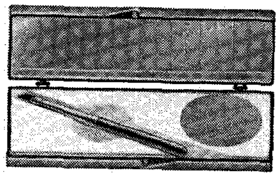

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

for the whole thing. . . . ¶ In the minute Flamenco Room, Juan de la Mata, whose flamenco guitar is top-of-the-evening, and Domingo Alvarado, full of heartfelt song, perform duets that lose nothing in translation. . . . **CAFÉ AU GO GO**, 152 Bleecker St. (SP 7-4530): Vaughn Meader, like plenty of other news analysts, is occasionally bowled over by the impact of all that is going on in the world, but his recovery of equilibrium is neater and more amusing than the efforts of nearly all his compeers. The intent and handsome Tobi Reynolds is the soprano. They bow out on Sunday, Aug. 30; on Tuesday, Sept. 1, the Bill Evans trio resumes its favorite pastime—original thinking. . . . **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): Alan Arkin was never as funny as he is these nights in the Second City's newest revue, and Severn Darden, who always was perfection, goes on being perfect. Barbara Dana, clearly inspired by such surroundings, is awfully good, too. They set to at eight-thirty every evening but Monday.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Al Cohn and Zoot Sims, musicians in search of the future, have a quintet on hand, and—a rare occasion here—there is singing, this by Pat Thomas, a new girl in town, who likes both jazz and bossa nova. On Sundays, there are four-thirty matinées as well as evening carnivals; all quiet Mondays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): You know that the pearly gates have opened when you hear Odetta making her honest way through the spiritual world. There is other folk music, too, but this is what counts. Mondays are assigned to visiting performers. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): Among the laborers on this coffee plantation are the squadron called Jim, Jake & Joan, who are young, personable, and full of persiflage. Their country music (genuine and mocking) is supplemented by the chanting of the half-dozen Bitter End Singers. Tuesdays are given over to visiting undergraduates. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): A furnace always on the verge of blasting. Rant-and-roll sound prevails from three in the afternoon until eight-thirty; then Maynard Ferguson's banshees and Red Allen's firebrands take over. Sundays, other players have the use of the hall. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Bud Powell, after an absence of six years, should once more be inscribing his odd curlicues on the keys of his piano. He uses two sidemen; Horace Silver, whose music often accents the negative, uses four sidemen. Jam sessions happen on Mondays, when the regulars lay off. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): John Coltrane, blowing up a storm that seems never to end, will withdraw himself and his foursome on Thursday, Aug. 27, and the next evening Lennie Tristano, who has Lee Konitz and Warne Marsh in his entourage, will arrive. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Charlie Mingus, who will probably never discover an instrument that can transmit all he has to say, bravely keeps on trying. Five sidemen assist him in his staggering projects, which are on exhibit every night but Monday, when a quartet headed by David Amram works out. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): The oval bar is occupied at the moment by Mike Longo's trio, which is filling in during Mary Lou Williams' sabbatical. No music Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The immutable laws of traditional music are honored in the observance here. Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, and Tony Parenti are the administrators. No sound on Sundays. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): A New Wave youth hostelry—a bar, hamburgers, peanuts, beer by the pitcher, and a corps of banjoists (the Banjokers is the guileless name they've chosen) eagerly waiting for the Robert E. Lee. Nine to three or four is the idea. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): The new name for the Red Garter, a music stand whose blampety-blamp band (tuba, washboard, banjo, and all that) may be waiting for the Niña, the Pinta, and the Santa Maria, so venerable are the grotesqueries that carefreely issue from it. Here, too, the accent of the populace is on youth. Eight until two or three is the curriculum. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Park S. (PL 9-3561): Joe Mooney is now shouting (but softly, intricately, and even weirdly) from the rooftops as he does jazz touches on an organ and a piano. He begins at ten, and the place is closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

JOHN HELD, JR.—Linoleum-block prints; through Sept. 30. (Northwest Lobby, New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St.)

JACQUES LIPCHITZ—A retrospective (1912-64) of sculptures and drawings; through Oct. 3. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)

HENRY MOORE—Early and recent sculptures; through Friday, Aug. 28. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **GRAND CENTRAL**, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: Still-lifes, landscapes, and seascapes by Bennett Bradbury, John Hilton, Eric Sloane, and others; through Monday, Aug. 31. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS**, 8 W. 56th St.: Paintings and sculptures by (for instance) Kenneth Campbell, Lamar Dodd, and Victor Candell; through Monday, Aug. 31. (Closed mornings.) . . . **IBM GALLERY**, 16 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures predominantly by American artists (ranging from Gilbert Stuart and Ralph Earl to Andrew Wyeth and Jack Levine) representing a cross-section of the collection of the International Business Machines Corporation; through Friday, Aug. 28. . . . **STAEMPFLI**, 47 E. 77th St.: California painters, among them David Park, Joan Brown, and Richard Diebenkorn; through Sept. 19.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **SCHWEITZER**, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: "Joys of Summer," a display of pictures by Emil Bernard, J. J. Tissot, and Thomas Moran (to name a few); through Monday, Aug. 31. . . . **WASHINGTON SQUARE GALLERIES**, 530 West Broadway: The opening exhibition is composed of works in a variety of mediums by, among others, Ben Nicholson, Jean Tinguely, and Jack Tworkov; through Sept. 30. (Daily, noon to midnight. Admission is $1.) . . . **WORLD HOUSE**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Hans Hofmann, Pierre Soulages, and Alberto Gia*cometti are three of the exhibitors in a painting-and-sculpture* show; through Sept. 25.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS**, 41 E. 65th St.: "The Spirit of New Berlin in Painting and Sculpture," a travelling exhibition of the works of fourteen artists, including Hans Jaenisch, Hann Trier, and Karl Hartung; through Friday, Sept. 4. (Saturday hours, 1 to 5.) . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: An exhibit of paintings by sixteenth- to twentieth-century French masters, among them Charles Lebrun, Delacroix, and Gauguin; through Sept. 12.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The portrait by James McNeill Whistler popularly known as "Whistler's Mother," on loan from the Louvre, is being shown in a return visit in the Great Hall; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Art in a Changing World: 1884-1964" is the theme of seven exhibitions marking the opening of the new galleries and enlarged sculpture garden. Twelve hundred works from the Museum's collections are on view, including American and European paintings and sculptures (Cézanne and Rodin to the present), drawings and prints (Seurat, Chagall, Leonard Baskin, and others), architecture and design, and photographs. . . . ¶ Temporary loan exhibitions include "American Painters as New Lithographers," through Sept. 30, and "Twentieth-Century Engineering," through Sept. 13. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and

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Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Post-Impressionist paintings and sculptures (by Renoir, Modigliani, Lipchitz, and others) from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pearlman; through Oct. 15. . . . ¶ Paintings and drawings from the period 1860 to 1950 (James McNeill Whistler to Edward Hopper and Morris Graves) from the collection of Daniel and Rita Fraad; through Sept. 20. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"The Art of Nepal," a showing of fifth- to early-nineteenth-century sculptures, paintings, and manuscripts; through Sunday, Aug. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—French posters of the eighteen-nineties, including some by Toulouse-Lautrec, from the Huntington Hartford collection; through Sept. 13. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 8; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Van Gogh and Expressionism," an exhibition comparing about thirty paintings by van Gogh with the works of twenty-eight Expressionists, including Edvard Munch, Oskar Kokoschka, and Franz Kline; through Sept. 13. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Thou Shalt Have No Other Gods Before Me," an archeological exhibition containing sculptures, reliefs, and artifacts of various peoples who lived in the Near East in Biblical and pre-Biblical times; through Sept. 20. . . . ¶ A hundred contemporary prints produced at the Pratt Graphic Art Center by Cleve Gray, Enrico Donati, Antonio Frasconi, and others; through Sept 20. (Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 5; Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"From Fair to Fair": An anthology of acquisitions since 1939—illuminated manuscripts, early printed books, master drawings, historic bookbindings, literary manuscripts, and autograph letters of authors and artists; through Friday, Sept. 4. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Masterpieces from the Americas," comprising pre-Columbian jewelry and other objects of gold, Eskimo masks, Mexican stone sculptures and ceramics, South American textiles, and the like; through Nov. 15. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Paintings, sculptures, graphic art, and architecture by newly elected members—Hans Hofmann, Louis I. Kahn, and Theodore Roszak (to mention a few); through Sunday, Aug. 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Two displays commemorating the four-hundredth anniversary of Shakespeare's birth: "The Bard on the Boards," composed of photographs, illustrations, prints, and playbills, and "The Bard and the Book," composed of seventeenth-century editions of his poetry and plays; through Oct. 31. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—"Between the Fairs: Twenty-Five Years of American Art, 1939-64," an exhibition made up of works by a hundred and nineteen painters and sculptors, among them Milton Avery, Lyonel Feininger, and Richard Lippold; through Sept. 23. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

Chamber Music in Washington Square—Gunther Schuller conducting an orchestra, with Matthew Raimondi, violin; Henry Schuman,

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oboe; Harvey Phillips, tuba; and Melvin Broiles, trumpet. The last in a series of concerts. (Monday, Aug. 31, at 9. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the National Maritime Union Building, Seventh Ave. at 12th St.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Note—The Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival's season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing will close with a program by Patricia McBride and Edward Villella, the Jacob's Pillow Dancers, and Suzushi Hanayagi. (Lee, Mass. Thursday, Aug. 27, at 8:40. and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 28-29, at 3 and 8:40.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Boston, Friday, Aug. 28, at 8; Saturday, Aug. 29, at 5 (twi-night doubleheader); and Sunday, Aug. 30, at 1:30. . . . SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. San Francisco, Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 1-2, at 8, and Thursday, Sept. 3, at 2. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Los Angeles, Friday, Sept. 4, at 6 (twi-night doubleheader), and Saturday, Sept. 5, at 8.

Horse Show—Warrenton Horse Show. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday through Monday, Sept. 5-7.)

Olympic Trials—Rowing events, including fours, pairs, and double sculls. (Orchard Beach Lagoon, the Bronx. Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 27-29, at noon.) . . . ¶ Bicycle races. (Central Park. Saturday, Sept. 5, at 7 A.M., and Sunday, Sept. 6, at 9 A.M.)

Polo—At Blind Brook Polo Club, Purchase: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At SARATOGA: Daily at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 29. The Hopeful, Saturday, Aug. 29. . . . AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, Aug. 31, through Saturday, Oct. 3. The Fall Highweight Handicap, Monday, Aug. 31. . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Oct. 10. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia. Buses to the track leave the terminal at 201 W. 41st St. between 8:30 and 11:30.)

Sports-Car Racing—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, Aug. 29, at 12:30.

Tennis—Canada Dry-Meadow Club International. (Meadow Club, Southampton, L.I. Through Sunday, Aug. 30.) . . . ¶ National Singles and Mixed Doubles Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Starting Wednesday, Sept. 2. Tickets may be obtained at the U.S.L.T.A., 120 Broadway, at Cedar St., and the West Side Tennis Club.) . . . ¶ Federation Cup Matches. (Germantown Cricket Club, Philadelphia. Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 2-5.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Monday, Sept. 28. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.) . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 24.

Yachting—At Newport, R.I.: America's Cup final trials for both American yachts and British yachts; through Sunday, Sept. 6.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent for the next several weeks; there may, however, be meetings of the Security Council to which the public will be admitted. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so Mondays through Fridays from 9 to 8:45, and Saturdays and Sundays from 9 to 4:45.

Democratic National Convention—Continues through Thursday, Aug. 27.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Becket—The witty tragicomedy by Jean Anouilh has been brought to the screen with surprising success. Richard Burton plays the murdered bishop, and Peter O'Toole plays Henry II. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only. Starting Sept. 2, continuous showings. . . . ¶ Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; starting Sept. 2.)

The Best Man—A very exciting melodrama about politics, directed by Franklin Schaffner, and starring Henry Fonda, Cliff Robertson, and Lee Tracy. Gore Vidal wrote the knowledgeable screenplay. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through the afternoon of Aug. 27.)

Cartouche—This French spoof of cape-and-sword romance almost makes up in high spirits and occasional beauty what it lacks in wit or apparent purpose. Jean-Paul Belmondo is admirable as the leader of a band of thieves in eighteenth-century Paris. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323. . . . ¶ Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333; through Aug. 30.)

Cleopatra—Forty million dollars' worth of Mediterranean splendor, and cheap at the price. The leading roles are played by actors who are probably better known than the originals ever were. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633; through Aug. 31. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

Girl with Green Eyes—A sad comedy about young love in old Dublin with the marvellous Rita Tushingham. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Good Neighbor Sam—An omnibus of gags—verbal and visual, good and bad. The impeccable and very funny Jack Lemmon is a participant in most of them. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Sept. 1.)

Harakiri—As grizzly as the title hints, but a classically beautiful film. (Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th, LT 1-1788.)

A Hard Day's Night—Why the Beatles are a benign infection, perhaps incurable. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262; through Sept. 1.)

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World—A Cinerama comedy. Never have so many done so little with so much. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays through Fridays at 2, and Saturdays at 1 and 4:45. Reserved seats only.)

Mafioso—A funny and frightening picture about a young and reluctant Mafia member who is forced to do his elders' deadly bidding. Alberto Sordi is flawless as the young man, and so is Alberto Lattuada, who directed. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Sept. 1.)

One Potato, Two Potato—This modest movie about the marriage of a white woman and a Negro man is often charming but seldom credible, in spite of a splendid performance by Bernie Hamilton as the hero. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

The Organizer—Marcello Mastroianni is oddly captivating as a modest professor bent on righting social wrongs in nineteenth-century Italy. Directed by Mario Monicelli. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Sept. 1.)

The Servant—A gentleman's gentleman reduces his gentleman to a state of squalid servitude. Dirk Bogarde is the brilliant star of the picture, which Joseph Losey directed. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

A Shot in the Dark—Peter Sellers being very droll as a French police inspector more incompetent than most. The movie was made under the skilled direction of Blake Edwards, who also collaborated on the script. Everybody involved should be warmly congratulated. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Sept. 1. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; starting Sept. 2.)

Tom Jones—A happy-go-lucky cartwheel of a comedy, based on Fielding but owing much of its success to the skill and high spirits of its director, Tony Richardson. With Albert Finney, Susannah York, Hugh Griffith, Joyce Redman, and many others. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through Sept. 1. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Sept. 1, tentative. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Sept. 2.)

Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow—Vittorio De Sica puts Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni through their paces in a funny three-part comedy of high and low life in Naples, Milan, and Rome. (In English at the Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626; and R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; through Sept. 1. . . . ¶ In Italian at the Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; 34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Sept. 2. . . . ¶ In English at the R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; starting Sept. 2.)

REVIVALS

Alexander Nevsky (1938)—Eisenstein's account of medieval warfare. In Russian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 27.)

The Balcony (1963)—Taken from the savage comedy by Jean Genet and acted by Peter Falk, Shelley Winters, and Lee Grant. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 30.)

Diary of a Country Priest (1954)—A French film about the tribulations of a cleric. Claude Laydu plays the priest. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 31.)

8½ (1963)—An autobiographical movie by Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, and Sandra Milo. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 29.)

The Five Day Lover (1961)—In Paris, a young man can serve two masters, provided they are really mistresses. Jean-Pierre Cassel, Jean Seberg, and Micheline Presle. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Sept. 1.)

Hud (1963)—A tug of war between three generations of males on a Texas farm. Paul Newman, Melvyn Douglas, Patricia Neal, and Brandon deWilde. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 1.)

It's a Gift (1934)—W. C. Fields as a family man with many problems. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 28-31.)

Les Liaisons Dangereuses (1961)—De Laclos's eighteenth-century best-seller brought up to date by Roger Vadim. Jeanne Moreau and Gérard Philipe are the couple who corrupt. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Sept. 1.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 27.)

The Man on the Flying Trapeze (1935)—W. C. Fields again, this time concerned with domestic life. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 28-31.)

Mississippi (1935)—More W. C. Fields, here with Bing Crosby and a memorable score by Rodgers and Hart. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Sept. 1.)

Monsieur Verdoux (1947)—Charlie Chaplin's interpretation of the career of M. Landru, the French Bluebeard. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

La Notte (1962)—A study of a married couple in Milan. Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jeanne Moreau and Marcello Mastroianni. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 28.)

Paths of Glory (1957)—Humphrey Cobb's novel about the madness generated by war. Kirk Douglas, Adolphe Menjou, and George Macready. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 28-31.)

Phaedra (1962)—A modern version of an old Greek horror story, featuring Melina Mercouri, Raf Vallone, and Anthony Perkins. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 30.)

Poppy (1936)—Still more W. C. Fields, this time on the loose as Professor Eustace McGargle. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 27.)

Potemkin (1925)—The famous Russian job directed by Eisenstein. In its original (silent) version. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 27.)

The Third Man (1950)—A melodramatic tour of postwar Vienna on the heels of Joseph Cotten, Orson Welles, and Alida Valli. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 27.)

Treasure of Sierra Madre (1948)—Prospecting for gold in Mexico. Walter Huston and Humphrey Bogart. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 28-31.)

The Vanishing Prairie (1954)—The birds and the beasts fighting for survival in a Walt Disney nature film. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; through the afternoon of Aug. 31.)

The Wave (1937)—The Gulf of Mexico, its fisherfolk, its beauties, and its problems. A Mexican picture. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 28.)

You Can't Cheat an Honest Man (1939)—W. C. Fields *again*, now involved with Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy, and the circus. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 27.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Aug. 29: "The Invisible Man" (1933), with Claude Rains. . . . ¶ Aug. 30-Sept. 2: "King Kong" (1933), with Fay Wray. (Showings at 3 and 5:30, and on Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through Sept. 1: **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT.**
From Sept. 2: "The 7th Dawn," William Holden, Susannah York.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Kisses for My President," Fred MacMurray, Polly Bergen.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"The Night of the Iguana," Richard Burton, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"The NEW Interns," Michael Callan, Dean Jones.

Loew's Cinerama, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Circus World," John Wayne, Claudia Cardinale. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Unsinkable Molly Brown," Debbie Reynolds, Harve Presnell.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through Sept. 1: **YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW**; and "Master Spy," Stephen Murray.
From Sept. 2: "I'd Rather Be Rich," Sandra Dee, Robert Goulet; and "The Last Man on Earth," Vincent Price.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
Through Aug. 31: **CLEOPATRA.**
From Sept. 1, at 8: "A House Is Not a Home," Shelley Winters, Robert Taylor. (Opening night by invitation only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
BECKET.

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
HARAKIRI (in Japanese).

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through Sept. 2 (tentative): "Behold a Pale Horse," Gregory Peck, Anthony Quinn.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Sept. 1: **MAFIOSO** (in Italian).
From Sept. 2: **A SHOT IN THE DARK.**

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Sept. 1: "A Tiger Walks," Brian Keith, Vera Miles; and "The Three Lives of Thomasina," revival, Patrick McGoohan.
From Sept. 2: "A House Is Not a Home," Shelley Winters, Robert Taylor; and "Samson and the Slave Queen," Alan Steel.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 1: **THE ORGANIZER** (in Italian).
From Sept. 2: **YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW** (in Italian).

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Sept. 1 (tentative): **TOM JONES.**
From Sept. 2 (tentative): "How the West Was Won," revival.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO.

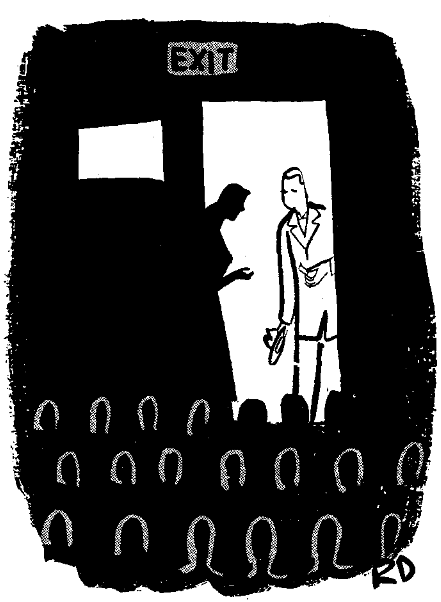
34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through Sept. 1: "The Pink Panther," David Niven, Peter Sellers; and "Irma la Douce," revival, Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.
From Sept. 2: **YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW** (in Italian).

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Through the afternoon of Aug. 31: **THE VANISHING PRAIRIE**, revival; plus two Disney shorts. Sept. 1: Theatre closed.
From Sept. 2: "Lili," revival, Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Behold a Pale Horse," Gregory Peck, Anthony Quinn.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Sept. 1: **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT.**
From Sept. 2: "The 7th Dawn," William Holden, Susannah York.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Sept. 1: **YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW**; and "Master Spy," Stephen Murray.
From Sept. 2: "I'd Rather Be Rich," Sandra Dee, Robert Goulet; and "The Last Man on Earth," Vincent Price.



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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
GIRL WITH GREEN EYES.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
MONSIEUR VERDOUX, revival.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"The NEW Interns," Michael Callan, Dean Jones.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
"Seduced and Abandoned" (in Italian).

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Nothing but the Best," Alan Bates, Denholm Elliott.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Los Tarantos" (in Spanish), Carmen Amaya.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Sept. 1: **TOM JONES.**
From Sept. 2: **BECKET.**

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
A SHOT IN THE DARK.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The Night of the Iguana," Richard Burton, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
GOOD NEIGHBOR SAM.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Kisses for My President," Fred MacMurray, Polly Bergen.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Sept. 1: "A Tiger Walks," Brian Keith, Vera Miles; and "The Three Lives of Thomasina," revival, Patrick McGoohan.
From Sept. 2: "A House Is Not a Home," Shelley Winters, Robert Taylor; and "Samson and the Slave Queen," Alan Steel.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Sept. 1: "Flipper's New Adventure," Luke Halpin; and "Rhino!," Robert Culp.
From Sept. 2: "What a Way to Go!," Shirley MacLaine.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Aug. 27: **THE MALTESE FALCON**, revival; and **THE THIRD MAN**, revival.
Aug. 28-31: **TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE**, revival; and **PATHS OF GLORY**, revival.
From Sept. 1: **LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES** and **THE FIVE DAY LOVER** (both in French and both revivals).

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Sept. 1: **A SHOT IN THE DARK.**
From Sept. 2: **YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW** (in Italian).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Sept. 1: **GOOD NEIGHBOR SAM.**
From Sept. 2: **TOM JONES.**

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Lovers" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Sept. 1: "Flipper's New Adventure," Luke Halpin; and "Rhino!," Robert Culp.
From Sept. 2: "How the West Was Won," revival.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
THE ORGANIZER (in Italian); and "Doctor in Distress," Dirk Bogarde.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Sept. 1: "Robin and the 7 Hoods," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin; and "Summer Holiday," Cliff Richard.
From Sept. 2: **YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW**; and "Master Spy," Stephen Murray.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Sept. 1: "The NEW Interns," Michael Callan, Dean Jones.
From Sept. 2: **A SHOT IN THE DARK.**

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through the afternoon of Aug. 27: **THE BEST MAN**; and "The Pink Panther," David Niven, Peter Sellers.
From Aug. 27, at 8:30: "Strange Victory," a documentary film on racial strife. (Opening night by invitation only.)

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
CARTOUCHE (in French).

57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Aug. 27: "Brigadoon," revival, Gene Kelly, Van Johnson; and "The Student Prince," revival, Ann Blyth, Edmund Purdom.
From Aug. 28: "The Great Waltz," revival, Luise Rainer; and "Rose Marie," revival, Ann Blyth, Howard Keel.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
THE SERVANT.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Dragon Sky" (in French), Narie Hem.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
Through Aug. 30: **CARTOUCHE** (in French).
From Aug. 31: "The Ape Woman" (in Italian), Ugo Tognazzi, Annie Girardot.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Aug. 27: **YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN**, revival; and **POPPY**, revival.
Aug. 28-31: **THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE**, revival; and **IT'S A GIFT**, revival.
From Sept. 1: **MISSISSIPPI**, revival; and "The Big Broadcast of 1938," revival, Kirsten Flagstad, W. C. Fields.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Sept. 1: **A SHOT IN THE DARK**; and "The Second Time Around," revival, Debbie Reynolds, Steve Forrest.
From Sept. 2: **YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW** (in Italian); and another feature, to be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Aug. 27: **ALEXANDER NEVSKY** (in Russian), revival; and **POTEMKIN** (silent).
Aug. 28: **LA NOTTE** (in Italian), revival; and **THE WAVE** (in Spanish), revival.
Aug. 29: **8½** (in Italian), revival; and "Three Fables of Love" (in Italian and French), revival.
Aug. 30: **PHAEDRA**, revival; and **THE BALCONY**, revival.
Aug. 31: **DIARY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST** (in French), revival; and "Days of Our Years," revival, a French historical documentary, narrated in English by Pierre Fresnay and Romney Brent.
Sept. 1: **HUD**, revival; and "Summer and Smoke," revival, Geraldine Page, Laurence Harvey.
Sept. 2: "The Medium," revival, Marie Powers; plus four short films on art.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
THE ORGANIZER (in Italian).

THE WORLD'S FAIR

GENERAL INFORMATION

Hours—Grounds open daily at 9 A.M.; individual exhibits from 10 A.M. to at least 10 P.M. Depending on the weather and the number of people still around, some exhibits stay open later; the Fair gates are closed at 2 A.M. . . . ¶ Nightly fireworks-water-music mixture at Fountain of Planets at about 9 P.M.

Admission—Adults $2, children (2-12) $1.

Children—Up to eight years old may be left in the Protestant and Orthodox Center's Children's Center ($1 per hour, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.); up to twelve years old in the Danish Pavilion's Tivoli Garden Playground (twenty-five cents an hour; fifty cents minimum).

Music—Guy Lombardo provides music for dancing at the Tiparillo Band Pavilion every night except Monday from 9:30 to 12:30.

Advice—Recently, more than two hundred thousand people a day have been going to the Fair, which means that it is always crowded, though the crowds are smaller after 7 P.M. Industrial exhibits such as General Motors, Ford, General Electric, Johnson's Wax, and I.B.M. are free, vary in quality, and are usually impossible to get into except at dinnertime, when the Fair's restaurants are impossible to get into. The exhibits in the Amusement Area are always possible to get into, but they cost money and are the least interesting at the Fair.

The best plan is to go to only one impossible exhibit a day, between six and nine in the evening. If that is impractical, arrive at nine in the morning in order to have a good place in line by the time the exhibit opens at 10.

There are twenty-five-cent buses and Glide-a-ride trains that move slowly around the Fairgrounds; the fastest way to get from one place to another is to walk.

Most of the restaurants are relatively expensive. Some accept reservations, but otherwise the best time to try to get lunch is before twelve or after two, and dinner after nine.

A particularly good way to get to the Fair is on the Long Island Rail Road.

There isn't any good reason for going to the Fair on a Saturday.

Children like everything at the Fair.

TRANSPORTATION

Automobile—There are three Fair parking lots, with room for twenty thousand cars; $1.50 a day, with free bus shuttle to nearest Fair gate.

Trains—L.I.R.R. trains from Pennsylvania Station direct to Fair, 9 A.M. to 2 A.M. daily, leaving as soon as they're full (five to fifteen minutes) from Tracks 15 and 16. Twelve-minute trip; fifty cents each way.

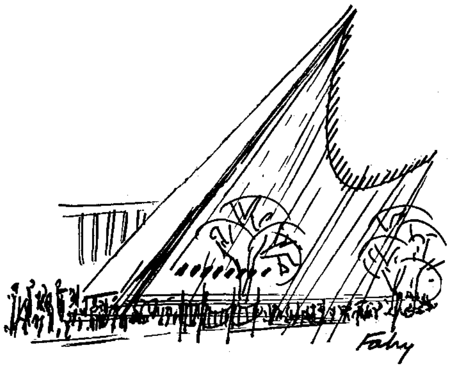
Subways—Only the I.R.T. Flushing line goes directly to the Fair; frequent express trains from Times Square, Fifth Avenue, and Grand Central Station.

Buses—Gray Line buses direct to the Fair every fifteen minutes between 8:45 A.M. and 9 P.M.: from the Fair (Gate 4), on the half hour between 11 A.M. and 2 A.M. They leave from 42nd Street and Tenth Avenue; 40th Street and Eleventh Avenue; Gimbels, 32nd Street, west of Sixth Avenue; Hotel Manhattan, 45th Street and Eighth Avenue; parking lot, 50th Street between Broadway and Eighth Avenue; and Hotel Lexington, 48th Street and Lexington. $1 each way.

Boats—Hydrofoils leave from the dock at the foot of East 26th Street every twenty minutes between 9 A.M. and 9 P.M. Fare $6 round trip; the run takes about twenty-five minutes, and a fifteen-cent bus ride to the Fairgrounds is necessary.

Helicopter—New York Airways helicopters leave Kennedy International Airport for the Fair approximately every hour between 10 A.M. and 10 P.M. Adults $6, children $3.

At the Fair—Motorized lounge chairs, driven by guides, seat four. Fares are $9 an hour for two people, $10 for three, $11 for four; minimum, $3 for twenty minutes. There is also a special deal: $70 for eight hours. . . . ¶ Baby strollers $2 a day. Wheelchairs $4.50 a day. . . . ¶ Helicopters taking off from the Port Authority Heliport provide six-minute sightseeing tours of the Fair, adults $6.50, children $3.50.



ATTRACTIONS OF NOTE

(Some aspects of a few of the Fair's more than a hundred exhibits.)

CULTURE AND ENLIGHTENMENT

African Pavilion—Twenty-four African countries are represented by displays of art and information, a short documentary film, frequent performances of music and dancing, and a small zoo. Adults $1.50; children fifty cents.

Austria—Among the Austrian products on display are ski sweaters and three petit-point bracelets.

Automobile Companies—Both Ford and General Motors provide free rides into the future, and the Chrysler exhibits include a show about a talking carburetor, which children might enjoy.

Picturesque Belgium—A replica of a sixteenth-century Belgian village, which includes a soft-drink stand, a shop selling "imported original oil paintings," and a Hungarian restaurant, and which costs a dollar to get into (fifty cents for children).

Christian Science—At the back of the Christian Science Pavilion, there is a pretty park that is more secluded than the Garden of Meditation, across the way.

Eastman Kodak—One of the features of the Kodak Pavilion is a short film called "The Searching Eye," supposedly showing the world through a boy's eyes but actually presenting a less exclusive view.

I.B.M.—The I.B.M. Pavilion is the most beautiful structure at the Fair, and the two puppet shows in the center of the main plaza, which illustrate the nature of computers, are among the best shows at the Fair.

Johnson Wax—A short non-commercial film called "To Be Alive!" is shown every half hour or so in the Golden Rondelle theatre, and is an excellent reason to go to the Fair.

Lebanon—The most interesting exhibit in the Lebanese Pavilion has to do with the development of the Roman alphabet, which was invented by the Phoenicians, as the Lebanese used to be called.

New York State Pavilion—The exhibits include a short movie projected onto six screens set in a circle along the walls. The subject of the film is the attractions of New York State, and though the circular technique is interesting, the effect is to make the audience dizzy. Admission twenty-five cents.

Spanish Pavilion—One of the exhibits is a display of jewelry designed by Salvador Dali, including a pulsating ruby heart. The dollar admission goes to the American Cancer Society, the American Heart Association, and the Institute of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation.

Transportation and Travel Pavilion—Projected on the concave ceiling of a theatre on the second floor is a movie about the universe, made by Cinerama and narrated by Lowell Thomas. The film is about twenty minutes long; sitting in the last row may be the best way to avoid a stiff neck; and tickets cost seventy-five cents.

PERHAPS LESS ENLIGHTENING

Circus—Adjoining the one-ring circus in the Amusement Area is a display of two gorillas, one advertised as the largest and the other as the oldest in captivity. Twenty-five cents.

Pavilion of Paris—The French exhibit, which is far from complete, includes shops that sell candy, pastry, books, and topless bathing suits, and a display of a 460-pound edition of the Apocalypse illustrated by Dali, Buffet, and others.

Pepsi-Cola-UNICEF Small World—A delightful boat ride past Disney-animated dolls dressed in native costumes who sing, dance, and play musical instruments. Adults ninety-five cents; children sixty cents.

R.C.A.—There are always many people standing in line outside this pavilion, and no doubt there is a very interesting exhibit inside.

RESTAURANTS

(Most of the foreign pavilions and several of the state exhibits include at least one eating place of some kind. There are some outdoor cafés in the Amusement Area that are not necessarily good but are often not crowded.)

African Pavilion—The Tree House Restaurant is a very pleasant place for a long lunch on a weekday. For reservations, call AR 1-3440.

Caribbean Pavilion—Fairly expensive food and drink, and a more or less continuous, more or less Caribbean stage show. For reservations, call Mr. Baez, AR 1-2712.

Danish Pavilion—The Kattegat Inn serves open-face sandwiches or any one of almost thirty other entrées for about three dollars. The Restaurant of Denmark serves a $6.50 "grand cold table," and also has a large à-la-carte menu. The service is excellent.

Festival of Gas—A good, expensive restaurant run by Restaurant Associates. For reservations, call AR 1-5070.

Republic of Guinea—A medium-priced restaurant serving lamb, chicken, and shrimp dishes, and not doing as much business as it deserves. It is therefore a good place to go for a meal and a stage show featuring Guinean music and dancing.

Hilton Café International—A large, moderately priced restaurant in the Better Living Center. There is buffet service from five open kitchens labelled North American, South American, European, Mediterranean, and Oriental, and some of the tables are out on a terrace with a good view of the Fair. Open from noon to 10 P.M.

Indian Pavilion—Good, fairly expensive Indian food for lunch and dinner. Call AR 1-4123 for reservations.

Indonesian Pavilion—An Indonesian lunch costs about $5, dinner about $7.75. There are shows featuring Balinese and Sumatran music and/or dancing at 12:30, 2:30, 7, and 9:30. The restaurant closes at 10 P.M. For reservations, call AR 1-8106-7-8-9.

Lebanese Pavilion—In the courtyard is a café serving interesting, inexpensive food.

Malaysian Pavilion—A small restaurant with a limited menu, moderate prices, good food, and imperfect service. Some outdoor tables.

Mexican Pavilion—The Focolare restaurant serves expensive Mexican food in luxurious surroundings, and the Café Alameda serves moderately priced Mexican dishes in less luxurious surroundings. There is also an attractive, comfortable bar. For reservations, call AR 1-0022 and AR 1-0023, respectively.

Moroccan Pavilion—The entrance to the restaurant is hidden in a corner of the outdoor bazaar. Prices are moderate, and meals are accompanied by Moroccan music and nightclub acts.

Pakistan—The food is plentiful, delicious, and fairly expensive, and the best tables are outdoors, overlooking the Avenue of the United Nations.

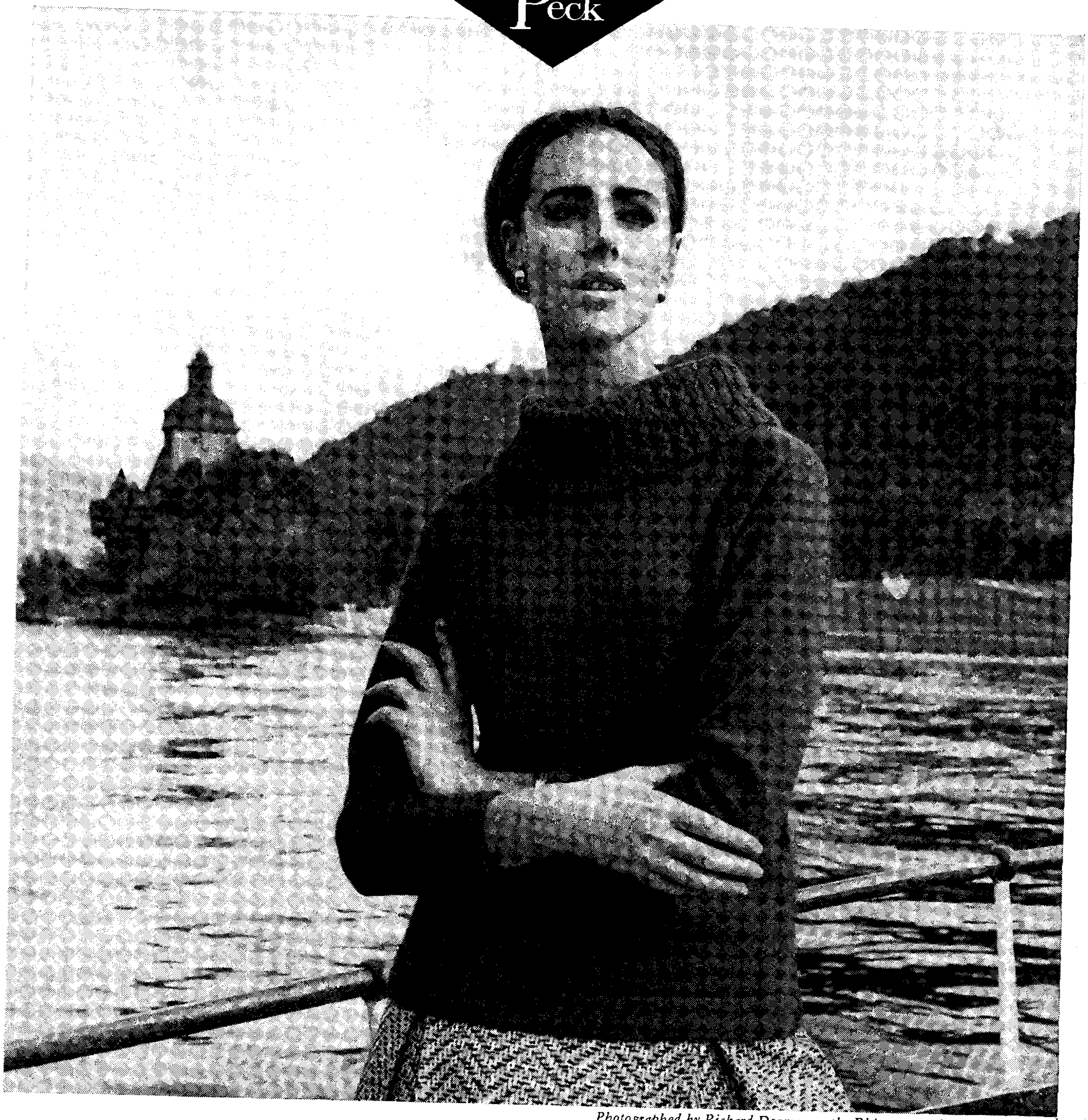
Spanish Pavilion—The Granada serves good, fairly expensive Spanish food. The Toledo serves good, more expensive French and Spanish food (although they do have a Spanish omelet for two dollars). The service at both is efficient, and the dinner conversation is about the prices. No reservations.

Swedish Pavilion—A delicious and abundant smörgåsbord is available for six dollars at both lunch and dinner. Reservations taken for lunch only (until 4 P.M.). AR 1-5303.

Top of the Fair—A large, expensive restaurant with a good view of the Fair from some tables. Reservations accepted for "sittings" at 12, 2, 4, 6, 8, and 9:30. Call 888-5500.

The ChairMen Go Back-To-Fall In Phi Bates Imperial Classics *Phi Bates Imperial Classics are authentically lasted and traditionally crafted for undergrads and alumni alike. The ChairMen wear two perennial favorites: left, the plain toe cordovan; right, the stout-hearted wingtip of the finest, long wearing hand antiqued calf. Both are about $27. Other Phi Bates from $19.95 at all fine stores. Bates Shoe Company, Webster, Massachusetts.*

Peck & Peck



Photographed by Richard Dormer on the Rhine, near Cologne, Germany.

BRAEMAR...Scotland's finest cashmere for the Peck & Peck Girl

Adding great importance to the deep country look—Braemar's luxurious cashmere, the superb quality prized the world over for its hand-finished perfection inside and out. Ours alone—this easy-moving, soft-shouldered pullover in soft two-ply, with thickly ribbed four-ply in the high-standing, wideaway turtleneck. Claret red, Glamis gold or black. 34 to 40, *45.00*
Herringbone wool tweed skirt in black/white, with Dior-inspired walk pleats. 8 to 16, *17.00*

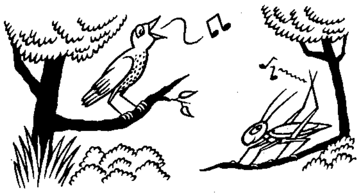
Peck & Peck, Fifth Avenue, New York, New York

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ONE evening early this month, we were privileged to hear, on a Connecticut weekend, a joint presentation of the summer song of the thrush and the fall fiddling of the katydid. We are told that it is not unusual for these two musical halves of the season to overlap; it often happens that a thrush will sing late or some katydid rehearse early. But this year, it seems, there was that single evening on which we heard the very last of the song that denotes the fullness of summer and the very first stirrings of the insect that is supposedly the prophet of frost. And this, according to friends of ours who make something of such notations, and who duly reported to us that the thrush remained silent on succeeding evenings, was an unusually precise timing for the changing of the musical guard. The deep, falling tones of the thrush, coming always from a distance, as if they were being struck on bells hung in the wood, made us wish, now that it was getting too late, that we had spent a great deal more time in all the churches of summer. As for the katydid, sounding brisk and cheerful from a closer spot, near the roses, it named September 20th as the likely date for the first frost.



Swap

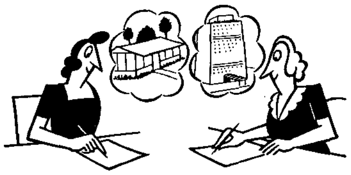
NOT all the out-of-towners who have come to the Fair have been staying at hotels or with relatives. A couple of months before the Fair opened, we noticed a flurry of house-swap ads in the "Commercial Notices" section of the Sunday *Times*, among them the following:

> WISH exchange homes with NY professional family, World's Fair visit. S.F. Bay area suburban home available June 15th-July 25th. References exchanged. Y8354 Times.

Curious to know more about this proposed exchange, we wrote to Y8354 after a week or so, asking how many answers the ad had provoked and what sort of swap, if any, had been arranged, and shortly thereafter we received a splendidly informative reply from Y8354, who turned out to be Rachael (Mrs. Raymond A.) Feichtmeir, of Walnut Creek, California. Her letter read, in part:

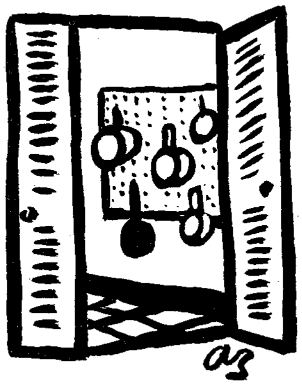
> My ad in the New York *Times* (which I very nearly didn't place, since it would cost $9.80 for one edition only) has elicited the most delightful response. I have had six replies from addresses ranging from Manhattan Island to Floral Park, Croton-on-Hudson to Forest Hills. These names and locations are doubtless familiar to you but to me they sound like Cambodia or Xanadu. To each response I wrote a letter with more details of my home and family. So far, the one re-response has been from my favorite location—an apartment near Central Park on Manhattan. And this apartment will be our choice if everything is mutually agreeable. . . . Mrs. Herbert Schulman, whose apartment on West 96th Street I believe we will use, and I have exchanged several letters and struck up a very spontaneous friendship. She does not seem appalled at our numbers (we have five children) and does seem to be intrigued by our one-floor, redwood-and-glass California home. I have promised her that my roses will be in bloom, and she has offered me the prospect of a 24-hour-a-day doorman and an obliging apartment-house staff. Imagine, a staff!

Mrs. Feichtmeir added that she would get in touch with us when she came East. She was as good as her word, with the result that we spent a pleasant July evening chatting with the Feichtmeirs in the Schulmans' ample West Side apartment. The eldest of the Feichtmeir children, Susan, who is seventeen, occasionally joined in the conversation, as did Peter, the youngest, who is five and a half, and whose most memorable observation to us was "You know the best thing about New York? The ice cream. And you know what kind? Peach." The other children—Karl, eleven; Mark, twelve; and Kurt, almost fourteen—were watching TV in the master bedroom and kept their distance. Everyone seemed very much at home, which was perhaps proof that the Feichtmeirs had been right in reasoning that—to say nothing of the money to be saved by swapping houses with somebody instead of putting up at a hotel for six weeks—they would find it more interesting to live in New York as if they were true residents, rather than mere footloose tourists.



Mrs. Feichtmeir said that she and Phyllis Schulman had continued their letter-writing back and forth, describing their houses and the nature of life in their communities. "Here in New York, Phyllis got in extra beds and bedding for us, and out in Walnut Creek I cleaned the house as it had never been cleaned before," Mrs. Feichtmeir told us. "From the beginning, the Schulmans had planned to fly to California with their two little boys, but it had been our intention to drive East; somewhere along the line, we decided to swap cars as well as houses, and we flew, too. Phyllis and I each left several pages of detailed information for the other. Phyllis's memo had a page on the Fair, a page on things to see and places to eat in New York, a page on the various mechanical and electrical eccentricities of the apartment, and a page of names and addresses of doctors, cleaning women, baby-sitters, grocery stores, and the like. The list I left for her was an almost exact equivalent. Again and again, we've been astonished by how much alike our two families are. Perhaps we shouldn't be so surprised—after all, we're the kind of people who would write such an ad and the Schulmans are the kind of people who would answer it. Still, it gives us a turn to realize that, total strangers and living three thousand miles apart, we had pretty much the same sort of art on our walls and pretty much the same books on our shelves."

Mr. Feichtmeir, who is a civil engineer and general contractor, engaged mostly in the design and construction of apartment buildings in the Bay area, and whose last visit to New York was in the nineteen-forties, remarked that the city struck him as being terribly run down. "The Bronx Zoo is peeling, the grass in Central Park always needs cutting, the sidewalks are cracked, the public facilities are decaying, and most of the buildings look in such a bad state of preservation that they can't possibly last," he said. "I guess most New Yorkers don't see the city as it really is; it's like when you know somebody awfully well and so don't notice until too late that he's been going to pieces."



We telephoned the Schulmans a day or so after they were back in their apartment, and learned that they were already feeling rather homesick for Walnut Creek. "As soon as we got back here, I realized what an impossible way to live this is," Mrs. Schulman said. "In California, the supermarkets provide lovely nurseries for the children to stay in while you shop, and the public playgrounds are much safer; they have a surface of earth or sand instead of asphalt, and are far more attractively furnished than New York playgrounds. We've never swapped houses before, but, thanks to our good luck with the Feichtmeirs, we hope to try the experiment again next summer, with somebody in or around Seattle. Maybe the following year we'll try to swap houses with someone in Europe. My husband's a psychiatrist, and we think we'll advertise in medical journals as well as in the *Times*. That should help us to find a compatible party to swap with. Of course, we intend to keep in close touch with the Feichtmeirs. You might say that our two families scarcely know each other, but our having lived in each other's house this way has turned us into old friends."

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NOTE found by the proprietor of a Long Island bookstore in a shipment of paperbacks:

> The books in this carton have been counted by machine. There will be no claims allowed for shortages or misshipments.

Flying Circus

A YOUNG friend of ours in Bucks County who is taking flying lessons told us not long ago that his instructor, a TWA jet pilot who has logged thirty thousand hours and runs an aviation school on the side, has built, and flown, an exact duplicate of the Fokker DR-1 triplane that Baron Manfred von Richthofen and his Flying Circus made famous during the First World War. We jotted down the instructor's name—Captain Norman Hortman—and one fine morning went tooling along the Jersey Turnpike to Morrisville, Pennsylvania, and on to the Morrisville Airport, which consists of two or three hangars, a gas pump, and a small waiting room with a glassed-in control office at one end, all belonging to the school and all grouped at the edge of a pleasant meadow that serves as the runway.

When we arrived, we could see trainer planes constantly taking off and landing on the grass. Ten or fifteen idle planes were parked in haphazard formation outside the waiting room, but there was no sign of the Fokker. As we approached the waiting room, a toy airplane, powered by a rubber band, whizzed past us, followed by two small boys. The waiting-room door flew open, and a well-set-up strawberry blonde in a brown-and-white tweed suit came out and shouted, in a strong French accent, "Herbie! Walter! I told you to get ready for lunch!" The boys obediently reversed direction, and we introduced ourself to the lady, asking if Captain Hortman was around.

She said, "He got back from Cairo at noon, but he's up with a student at the moment. Can I help you? I am Mrs. Hortman."

We told her that we had come to see the German airplane, and she made a *moue*. "Ah! The Monster," she said. "You'll have to wait for Norman. I don't want to look at it. I hate it. The time he wastes on that thing! Here he comes now."

She pointed out a small plane that was just landing, and we watched it veer off the runway, waddle up near the control room, and stop. A girl got out, followed by a husky, sunburned man who looked to be in his mid-forties and was wearing gray slacks, a pale-blue knit shirt, and rimless octagonal glasses. "A couple more hours like that and you'll be soloing," he said to the girl, who squealed and skipped off to a parked M.G.

Mrs. Hortman introduced us to her husband, who turned out to be not a debonair Errol Flynn sort, as we had expected, but a matter-of-fact Pennsylvania Dutchman, with close-cropped sandy hair, gray-green eyes, and a thin, bristly mustache. When we had explained our purpose, he took us by the arm and started to lead us off toward one of the hangars.

"Who's going to take that charter over to Mercer?" Mrs. Hortman called after him.

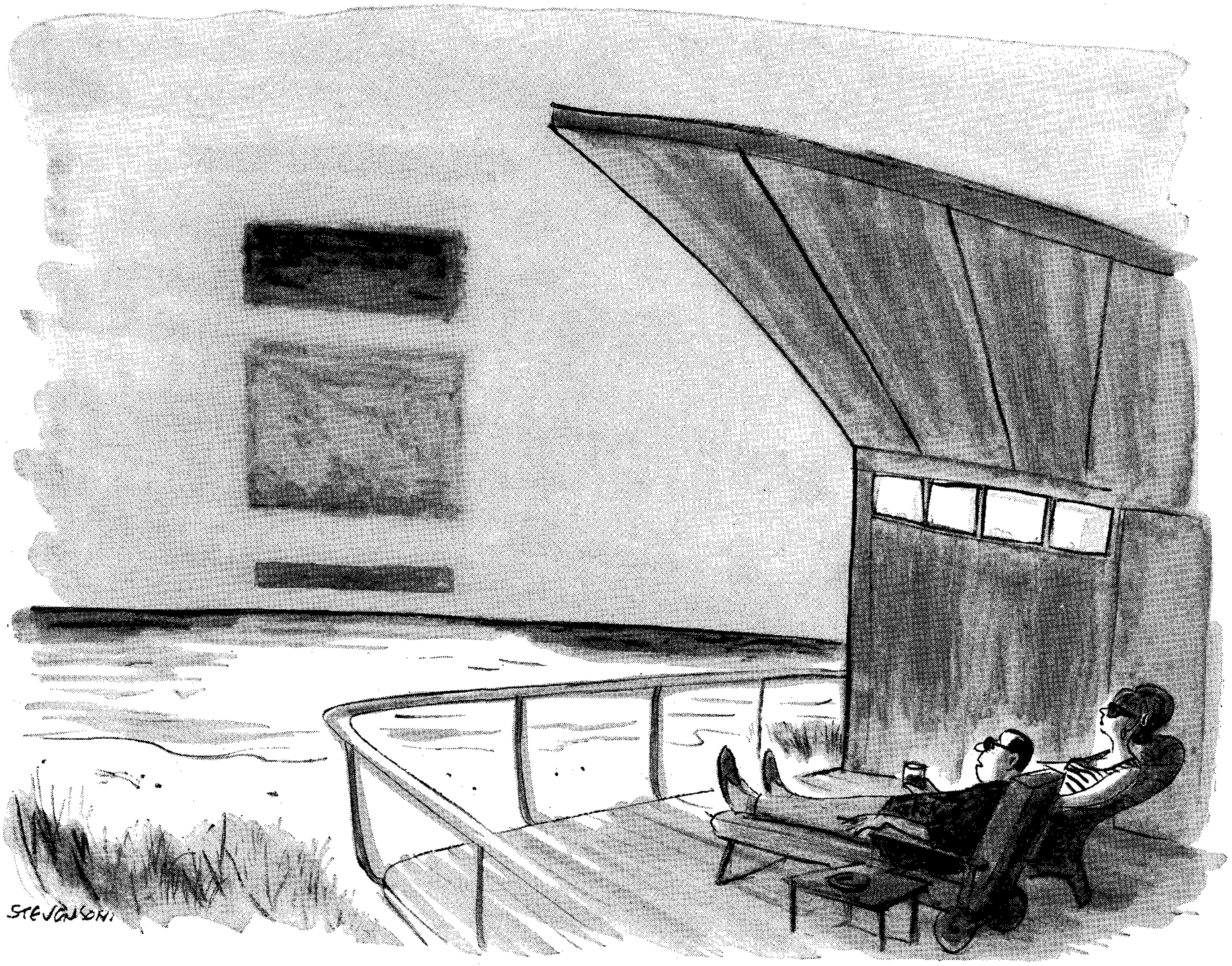
"You take it, Yvette, and you can take the kids with you," he replied.

"Come on, kids," said Mrs. Hortman.

"A fellow over at Mercer County Airport, in Trenton, wants to charter one of our planes," Captain Hortman explained as we walked along. "She can fly it over and take a taxi home. We live in Titusville, not far from there."

Getting down to the subject of our visit, we asked Captain Hortman how he had come to build the triplane, and he said that he had simply made up his mind to do it.

"That particular triplane has always fascinated flying people," he said. "Richthofen and all that. Very colorful. I happened to have an old Warner Scarab hundred-and-ten-horsepower engine that would do perfectly, and I began looking around for a set of plans. There just weren't any. The last of the original Fokker DR-1s had been in a military museum in Berlin, and it had been blown up in a bombing raid during the Second World War. The last set of plans and specifications had gone up with the Fokker plant in Amsterdam in 1944. I talked to Dr. Paul Garber—he's curator of the air branch at the Smithsonian Institution—and he found me some blueprints that had been



"Now, there's a nice contemporary sunset!"

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drawn by a fellow who sold them to people who wanted to make models of the DR-1. They weren't very accurate, and I had to figure out my own corrections as I went along. I began in the hangar here, with just a pile of lumber—Sitka spruce—and a bunch of tubing. I made jigs for the fuselage out of two-by-fours. I'd tack down the frame during the day, and I got a welder to come in at night and weld it. I'm a poor welder. All the time, I was picking up information. Whenever I was in London, I'd nose around in the library of the Imperial War Museum, and I got an awful lot of stuff from the Musée de l'Air, in Paris. I worked for two years, making everything exactly the way it was in the original. I got hung up toward the end on tires, but I finally found the right ones in a motorcycle shop in England."

Captain Hortman took a set of keys out of his hip pocket and unlocked a small door cut in one of the big hangar doors, and we went inside. There it was, a tomato-red fighter with two wide struts, one on each side, holding the three wings together. Big black German crosses, silhouetted against white squares, were painted on the sides of the plane, on the rudder, and on the top and bottom wings. It fairly exuded menace. The wheels were spindly things, innocent of brakes, and the tail skid was simply a stick of varnished wood jutting out of the fuselage. The cockpit contained a single narrow seat, and the instrument panel was almost as bare as that of a Model T Ford.

We asked where the guns were, and Captain Hortman said that he hadn't bothered with them. "There were two—Spandaus—and they fitted on each side of the cowling," he said. "Fokker worked out that business of synchronizing them with the propeller, you know. The Germans put these planes into action in 1916, and they were very successful. This one here, with a hundred-and-ten-horsepower engine, will reach ten thousand feet in six and a half minutes—and that's pretty darn good, even by today's standards. The Germans built four hundred and twenty-five of them. Most of them were shot down, but a good many were wrecked in landing accidents. I can understand that, because it's not the most stable airplane in the world—no dihedral whatever, and ailerons only on the top wing. When I got far enough along with this one to think about flying it, I got to wondering if it had any quirks I should know about, so I scouted around for somebody who had flown one, and the Musée de l'Air put me in touch with the pilot who'd done the evaluation flight for the French air force in a captured plane. That was back in 1916, and he's still flying. Quite a guy. He warned me not to lift the nose at a slow speed. That makes landing a little tricky. You can't ease the nose up and sit down with this plane if there's any kind of crosswind, because you'll lose control. You've got to fly it right into the ground. Well, when I put the tires on and everything was ready, I began to get excited. I rolled it out on the runway and had some of my men hold it while I revved up, and then I made two or three taxi runs across the field. It was a windy day, but I couldn't wait, so I got gay with the airplane, and it bit me. I was making a high-speed taxi run, and the next thing I knew I was seventy-five feet in the air. It just bounced up there. All those wings, you know. And then I did the very thing that that Frenchman had warned me against. I eased her nose up to make a turn, and the wind caught the right wing and flipped us over, and we went cartwheeling down, and *bang!* There I was with two years' work wrapped around my ears. I could have kicked myself. And, boy, was Yvette sore! She never has liked the plane anyway. She's French, you know, and it's German. I should have known better, too. I've been flying for thirty years, ever since I was sixteen, and this was the first time I'd ever really wrecked a plane. So I crawled out and went to work putting it back together. I don't have much spare time, what with flying Boeing 707s to Rome and Cairo and around, and with the school here—we process three, four hundred pilots a year, civilian and commercial—so it has taken me two more years to get the wings back in shape. They were a mess. The fuselage wasn't hurt much. As soon as I can get a new propeller, which should be in two or three weeks, I'll take her up again." He ran a hand fondly along the scalloped trailing edge of one of the wings. "But I think I'll wait for a day when there's just a little bit of a zephyr of wind."

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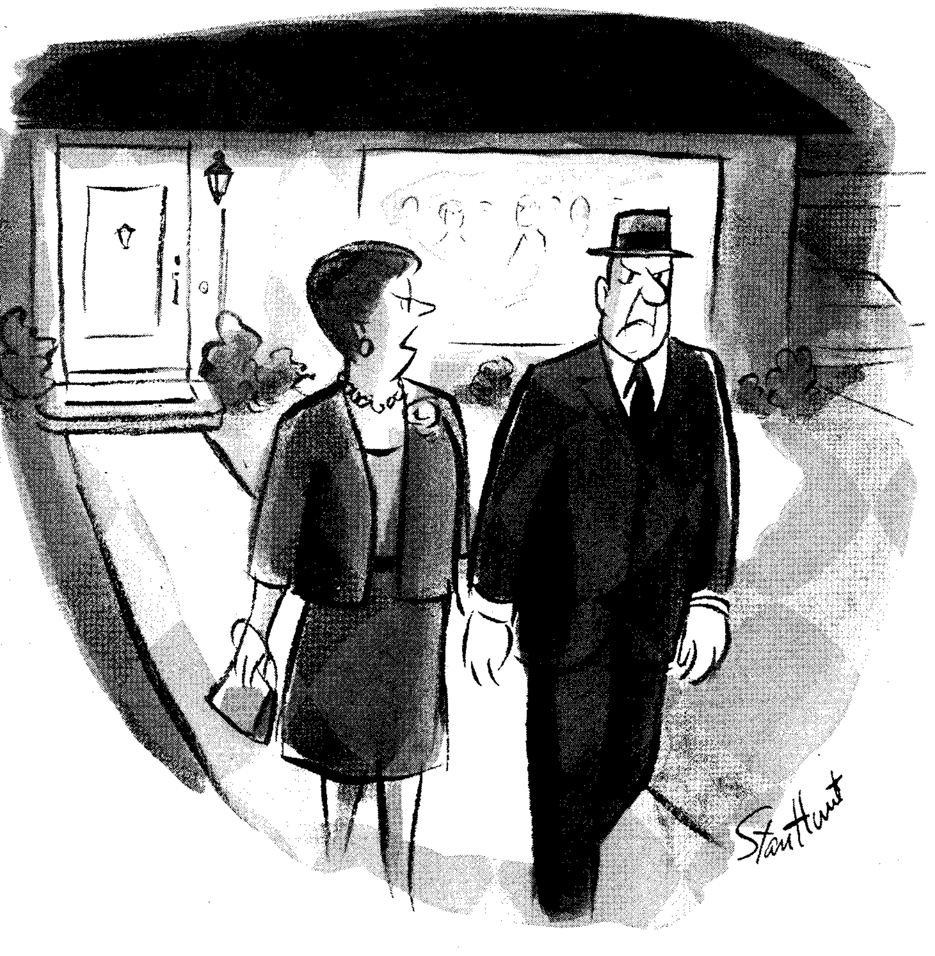
SIGN observed in a sedate hotel in Istanbul:

It Is Kindly Requested from Our
Guests to Avoid Doing Rumours
in the Rooms

Barbecue

WE like to be present at events that promise to provide at least a footnote for some future student of this great city, and if the first barbecue ever to be held at Gracie Mansion hasn't a pretty good chance of making the fine print of history, we don't know what has. Reasoning thus, we happily accepted a formal invitation from "Miss Charlotte Ford and Mr. Robert F. Wagner, Jr., on behalf of Young Citizens for Johnson," to attend a "Gala LBJ Barbecue" at the home of Mr. Wagner's father on Monday, August 17th, at 5:30 P.M. We showed up a few minutes ahead of the appointed time, and found a large number of policemen and Young Citizens for Johnson already gathered at the gates of the Mansion. The girl Y.C.J.s, usually referred to as "Johnson girls," wore white dresses, smiles, heavy eye makeup, and diagonal shoulder-to-waist red satin ribbons trimmed with "LBJ" in gold letters; the boy Y.C.J.s wore dark suits and rather dark expressions, button-down collars, and campaign buttons emblazoned with red-white-and-blue striped donkeys or the official campaign slogan, "Let Us Continue." Inside the gates, a host of detectives and Secret Service men padded conspicuously about while spareribs sizzled in the sunlit air, and radio and TV reporters earnestly interviewed V.I.P.s and, as is their custom, each other. Sailboats tacked across the sparkling river, and a breeze riffled the maples and elms and the red-and-white checked cloths that covered the tables set up on the green lawns of the Mansion; the setting seemed neither Texas nor New York but New England.



"Good heavens! Just because a man says 'Très intéressant' maybe a dozen times during the evening, you don't have to belt him one."

Once the gates were opened, the first person we had a word with was Mrs. Esther Coopersmith, National Coördinator of Barbecues for the Johnson campaign. (The titles that spring up overnight, bloom for a few weeks, and then vanish forever!) Mrs. Coopersmith, whose husband is in the real-estate business in Washington, and who makes something of a hobby of raising campaign funds for political figures, is given credit for having turned barbecues into a symbol of the Johnson campaign—a symbol that experts on the subject have compared favorably to the 1952 hole in Adlai Stevenson's shoe. Last year, Mrs. Coopersmith staged a highly successful barbecue for Senator Gale McGee, of Wyoming, at the Sargent Shrivers' place outside Washington. "This year, when Senator Birch Bayh, of Indiana, the National Chairman of Young Citizens for Johnson, asked me to think up a fund-raising idea that could be used on a national scale, I suggested that we hold barbecues in desirable homes around the country, with a Johnson daughter as the guest of honor at each one," Mrs. Coopersmith told us. "We'll have had a total of six barbecues before the Convention, and are planning to hold as many as can be scheduled afterward. Walter Jetton, of Fort Worth, was the caterer at the

“*Hey there, son! Why not sit down and rest a spell?*”

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barbecue for Senator McGee, and we took care to line him up for these barbecues, too.”

Mrs. Coopersmith having so gracefully paved the way, we next had a word or two with Mr. Jetton, a jovial fifty-eight-year-old, two-hundred-and-forty-pound Texan. He was wearing a broad-brimmed hat, an aquamarine shirt bearing his initials in blue, a black shoestring tie, a white apron, and well-steamed trifocals. Obviously used to the give-and-take of journalism, Mr. Jetton told us in a single long breath that he was expecting about two thousand people to attend the barbecue and that he was preparing on their behalf a thousand pounds of pork ribs, a thousand pounds of beef brisket, five hundred chickens, three thousand fried pies, and two thousand ears of corn, along with God’s plenty of biscuits, beans, salad, and coffee. “I cater all over the country,” he said. “Bring my own specially built trucks, with ovens and refrigerators in them. I’ve worked barbecues for Mr. Johnson personally for twelve or fifteen years now. The biggest one I ever worked for him was four or five thousand people. The President loves sourdough biscuits, but if he has one favorite dish, I reckon it’s barbecued ribs. The President likes things just so—he don’t want no fooling around—and if you do things the way he wants them, why, he’s very complimentary and easy to get along with.”

Lynda Bird Johnson, a rangy, attractive brunette, arrived and was instantly captured by the photographers, who commanded her to spear a set of spareribs with a large fork and hold the meat high over one of the charcoal grills. Miss Johnson was soon enveloped in a cloud of smoke, but bore the smoke and the weight of the spareribs with perfect good humor, saying only “It’s heavy” softly from time to time, until one of the photographers called out at last, “O.K., you can put it down now!”

The paying guests—tickets to the barbecue cost ten dollars—appeared to be mostly in their late teens and early twenties. (The official age range of Young Citizens for Johnson is from eighteen to thirty-five; the eighteen-year-olds are presumably being groomed to vote in ’68.) Soft drinks and beer were served, but no liquor, and entertainment was provided by an assortment of hurriedly coming-and-going professionals, including Carol Burnett, Alan King, Al Kelly, Marty Allen, Steve Rossi, and Jon Early, who sang “Michael, Row the Boat Ashore,” “He’s Got the Whole World in His Hands,” “Hava Nagila,” and a Young Citizens for Johnson campaign song, which began, “Let us continue/On, on, on./Johnson shall continue./Let us carry on.” Speeches followed, by, among others, Senator Bayh; our host, Robert F. Wagner, Jr.; and our hostess, Charlotte Ford (daughter of Henry II), who introduced Miss Johnson.

“At a press conference, Mrs. May Craig once asked my father if he thought young people’s morals were deteriorating,” Miss Johnson said. “No, the way Mrs. Craig put it was ‘Young people’s morals are deteriorating, aren’t they?’ And my father said, ‘No, I have a lot of faith in young people.’ And he really does. At thirty-two, Alexander Hamilton helped write history. At thirty-three, Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence. At forty-two, President Kennedy had already served fourteen years in our Congress. I hope we can get all your hands and your hearts to work.”

The final speaker of the day was Mayor Wagner, who assured the Young Citizens for Johnson that their presence in such numbers was a wonderful omen for the election to come. The audience applauded and rushed off to tackle the spareribs. We mingled with the Y.C.J.s as they waited to eat, and ate, and we estimated that their comments on Lynda Bird, Gracie Mansion, and the barbecue itself outnumbered their political comments by ten to one, seven to one, and three to one, respectively. We asked a “Johnson girl” who was working her way through a fried pie—Texan, apparently, for apple turnover—what had prompted her to assume the task.

“I’m twenty-four, and I’ve just finished law school,” she said. “I think many girls working for Young Citizens for Johnson find this a nice social outlet. They get to spend their evenings with bright young men who are on the way up—lawyers, or men who are eager to make good in politics.”

We must have looked crestfallen at this explanation, because she added at once, “That’s not why *I’m* down at the Governor Clinton Hotel answering the phone and licking envelopes. I’m there because I care about politics and I want Johnson to win.”

THE FISHING LAKE

SHE was crossing the edge of the field, along the ridge, walking with a longer, more assured step now; she knew just about where he was. She knew because she had seen the jeep parked just off the road, where it got too soggy to risk and too narrow to go through without a limb batting you between the eyes, and she stopped the car about a stone's throw back from there. Something told her all along he would be at the lake. She cleared the ridge, and there he was just below her, down at the pier, tying up the boat. He didn't look up. She eased herself sidewise down the wet, loamy bank that released the heavy smell of spring with every step, and she was within a few feet of him before he said, still not looking up, "There ought to be a better boat down here. I spent half the time bailing. There used to be another boat."

"I think that's the same one," she said. "It's just that things get run down so in a little while. I bet the Negroes come and use it; there's no way to keep them from it."

"It's got a lock on it."

"Well, you know, they may just sit in it to fish. Either that or let the children play in it."

He had found the mooring chain now; it grated through the metal hook in the prow, and he snapped the lock shut and stepped out on the pier.

"Did you catch anything?"

He leaned down and pulled up a meagre string—two catfish, a perch, one tiny goggle-eye. "The lake needs draining and clearing the worst kind. All around the bend there's the worst kind of silt and slime. The stink is going to get worse." He paused. "Or maybe you'd say that I'm the stinker."

"I didn't say that. I didn't say anything about it."

He stood with his back to her, hands hooked on his thighs, like somebody in the backfield waiting for the kickoff, and his hair, still streaked with color—sunburnt, yellow and light brown—made him seem a much younger man than he would look whenever he decided to turn around. "I would tell you that I'm going to quit it," he said, "but you know and I know that that just ain't true. I ain't ever going to quit it."

"It wasn't so much getting drunk. . . . I just thought that coming home to visit Mama this way you might have put the brakes on a little bit."

"I intended to. I honestly did."

"And then, if you had to pick somebody out, why on earth did you pick out Eunice Lisles?"

"Who would you have approved of?" he asked. He looked off toward the sunset; it was delicate and pale above the tender, homemade line of her late uncle's fishing lake, which needed draining, had a leaking boat and a rickety pier.

"Well, nobody," she said. "What a damn-fool question. I meant, by the cool, sober light of day, surely you can see that Eunice Lisles—"

"I didn't exactly pick her out," he said. "For all I know, she picked me out." He lit a cigarette, striking the kitchen match on the seat of his trousers. He began to transfer the tackle box, the roach box, the worm can, and the minnow bucket from the boat to the pier. He next took the pole out of the boat and began to wind off the tackle. "Where we made our big mistake is ever saying we'd go out. We came to Mississippi to see your mother, we should have stayed with your mother."

"Well, I mean if it gets to where we can't accept an invitation—"

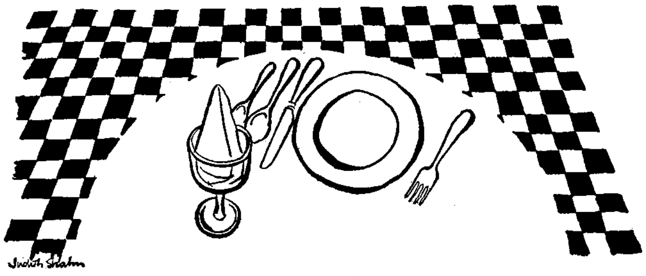
"It hasn't got to where anything," he said irritably. "I'm exactly the same today as I was yesterday, or a year ago. I'm a day or a year older. I've got a hangover worse than usual. And I would appreciate never having to hear anything more about Eunice Lisles."

HER uncle had made a bench near the pier—a little added thought, so very like him. It was for the older ladies to sit on when they brought their grandchildren or nieces and nephews down to swim, and he had had a shelter built over it as well, to shade their heads from the sun, but that had been torn down, probably by Negroes using it for firewood. She remembered playing endlessly around the pier when one of her aunts or her grandfather or Uncle Albert himself brought her down there, and at twilight like this in the summer seeing the men with their Negro rowers come back, solemn and fast, almost processional, heading home from around both bends in the lake, shouting from boat to boat, "Whadyacatch? Hold up yo' string! Lemme *see* 'em, man!" The men would have been secret and quiet all afternoon, hidden in the rich, hot thicket quiet of the brush and stumps, the Negroes paddling softly, holding and backing and easing closer, with hardly a ripple of the dark water. Then, at supper up at Uncle Albert's, there would be the fish dipped in cornmeal, spitting and frying in the iron skillets and spewing out the rich-smelling smoke, and platter after platter of them brought in to the table. You ate till you passed out in those days, and there wasn't any drinking to amount to anything—maybe somebody sneaking a swallow or two off out in the yard. Her husband always told her she was wrong about this, that she had been too young to know, but she was there and he wasn't, she said, and ought at least to know better than he did. What she really meant was that her family and their friends and relatives had been the finest people thereabouts, and were noted for their generosity and fair, open dealings, and would never dream of getting drunk all the time, in front of people. He might at least have remembered that this was her home town.

She sat down carefully now on what was left of the bench her uncle had made. She opened her bag. "I brought you something." It was a slug of her sister-in-law's bourbon she had poured out into a medicine bottle, sneaking as though it were a major theft, and adding a bit of water to the whiskey bottle to bring the level up again, nearly to where it was. She knew that all the family had their opinions. In the house she had kept as quiet as death all day, and so had they. The feeling was that gossip was flying around everywhere, just past the front gate and the back gate, looping and swirling around them.

"That was nice of you. By God, it was." He began to move methodically, slowly, holding back, but his sense of relief gave him a surer touch, so the top of the tackle box came clanging down in a short time, and he came up beside her, taking the small bottle and unscrewing the top. "Ladies first." He offered it to her. She laughed; he could always make her laugh, even if she didn't want to. She shook her head, and the contents of the bottle simply evaporated down his throat. "That's better." He sat companionably beside her; they had to sit close together to get themselves both on the bench.

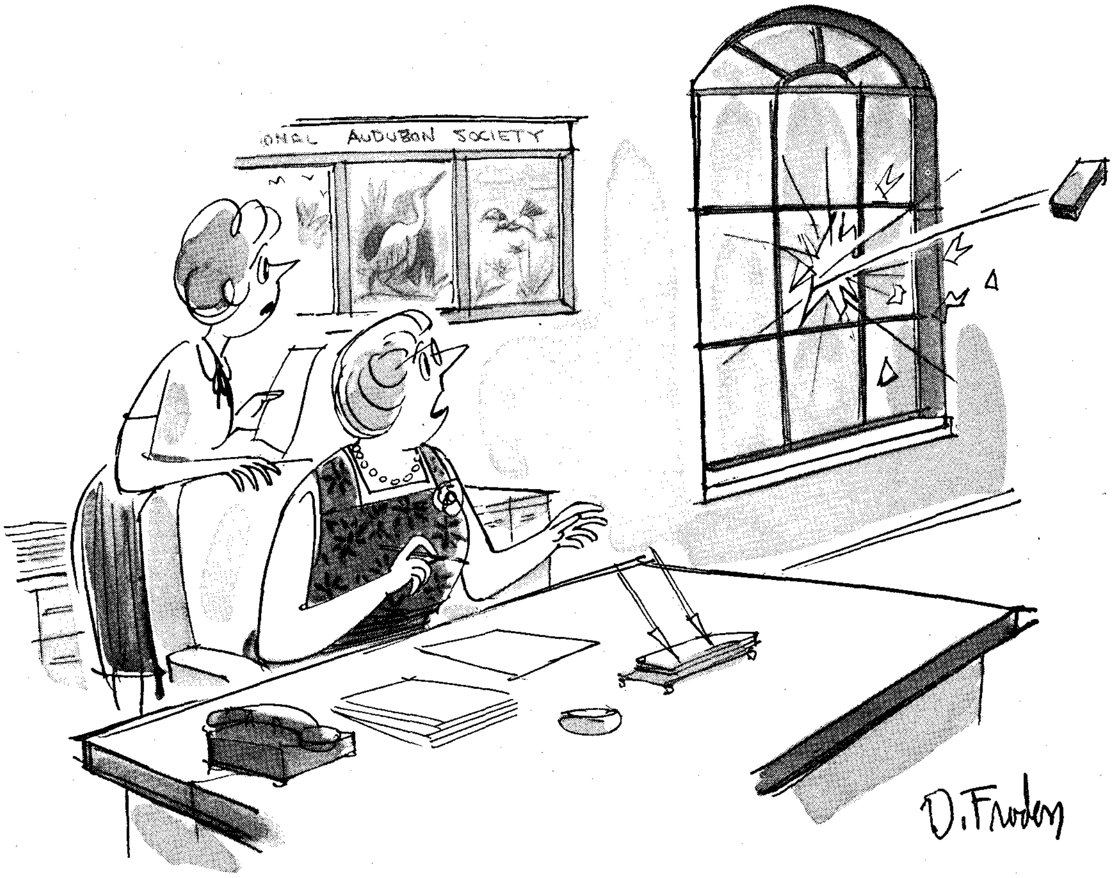
"I reckon you feel like you get to the end of your rope



sometimes," he sympathized. "I think maybe you might."

She had too much of a hangover herself to want even to begin to go into detail about what she felt.

"I don't feel any different toward you," he went on. "In fact, every time you do something like today—go right through your family without batting an eye, steal their whiskey for me out from under their noses, and come down here to get your fussing done in private—I love you that much more. I downright admire you."



"Goodness! Is nothing non-controversial these days?"

• •

She said, after a time, "You know, I just remembered, coming down here up past the sandpit that Uncle dug out to sand the lake with so we could swim without stepping ankle-deep in mud, there was this thing that happened. . . . I did it; I was responsible for it. I used to go there in the afternoons to get a suntan when we used to come and stay with Uncle Albert. And back then they had this wild dog—they thought for a long time it was a cooter, or some even said a bear—but it turned out to be a wild dog, who used to kill calves. So one day I was lying there sunbathing and I looked up and there was the dog—that close to the house! It scared me half to death. I just froze. I went tight all over and would have screamed, but I couldn't. I remembered what they said about not getting nervous around animals because it only frightens them, so I didn't say anything and didn't move, I just watched. And after a while, just at the top of the hill where the earth had been busted open to get at the sand, the dog lay down and put its head on its paws—it must have been part bulldog—and watched me. I felt this peaceful feeling—extremely peaceful. It stayed there about an hour and then it went away and I went away. So I didn't mention it. I began to doubt if it had really seen me, because I heard somewhere that dogs' vision is not like humans', but I guessed it knew in its way that I was there. And the next time I went, it came again. I think this went on for about a week, and once I thought I would go close enough to pat its head. I had got so it was the last thing I'd ever be scared of, but when it had watched me climb to within just about from here to the end of the pier away from it, it drew back and got up and backed off. I kept on toward it, and it kept on drawing back and it looked at me—well, in a personal sort of way. It was a sort of dirty white, because of a thin white coat with markings underneath. It looked partly blue. It was the ugliest thing I ever saw.

"Then it killed some more calves, and they had got people out to find it, and more showed up when the word got round, bringing their guns and all, and there was almost a dance on account of it, just because so many people were around. A dollar-pitching, a watermelon-cutting—I don't know what all. I was only about fifteen, and I told on it."

"*Told* on it?"

"Yes, I said that if they would go down to the sandpit at a certain time they would see it come out of the woods to the top of the hill on the side away from the house. And they went out and killed it."

"That's all?"

"That's all."

"And that's the worst thing you ever did?"

"I didn't say that. I mean, I felt the worst about it afterwards."

"You might have thought how those poor calves felt."

"I thought of that. It's not the same thing. The link was me. I betrayed him."

"You worry about this all the time?" He was teasing, somewhat.

"I hadn't thought of it in ten or maybe even fifteen years, until today, coming along the ridge just now. You can still see the sandpit."

At that moment, the bench Uncle Albert had built to make those long-dead ladies comfortable collapsed. They had been too heavy to sit on it, certainly, and shouldn't have tried. As though somebody had reached out of nowhere and jerked a chair from under them, just for a joke, it spilled them both apart, out on the pier.

They began to laugh. "Come out here next year," he said, in his flat-talking Georgia way, "there ain't going to be one splinter hanging on to one nail. Even the bailing can's got a hole rusted in it."

She kept on laughing, for it was funny and awful and absolutely true, and there was nothing to do about it.

—ELIZABETH SPENCER

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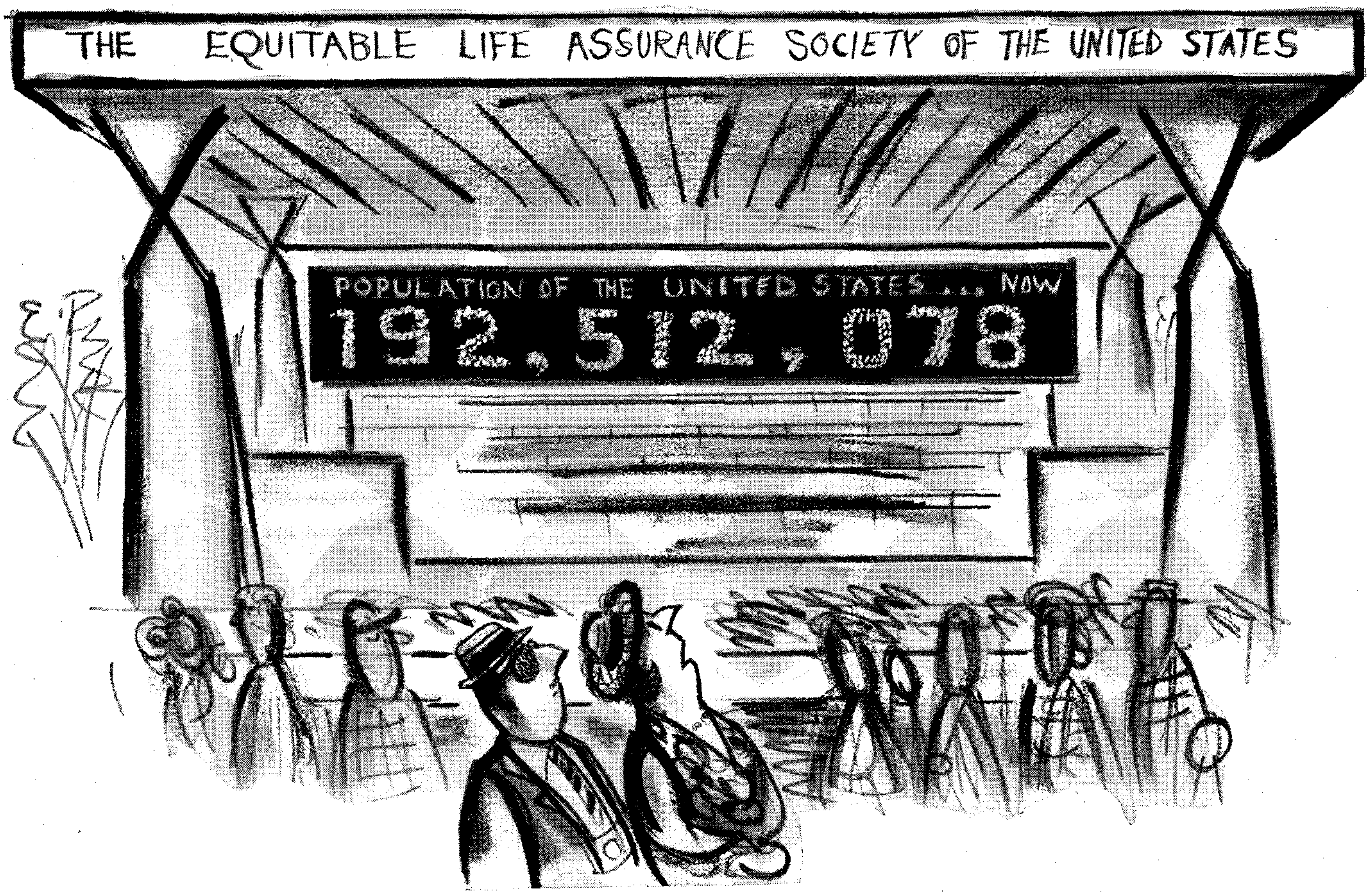
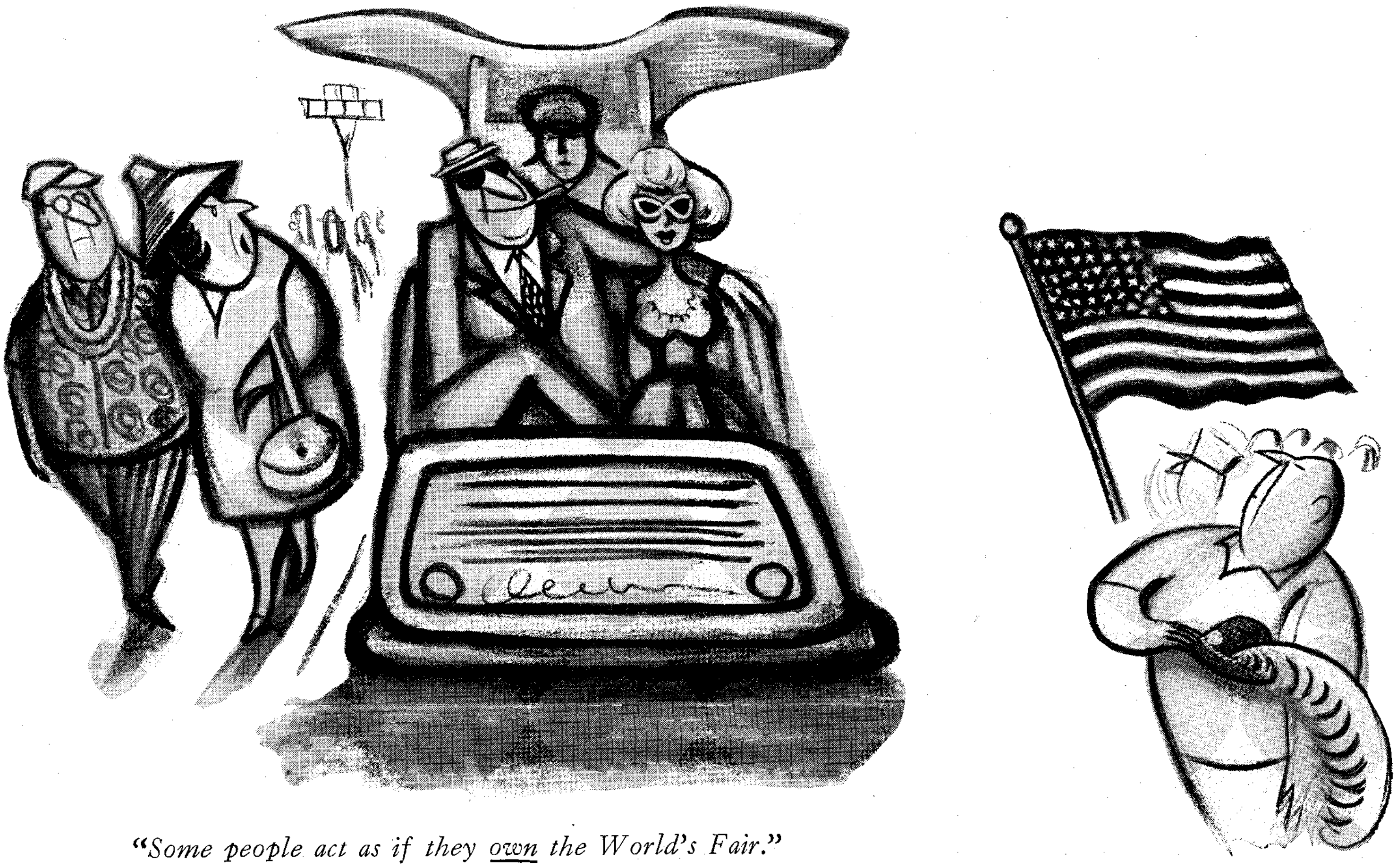
SILVER LINING DEPARTMENT

[*Headline in the News*]

THE VIET NAM CRISIS ROUTS
SUMMER DOLDRUMS OF TV

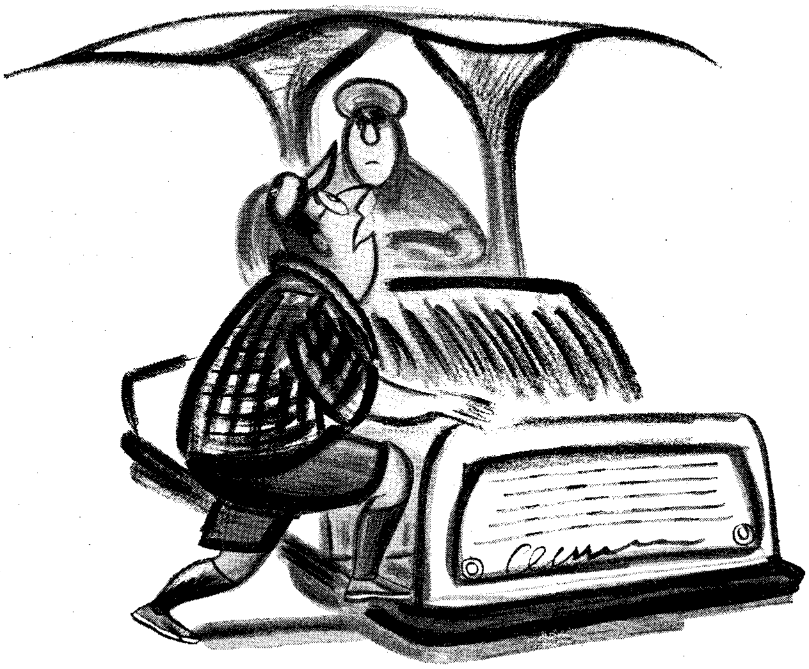

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES
POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES.... NOW
192,512,078

"Oh dear! There's another one!"

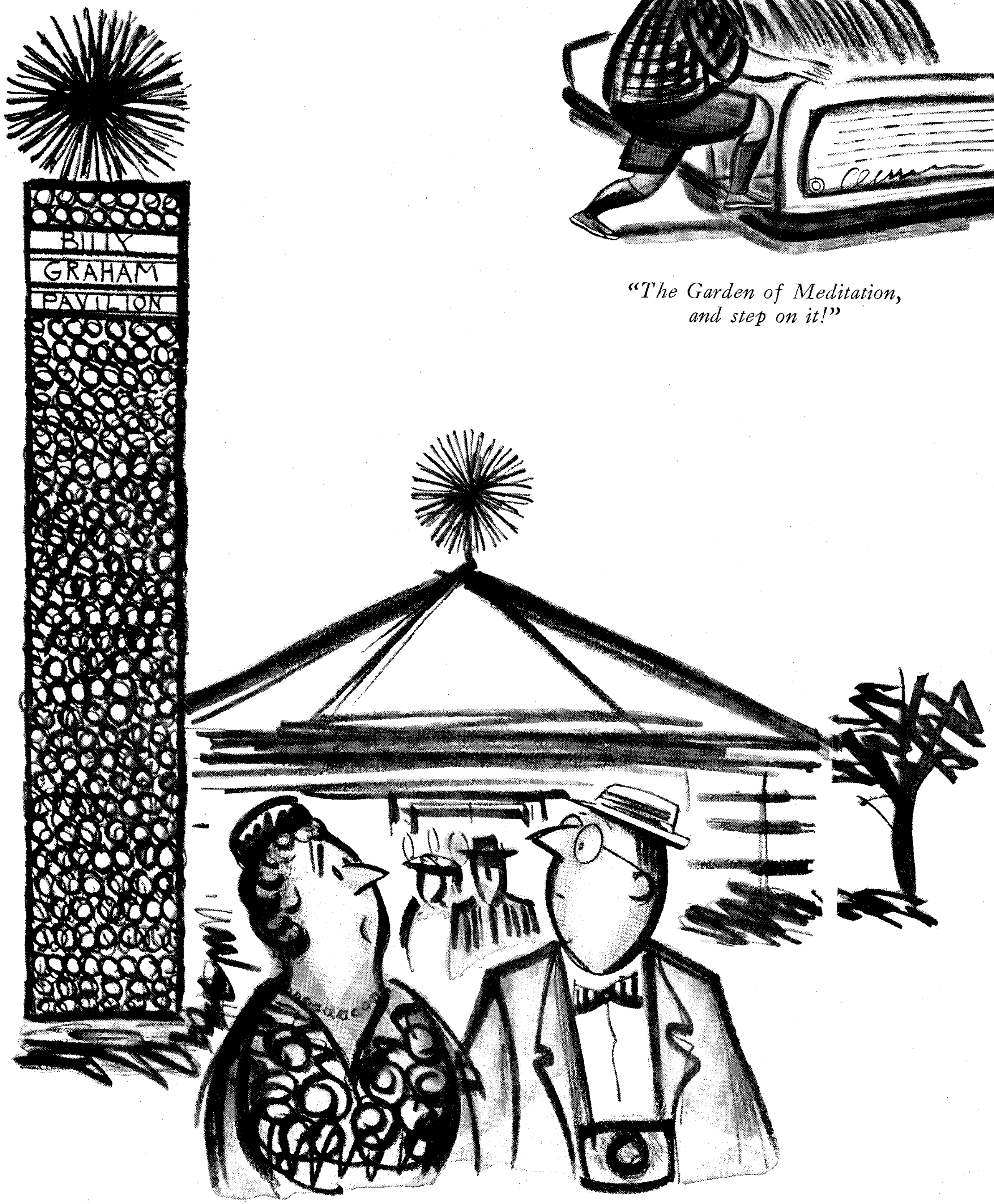


"Some people act as if they *__own__* *the World's Fair."*

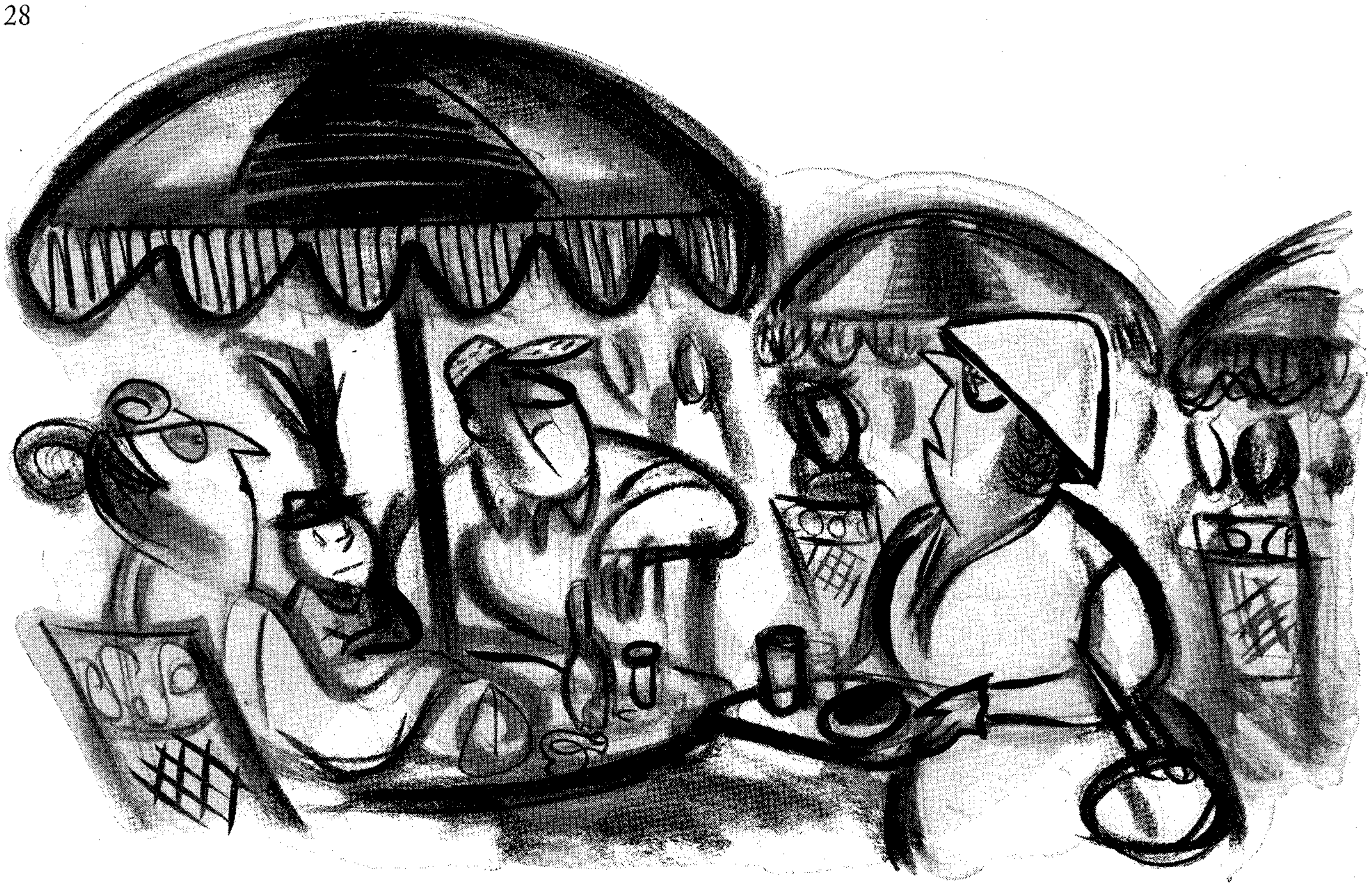
THE FAIR



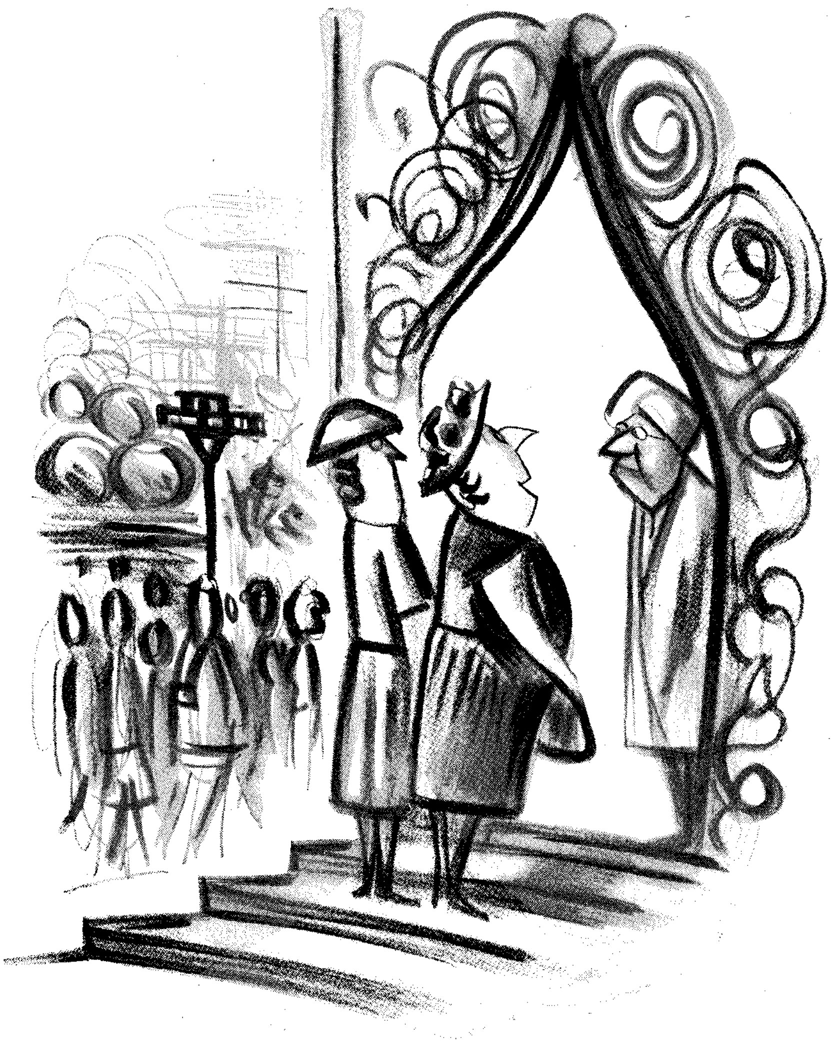
"The Garden of Meditation, and step on it!"


BILLY
GRAHAM
PAVILION

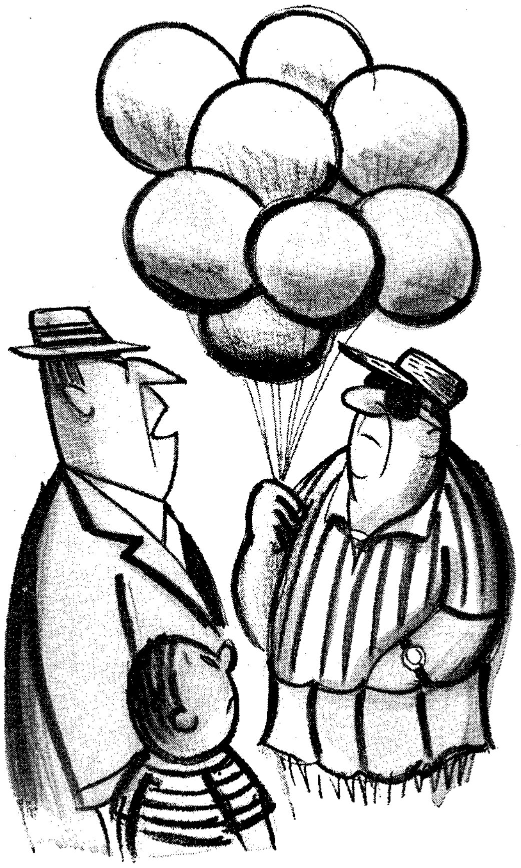
"It was all right, I guess, but I'd expected to see Billy Graham in the flesh."



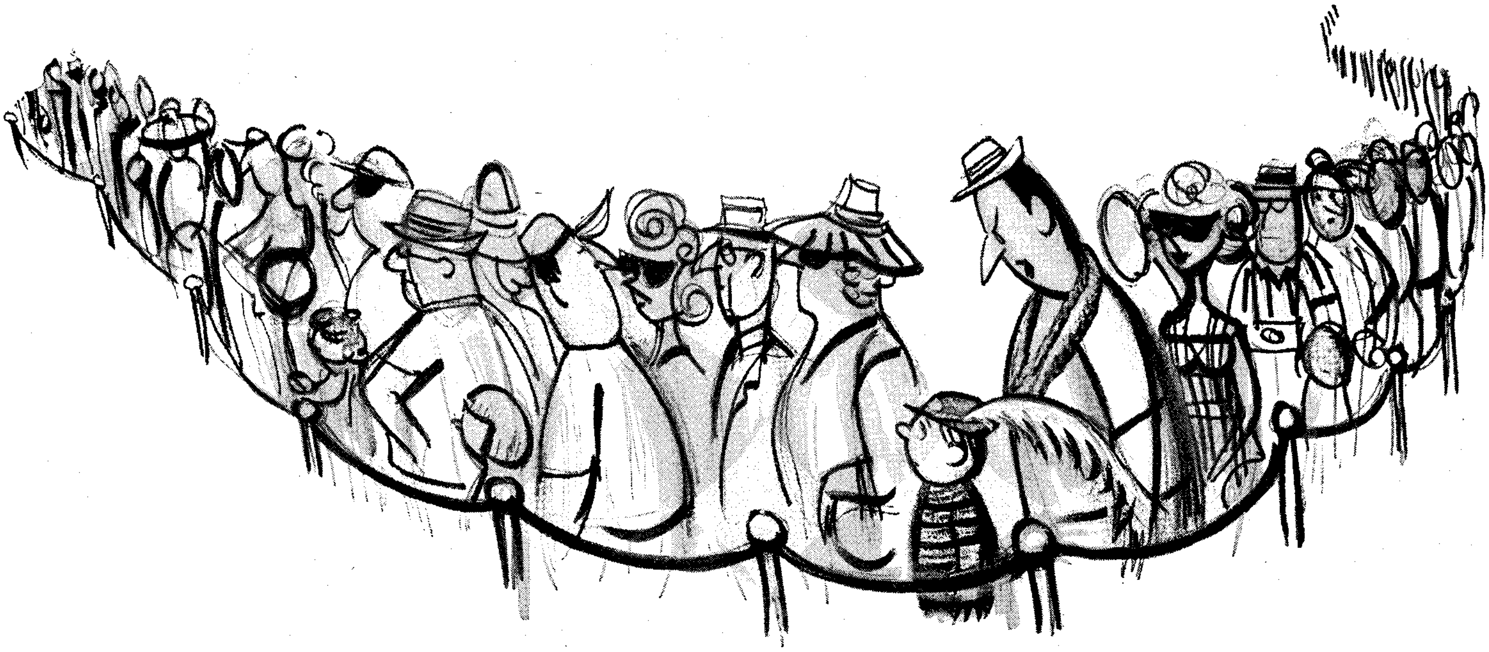
*"If you've finished eating,
there are other people who would like to sit down."*



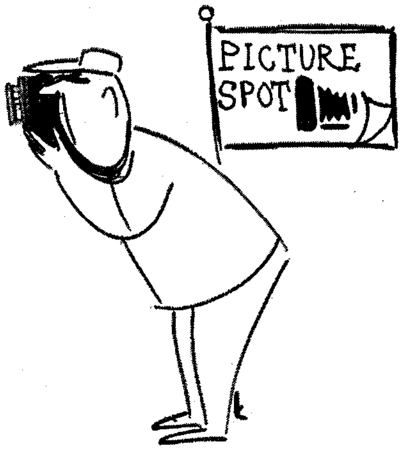
"Are you free?"

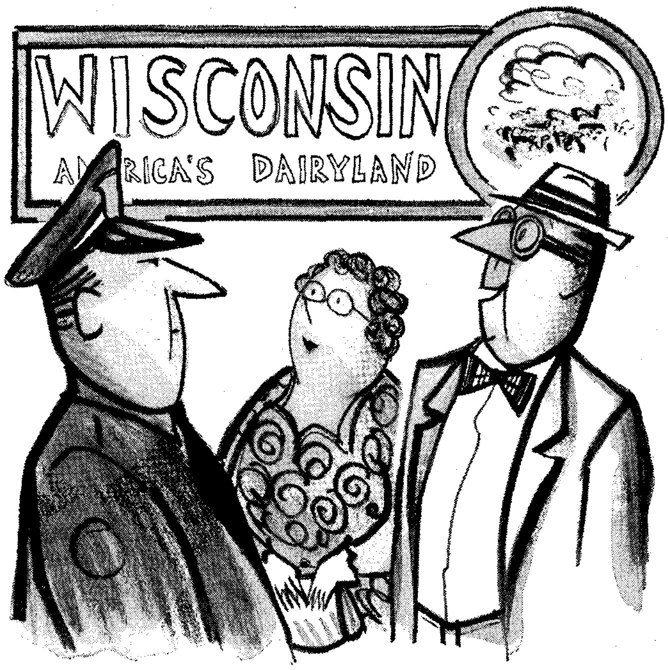


*"No balloon on this earth is
worth seventy-five cents!"*

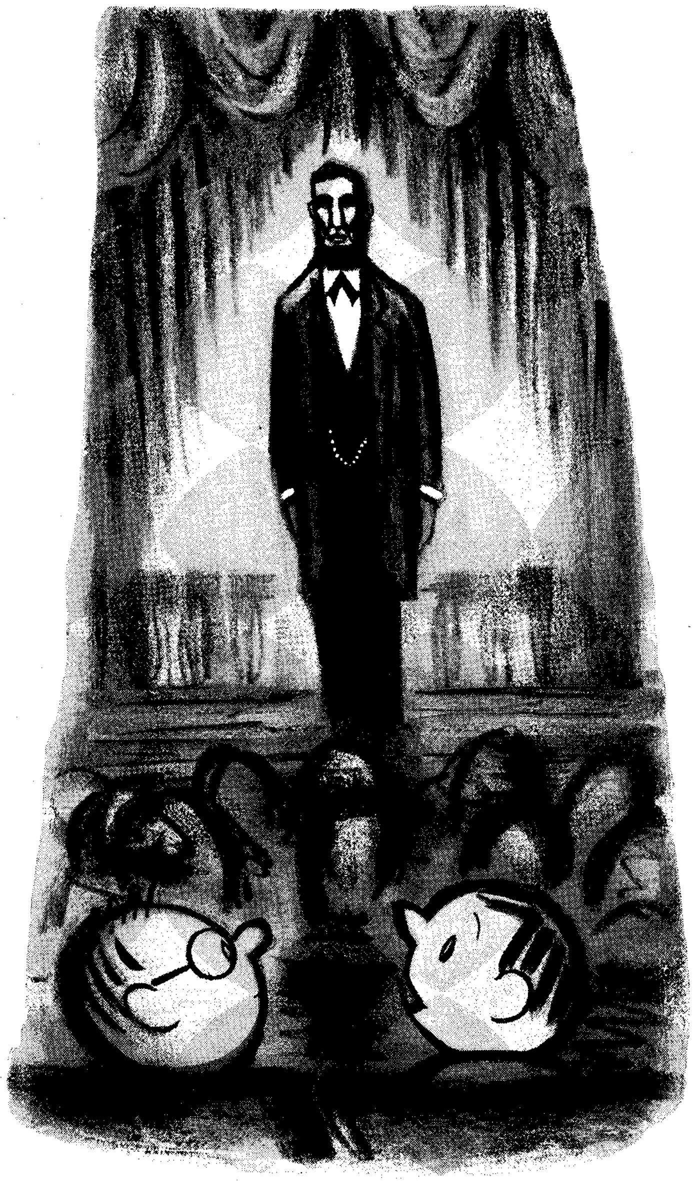


"Just a minute, Junior! You weren't standing in front of me a minute ago!"

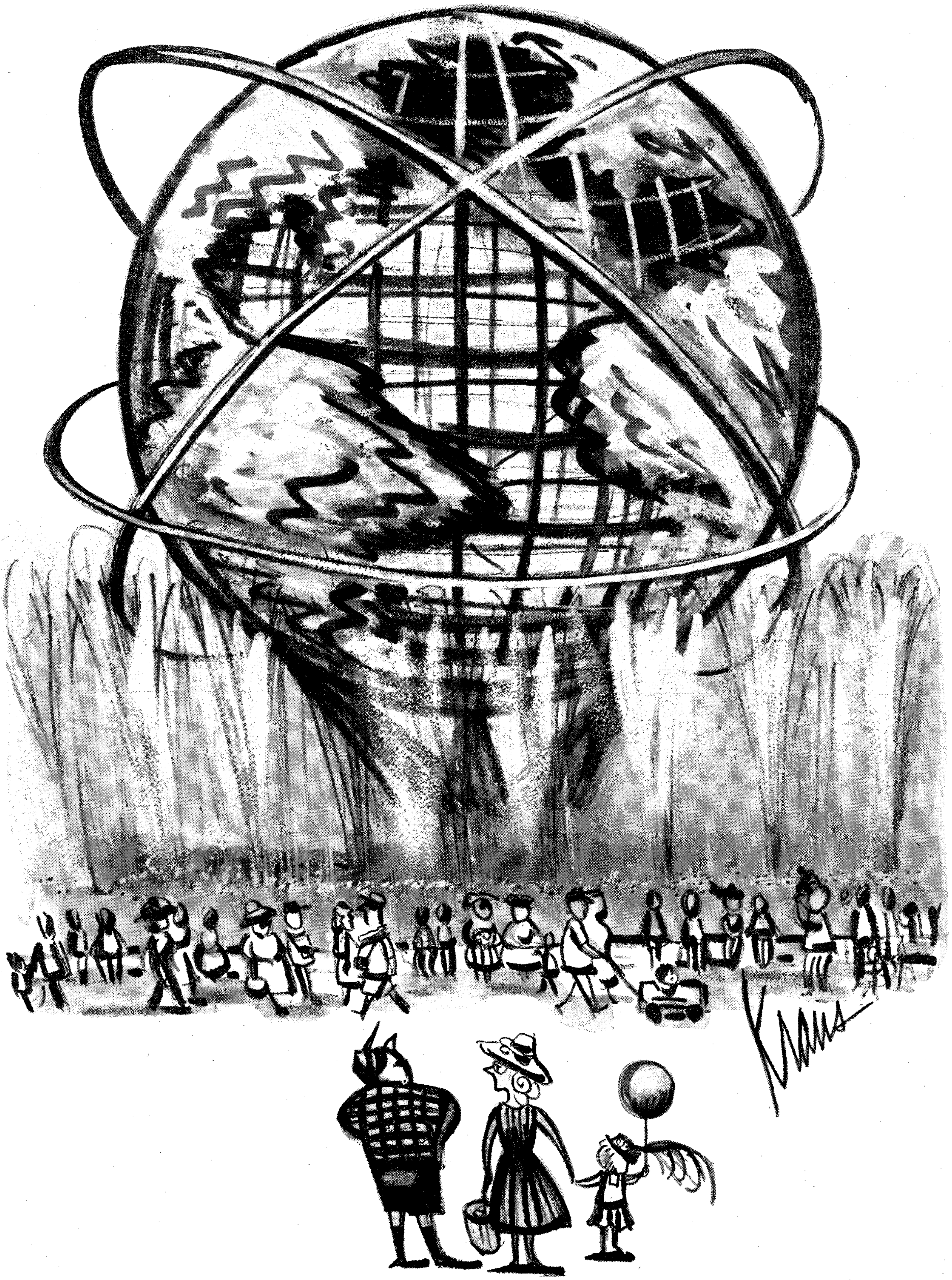

PICTURE SPOT


WISCONSIN
A RICA'S DAIRYLAND

"We're from Wisconsin."



"I've seen better Disney."



"I like it."

THE LITTLE HEIRESS

"I'LL fetch some flowers," Rose had said, and brought up for the visitor's room a bunch of red and white cabbage roses from the garden. Mrs. Miller, the housekeeper, was preparing his room rather belatedly; all day, she had panted and sighed in the heat, which, unusually scorching for England, had come with September.

"Your namesake again!" Mrs. Miller said, tittering. "There's plenty of snapdragons and asters left in the borders. You've been giving him roses every weekend for a month or more. He'll be thinking you've gone sweet on him." Folding back a corner of the bedcovers, she darted an unseen glance of compassion at her cherished pet, whose twelfth birthday came in December. During that week, something undeclared had embarrassed the complicity that had existed between them for years, and Mrs. Miller was nervously aware that Rose had noticed it but, for some reason, had withheld comment.

"Kieron told me there's nothing like a rose to look at when one wakes in the morning," Rose said, lifting a Chinese ginger jar down from the lattice sill.

"That's his Irish blarney, dear. A jug of whiskey by his bed is more his mark." Hastily, Mrs. Miller added, "Though your favorite isn't so bad as the other fellow who used to come here—that I *will* believe! And I grant you he's got looks."

A contented widow, overstout but able, Mrs. Miller let out a giggle from deep in her bosom. Rose stood smelling a red bloom. She was waiting to be left alone in the room, but Mrs. Miller, giving a token flick of her duster over the dressing table, went on, "Your auntie won't like to find her last roses picked again without her permission. Phew, it's close enough for a terrible thunderstorm! I've taken my corset off. Do I look loose?"

"In Kenya," said Rose, who often pretended to remember a great deal of her first six years, "there were days when you'd have taken everything off to do your work. My black nurse only dressed properly on Sundays, to sing hymns."

"Yes, yes, we all know you saw some queer things in that place, my lady." It was Mrs. Miller's proud boast that she had never been even to London, fifty miles away, though she had been once to Oxford and sat through a Gilbert and Sullivan opera there. "I've still to roast a leg of lamb for your auntie standing in my altogether. Aren't you hot in that frock? You haven't worn it since the Christmas party at school. It looks tight."

Never really disparaging, and not a liar, Mrs. Miller seldom annoyed Rose. "It's tight," Rose agreed. "But I like it, and I'm *not* hot." She carried the jar to the bathroom along the passage.

When she came back, Mrs. Miller had gone downstairs. The girl selected the firmest rose and pushed it down between the bedsheets. Then she paused from arranging the others in the jar, ran to her aunt's room, and returned with nail scissors; retrieving the bed rose, she carefully nipped five thorns off. This was to be Kieron's last weekend in the house before he and Aunt Cora went for a three-week holiday in Italy. Because of this she had changed, even before teatime, into the party dress.

It was still much too early for the sound of the car to come through the beechwoods—Rose's aunt left her Cadillac in a Henley garage every Monday morning and took a train to London, where she worked in her flat until Friday afternoon, arriving at her house at six-thirty. Rose, returning the scissors, and safe for more than an hour, settled at the dressing table and examined the contents of an untidily crowded drawer. There was a necklet of pearls coated with face powder, two old moonstone pendants lay under sunglasses, and—oh, there were masses of the costume jewelry Aunt Cora had a mania for. Rose took out the pearls.

Would they be missed? Her tongue licking over her lips, Rose glanced over her shoulder at the open door. It was more an instinctively prudent glance than a guilty one. Most weekends over the last few months, she had stolen two or three silver coins—half a crown the largest, and not, so far, a note—from the heap of money that disagreeable, mean, *and* selfish Aunt Cora tipped out on this dressing table soon after arriving from London.

In a vague way, Rose felt entitled to the coins. One dismal afternoon last winter, Mrs. Miller had told her about the fortune that was to be hers someday. "Don't breathe a word," she had burst out, an hour before taking her by bus to a dentist in Henley, "but you're a little heiress. It's the money your dad left, and your auntie and a London solicitor are taking care of it until you're a full-size girl. Oh, you'll be such a madam, with a butler and a chauffeur and everything! So buck up." To Rose's bitter "Then why is she so skinny with me?" Mrs. Miller had only replied, "Ha!" But this revelation had no link with the theft last weekend of one of Kieron's silk handkerchiefs and his ball-point pen; these were just wanted as mementos because he was going to Italy. And someday he would receive a dozen such handkerchiefs and a pen of gold.

The pearls were dropped back; ready money was what she required for her purpose. She looked into the mirror and gave a grimace. The waxen-pale face she saw daunted her. A scrupulous oval narrowed still more by long hanks of greenishly amber hair, it had affinity with a solitary snowdrop rather than the opulent rose. "I expect I'm anemic," she murmured, drawing a thin black line along her eyelids. "Like Beryl Hynes, who had to eat all that liver extract. But at least I'm clean." Delicate dabs of rouge and a faint smear of lipstick eased her dejection further. She went downstairs to the kitchen with a resolute step.

"I'm giving them salmon tonight," said Mrs. Miller, who often courteously solicited Rose's opinion on domestic matters. "Everything cold—a cold consommé or melon, cold tartlets or ice cream, or both. What do you think?" She looked up from her slicing of cucumber, and went on at once, without censure, "No, dear. It's wrong. It makes you look *forty*. They'll laugh at you!"

"I'm so pale, and my face is always the same."

"Pale suits you. And you've got plenty of expression—a regular little witch for it. Go and wash it off, dear, and fetch me some mint. I want to make my mint sauce tonight, for the lamb I'm giving them for lunch tomorrow."

Mrs. Miller shook her head with such pained repudiation that Rose climbed immediately to the poky top-floor bathroom, which, with two adjacent attic rooms, she still shared with the housekeeper, though there were four bedrooms and a spaciously grand bathroom on the floor below. The makeup removed, she went downstairs and then out to the fenced vegetable patch in the dip lying a distance from the house. Ernest, an elderly bachelor, was cleaning the model sty on the opposite side of the path. He, too, was a friend. "Maisie's up in the orchard," he said, grinning, when Rose stopped to scrutinize the six weaners grizzling round an empty and washed trough. "Gone to look for you, I expect. Or after the windfalls—she smells them from down here."

"I'll drive her back," Rose promised. Cleaning the sty was Ernest's last job of the day before he went home to the

CAFE
QUICK LUNCH
LOVE THY NEIGHBOR

"Hold it, neighbor!"

• •

village, and Maisie, the prize-winning sow, had become her charge.

There still was most of an hour to go. After delivering the mint, she fetched from under her bed mattress Kieron's pen and the cheap writing pad Mrs. Miller had lent her that morning and visited Maisie on her way to the hammock. Gorged with fallen apples, the privileged sow lay fast asleep in the orchard long grass. Rose gently touched the powerful shoulder, for luck. If awakened, Maisie would sob to her like a human being. She had taken to violently shaking off her avaricious young, running to her protector for succor from them; a wonderfully productive mother, she was past her prime now. Ernest had said it was ever since she got a first-award red rosette stuck on her forehead at a Reading show that she developed tantrums and neglected her young. But Rose thought the poor dear had borne far too many. She blamed Aunt Cora, who only bred pigs as a profitable hobby and bragged of the money she made on them.

A blueness had come to the beechwoods. From the canopied hammock—it was a new, luxuriously full-length one, snapped up at the July sales in London by Aunt Cora—Rose looked up now and again from her writing as if seeking aid in the calm, wide view of river valley far below. A domed, three-columned white temple on a poplar-fringed hillock across the Thames was a point of concentration for her glassily absorbed eyes. All day, off and on, she had made several versions of a letter, increasing her age by a year in each one. She wanted to get it in the post the next day.

She paused to go over two pages, with more satisfaction now: "Dear Miss Pamela, I am sixteen and wish for good advice after reading your replies to readers, having no parents and alone in the world. But I have a selfish aunt who only thinks of herself and divorced her husband. I have private means but live in her house and I am worried about a man older than me, I think thirty or forty. He comes here with her for weekends. But she used to bring another man here and made him suffer and he drank a lot. Am I to tell this new one about the other man and how wicked and selfish she is? He brings me presents. Am I to tell him about her mean nature? She does not use her imagination and is in business and speaks like a sewing machine. You said to one reader last week to go out more, but I have plenty of fresh country air and animals. Can I come to see you . . ."

There she had halted, forgetting the lie about her age but vaguely doubtful whether Pamela's zeal for her readers' welfare would extend to welcoming a personal call. Besides, not nearly enough money was collected yet for a flight to London and the cost, perhaps for more than one night, of bed and breakfast in a hotel. She crossed out "Can I come to see you" and wrote, "I want to find where he lives in London and visit him after they come back from Italy. Would this be all right? Time is short and I am desperate. Stamp enclosed. At the end of the week, I am going to Scotland for a fortnight, so . . ."

The humming in the woods had not been heard; the car was rasping over the nearby gravelled drive when, with a gasp, she scrambled from the hammock. She pushed the writing pad and pen under one of the four seat cushions, and bounded to the rear of Ernest's tool shed. From there, twirling a hastily plucked stalk of Michaelmas daisies, she advanced to greet Kieron composedly enough.

He was coming out of the garage carrying a suitcase. She noticed his hesitation instantly. "Hello, Rose," he said, not offering her his usual ruffling of her hair and a minute's banter.

Aunt Cora appeared and said, curtly, "Aren't you hot in that dress?"

"No." Rose stared at her aunt's heat-darkened face. The tawny crust of makeup looked dusty and cracked. "I haven't been in London."

"Well, your nose is perspiring." After her five stifling days in town, Cora Clee was not yet relaxed. She ran an agency for fashion models in her flat and also worked hard at pummelling into shape girls taken straight from the suburban technical schools. "I'll go up for a bath straightaway," she said to Kieron. Metal bracelets crowded her arms. From her trimly disciplined but medallion-hung bust an expensive scent came unstintingly.

"Me, too." Kieron, his sunburned face held away from Rose, tugged off his tie in an irritated way. Without another word to the stock-still girl, he followed his hostess.

Was it only the heat? Or had there been a row? Rose, the letter completely forgotten, dashed after them as they disappeared under the clematis ropes of the front porch. "Come and see Maisie in the orchard before I take her back to the sty, Kieron," she babbled pleadingly. Surely he and Aunt Cora couldn't take a bath together? "I scrubbed out her ears this morning, and powdered her with DDT, and there's not a lice on her."

"Not just now, Rose." Cora's voice came out loudly from the hall. "I've told you before not to allow Maisie into the orchard, Rose. She'll be inside the house next."

Rose drew up in the porch, staring at Kieron's pastel sandals going into the hall. "I let her have a donkey for a pet," her aunt said to him. "*Why* has she to take to a pig instead?"

"You like them very much yourself," Kieron said.

Rose burst into the hall. "It's *because* Maisie is a pig! I didn't want the donkey. He just stood for hours looking at nothing." Aunt Cora still treated her as if she was about six. And, in any case, the unresponsive donkey had been taken in out of charity, when some neighbors moved away.

"Rose," her aunt said, suddenly amiable, "will you get the drinks ready for us, please? On the veranda." She threw her handbag on a chair. From the staircase, she smiled at her wide-eyed niece. Kieron ran a hand through his thick black hair and followed her up with his suitcase. He seemed not to want to remain downstairs for even a moment.

Rose, her damp nose twitching, looked from his vanishing figure to the handbag. Money in it would include payment of Mrs. Miller's and Ernest's wages and small local bills. But why hadn't the bag been taken upstairs, as usual? She backed away from it, and in the dining room, slowly assembling bottles and glasses on a tray, she paused to stare out now and again at its glossy black. Yet that friendly smile from the stairs . . .

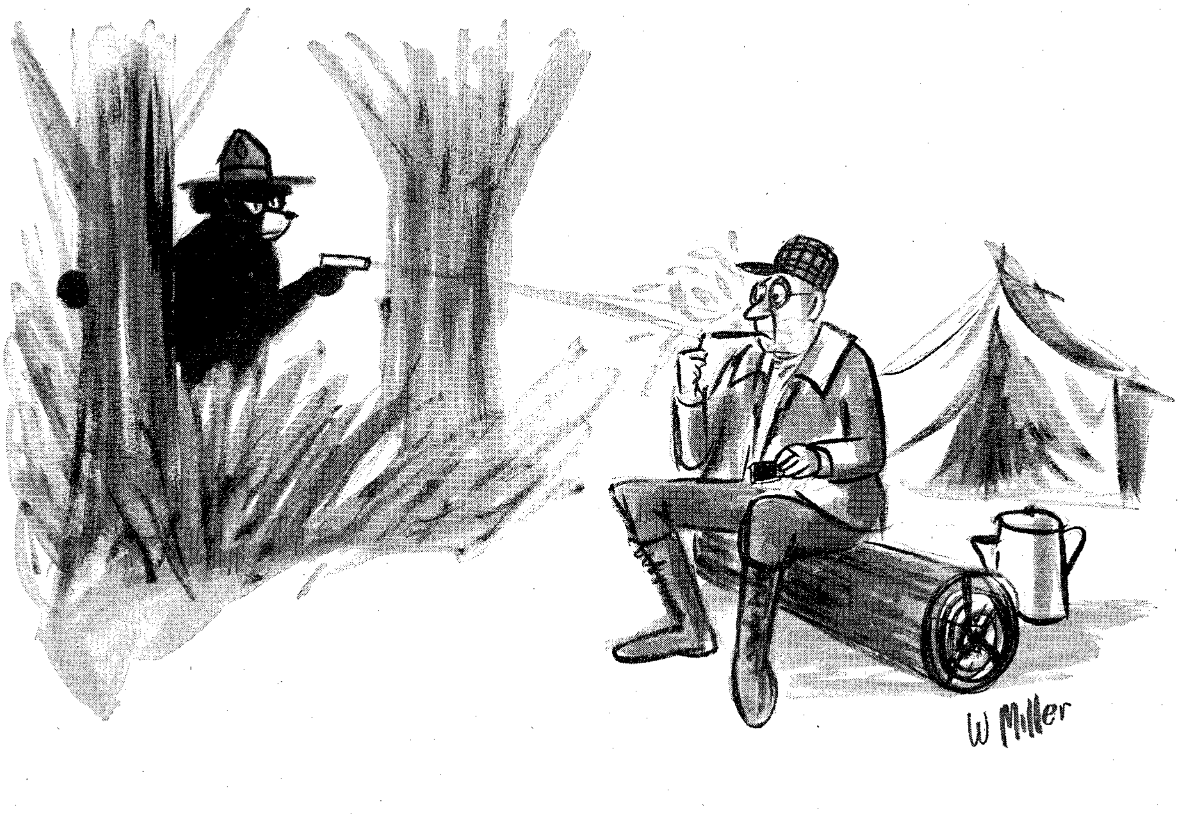
CORA CLEE, not nearly so rich as her niece would be at eighteen, had worked even harder after getting rid of a spendthrift husband. She wanted to earn the means for retirement from her agency so that she could give full rein to her true love—stockbreeding on the lush family acres she had inherited with the house. Had it not been for Rose, it was likely that she would have inherited her brother's astutely invested share of the family money, too. He had gone out to Kenya to preserve his remaining lung, married a youngish Englishwoman also living there for health reasons, and become a widower some months after the gamble of Rose's birth. Summoned by cable six years later, his sister arrived just in time for his funeral in Limuru. But she was not even mentioned in his will; Rose, whose mother had turned out to be well off and had no near relatives, got the lot.

Furthermore, after undertaking to rear the seemingly healthy child in England, Cora found that, despite vigorous protests, the prim Nairobi lawyer would allow her only the expenses for her journey back and not a penny for her arrow-rapid journey of devotion from England. This comparatively trivial item of loss had ever rankled. By arrangement with the appointed London trustee of the estate, she was paid a quarterly sum for her niece's upbringing, and this, too, from time to time provoked an acrimonious letter from Cora, who not only felt trapped by her journey to Kenya but also punished herself for her innate dislike of children.

At first, before a mysterious hostility between them had taken firm root, she had ideas of Rose's acquiring the agency in due course, at a grateful price. Occasionally, she brought one or two promising new models to the house for a weekend, especially if they were lower-class Cockneys—knowledge of country houses, pastures, and how to cross a double sty gracefully could be of use for posing in rough tweeds, mackintoshes, sturdy brogues. But Rose was always petrified by these gleaming girls who, under their trainer's hawk eye, moved carefully in their austere world of sacrifices, which seemed to include extreme sparseness both of speech and table appetite. Thin, but a good eater (Mrs. Miller said her nerves burned it up), Rose would vanish to the kitchen or down to the sty as often as she could. Lately, too, a self-possessed evasiveness, amounting to disdain, had come into her manner with her aunt, who kept postponing the news of the inheritance.

Cora's sudden amiability on the staircase was maintained on the veranda; Rose was invited to sit there with an orangeade. It persisted in the candlelit dining room until a few minutes after Mrs. Miller had brought in tartlets and—Rose's great favorite—pistachio-strewn ice cream. Cora, though wearing her normal torrent of gold chunks, beads, and semiprecious stones, looked cool in a low-cut dress. She hadn't spoken very much during the meal. Kieron, who had drunk nearly all of a bottle of hock himself, talked a lot about a director of his advertising firm who had had a stroke in the heat of that week. Then he, too, fell silent. His mellifluous tenor voice had sounded a bit on edge; he did not look cool in his cream linen jacket, and he still had a lectured look.

Cora lit a cigarette. Even the snapping of her lighter was decisive. "Rose," she began, "I had a letter from Mrs. Humphreys this morning. You know



she's arriving from Scotland late next week and will take you back with her?"

Rose paused over the unnecessary question, then replied, "Yes. For my fortnight's holiday."

"There's *that*, of course. But I've arranged for you to go to school in Perth, not far from Gwen Humphreys' home. So you won't be returning here until the Christmas holiday."

Rose shot a look at Kieron. But his head was bent low as, absorbedly, he ate a third tartlet. Panic came into her face. She dropped her spoon and stammered, "Miss—but Miss Webber didn't tell me I wasn't going back to her school in October! I've—I've left my pencil box and tin of watercolors there."

"Nobody will steal those," Cora remarked. "Mr. Humphreys will be able to drive you into Perth and collect you every day. So, the same as Miss Webber's, you needn't be a boarder at this school."

"Perth," said Kieron, in the further silence. "I was stationed near there during the war. Wonderful fishing and scenery."

But Rose had no attention for him now. Time had helped her. Her clear, water-gray eyes stared at her aunt. It was a long, slow, knowledgeable stare. A hand playing with a piece of the gaudy jewelry round her throat, Cora flinched as she met the look. For a moment, the exchanged gaze was like a preposterous foreshadowing of exclusive female warfare; the man at the table was cancelled out. Cora quickly rallied. Smiling, she offered Rose more ice cream.

The helpless panic returned to Rose's face. Her eyes twitched. She shook her head and began stammering again. "Why—why have I got to go to school in Scotland?"

"But, darling, Scotland isn't the other side of the world!" Cora's pruned voice took on the ruthless candor her trainees knew well. "I *had* thought of packing you off to a school in Lausanne, but there hasn't been time to arrange it. Why are you so anxious to stay here?"

"I—I don't want to leave Maisie," Rose blurted, wildly lapsed into childishness again.

"Maisie is not going to be with us much longer." Cora lit another cigarette. "Education in Scotland," she proceeded, for once treating her niece as if she were mature, "is of the highest order. The Scotch have the greatest respect for scholastic achievements." Narrowing her eyes, she blew out a whiff of smoke. "To say nothing of honesty being to the fore up there. The Scotch are famous for *that*, and perhaps it can be taught."

OLD AMUSEMENT PARK

Before It Became LaGuardia Airport

Hurry, worry, unwary
visitor, never vary
the pressure till nearly bat-blind.
A predicament so dire could not
occur in this rare spot—

where crowds flock to the tramcar
rattling greenish caterpillar
as bowling-ball thunder
quivers the air. The park's elephant
slowly lies down aslant;

pygmy replica then rides
the mound the back provides.
Jet black, a furry pony sits
down like a dog, has an innocent air—
no tricks—the best act there.

It's all like the never-ending
Ferris-wheel ascending
picket-fenced pony-rides (ten cents).
A businessman, the pony-paddock boy
locks his equestrian toy—

flags flying, fares collected,
shooting gallery neglected—
half-official, half-sequestered,
limber-slouched against a post,
and tells a friend what matters least.

It's the old park in a nutshell,
like its tame-wild carrousel—
the exhilarating peak
when the triumph is reflective
and confusion, retroactive.

—Marianne Moore

• •

Rose's chair scraped on the parquet. "I'll take Maisie back to the sty," she said, aloof and guarded.

"How do you do that, Rose?" Kieron smiled at her dazzlingly. "Beat her with a stick?"

Circumspectly, she replied, "No. Maisie does what I tell her. She's got brains, though"—she paused in an effort to focus her eyes on him—"though she's had so many husbands."

"Husbands!" Kieron's shout of laughter had an unnatural force.

She recovered a little more poise in this exchange. "Ernest calls them that. He says she's a great-great-great-granny and has children all over the earth." Sedately, she began to walk past Kieron.

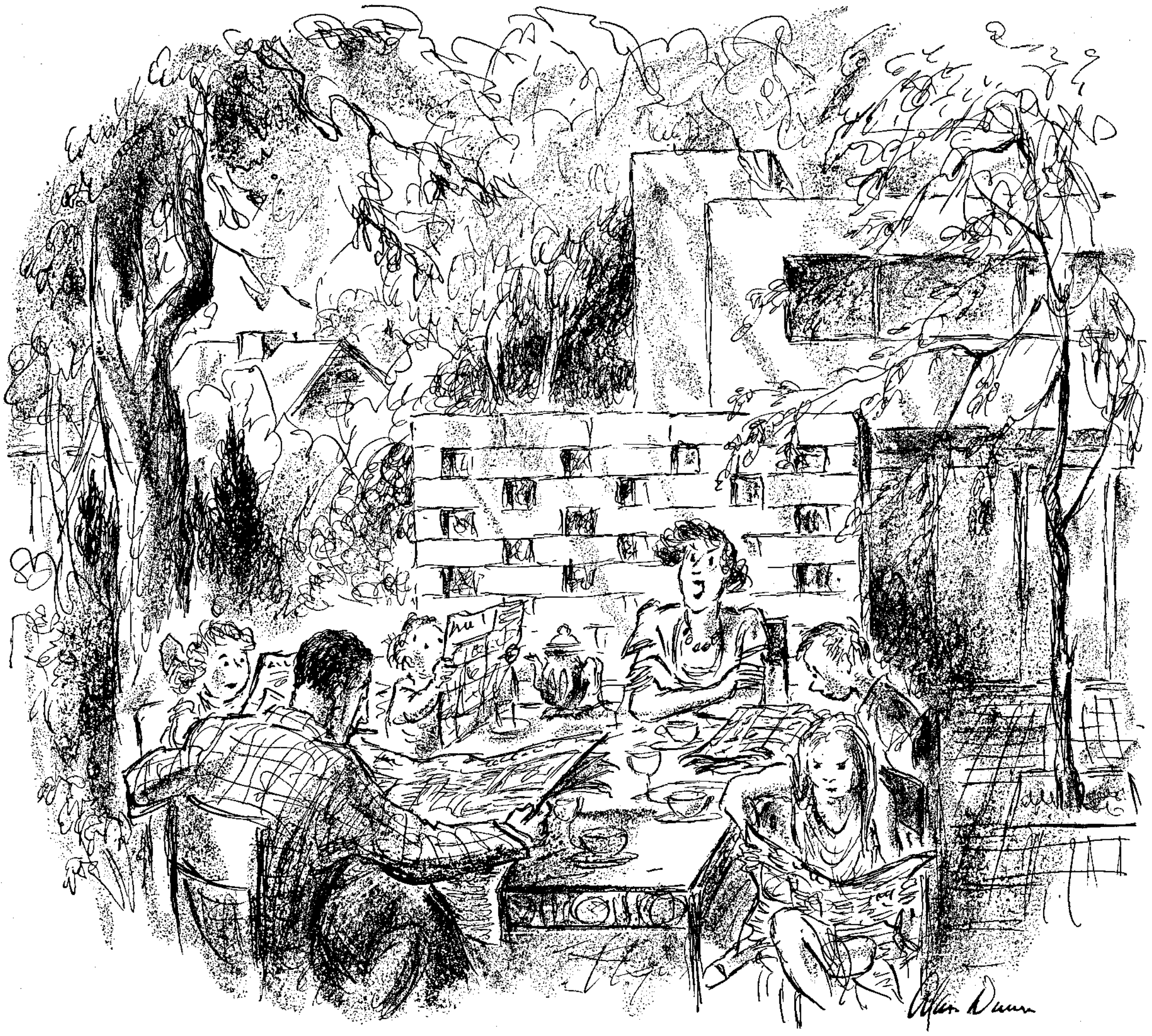
His hand came out and swept her against the arm of his chair. "Run up to my room and look in my bag," he whispered in her ear. "I forgot to bring your sweets down."

HAY GRAIN & FEED

"I'll get them when I go to bed," she said, stiff in his clasp.

Cora noisily closed a sideboard door with her knee. "We'll have coffee on the veranda, Kieron," she called, a bottle and two glasses in her hands. "Come. The moon is up."

THE moon was a sultry great orb, hanging low over a beechwood. First sight of its swollen girth was startling. As if threatened by the strength of its ochre glowering, Rose backed into the porch for a second. She went toward the orchard with the preoccupied steadiness of a sleepwalker. Maisie had moved, perhaps disturbed by the moonrise, though its glare was less in the orchard. Brushing spiders' threads from her face, Rose found her in the deeper shadows under a low-branched pear tree. But the sow had dropped into fast sleep again. Rhythmical snoring came from the scimitar upcurve of a snout caught in a spill of moonlight.



"*Know what I'd like to see? Another newspaper strike!*"

Rose knelt before the row of flaccid teats. "Strike her with thunder and lightning, O God!" she prayed aloud. Her touch on Maisie's shoulder brought only a momentary twitch of the snout. Lowering her voice and eyes, as if addressing the underworld powers in turn, she whispered, "I'd like to fry her toadstools for breakfast—fly agaric and the death cup!" But how would it be possible to entice Mrs. Miller away from the stove? Grownups never failed to get you by the tail somehow, and they knew exactly how to twist it. Her voice changed to a helpless whimper. "Let me have my father's money soon, O God, and I'll throw hundreds of pound notes in her face!" She cast herself on Maisie's solid body. Maisie remained asleep and only gave a repudiating grunt, her work in the world done.

Rose left her there for the night. It was all she could think of in retaliation against Aunt Cora just then. Depression reached down to her plodding feet. Reluctantly, she walked down the few yards of path to the veranda; she couldn't go upstairs without seeing Kieron. Aunt Cora stopped talking as she approached. "I'm going to bed now," Rose said, detachedly. "Good night."

Aunt Cora did not ask about Maisie. She lay idly on the chaise longue, smoking as usual, and spoke with an inattentiveness that was still more insulting. "Don't read too long in bed. Miss Webber mentioned to me that you bent low over your work. She thinks you need glasses. I'm going to ask Gwen Humphreys to take you to an oculist in Perth. Good night, darling."

"Shall we go for a walk in the woods in the morning, Rose?" Kieron spoke from the brick step, where he sat pouring himself a drink from the bottle beside him. She did not reply, and he said, "Good night, my sweetie." He had removed his jacket, and his shirt was open to the waist. Moonlight made his teeth glitter as he gave her a broad smile and a wink. She turned away.

Shouting women's voices came from Mrs. Miller's television in the kitchen off the hall. Rose pushed the door and stood holding it open. Mrs. Miller, an eye on the screen, was drying dishes. "Come to see the play for a while?" she asked, in a lull of the voices. "It's not long begun. All about women in prison—and a nasty lot of vixens they are, except one! Enough to put you off the idea of prison for a bit of peace." She giggled uncertainly.

"She's sending me to a school in Scotland."

"Ah!" Mrs. Miller's attention fled back to the screen. Plainly at her wit's end, she exclaimed, "Well, my dear, girls in your position must expect to go to such places! But I daresay it's not so bad up there as they say. All that rain and Scotch mist. I mean, dear—I mean, the Royal Family is always going there."

"You knew!" The accusing voice did not falter.

Mrs. Miller became more flurried. "I'd told you enough already—all about your money! I didn't know about this school till last Monday morning, just before she left for London—no, I didn't! And she made me promise not to tell you." The thick neck drew up. " 'Oh, Madam,' I said, 'it will upset her,' and she turned round to me and said, 'They soon forget.' It's worried me all the week, and the heat as well!" Recovering an amount of grown-up authority, the television ignored, she fixed her eyes intensely on Rose's impassive face. "Something must have made her decide about it last weekend. Did you *do* anything then?"

"No." Abruptly, Rose turned to go. She hesitated, and asked, in a resigned way, "You'll write to me every week—tell me about Maisie?"

"Every week, dear. Stop and see the television."

Rose ran to her, stayed in the fat arms for a minute, and then, stiffening, walked out.

THE hot, carbolic-smelling top bathroom was like a friendly haven she was going to lose forever. Rose gazed from her low, green-painted chair to the childish celluloid duck she had kept over the years, to her violet egg of soap lying beside Mrs. Miller's lard-white block of Windsor in a rusty wire holder. Brooding on Scotland, she remained sunk for a long time on the green chair. She could find no way of escape, and no way of retaliation. She crossed to the washbowl. "You look unwell," she told her face in the mirror. But her tongue wasn't coated.

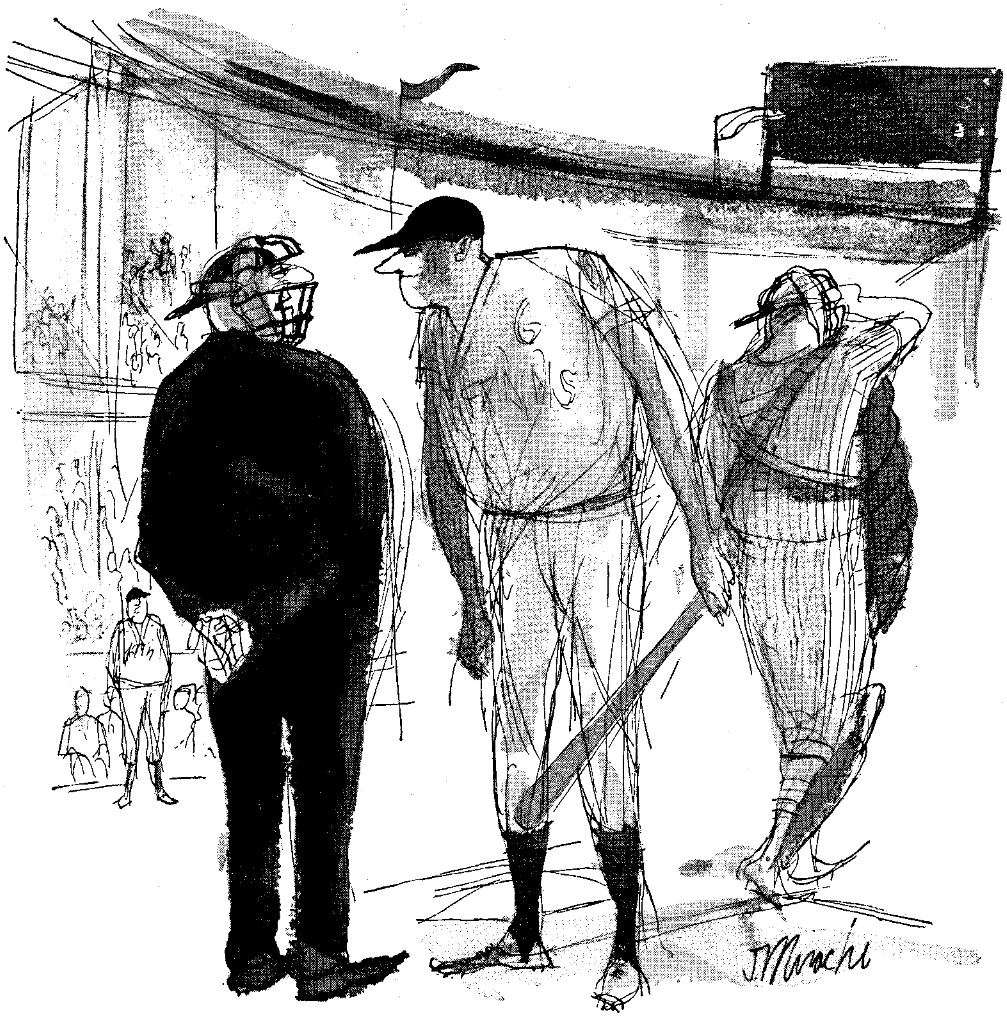
Forgetting to fetch Kieron's box of sweets, forgetting the rose in his bed, she closed the door of her small room with depression unabated. She tried to remember exactly how much money there was in the canister buried in a hollow oak. But she reminded herself that she hadn't discovered Kieron's London address yet, and there was only a week before he left for Italy. And he had behaved so differently tonight! That wink on the veranda—no, she hadn't liked it. Whistling boys on bikes winked like that.

Certain that she wouldn't sleep all night, she nevertheless pulled the electric-light string beside the headboard; reading would be no good. Moonlight, a softer intrusion here, lay across the bed from the open dormer window. And, presently, it both soothed and quickened her mind. She could think more clearly now. *What* had Aunt Cora discovered last weekend? Had Kieron told her of the loss of a handkerchief and his pen? She bounded out of bed. The letter and pen under the hammock cushion! On these summer nights, those two often strolled about the garden before going upstairs.

Stopping only to push her feet into felt-soled velvet slippers, she sped down the upper flight of stairs and leaned over the banister. Except for distant television voices, it was silent in the hall. She crept down, darted to the wide-open porch door, and stood peering through the clematis ropes. There was no sign of them in the garden on that side of the house. She streaked across the dew-wet lawn, veered to the right through a clump of hazels, and entered the orchard at a point farthest from the hammock.

Spiders' threads were more abundant at that end of the orchard, above a bush-smothered old chalk pit. She broke through the detaining silken meshes, her hands slowly parting the thick air like a learning swimmer's. Her thumping heart became quieter. Even if they had gone to the hammock to look at the moonlit view of river valley, why should they lift the seat cushions? She began to zigzag from tree to tree, peering and listening from behind each trunk. There was no sound of voices; only Maisie's faint snore reached her. Not far from where the fruit trees ended, she dropped into the long wet grass, slithered forward on her stomach, and stopped. She could see, at a slight angle now, the interior of the hammock. They were there.

The huge moon moved lazily toward a swarthy wood crowning a hillock at the valley's far end. A bare arm came out of the hammock, slackly hung downward, and the open palm of a hand could be seen. When they sat up, Rose dropped her head into the grass. She pressed her face into the earth-smelling roots. But she heard their voices distinctly—"The night will be cooler out here. Shall I fetch a sheet or something?" and "Insects, Kieron darling. Gnats, busy ants, and spiders. We'll have a cigarette, then go in." After a moment, there was a click of a lighter. Still lying on her stomach, Rose eased herself away.



"You're manifesting a very unfortunate tendency to blame others for your own shortcomings."

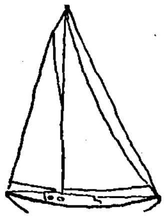
SHE snatched up the box of matches from between the candelabra on the sideboard and, in the hall, listened for an instant to a muffled television voice giving news. She had rounded the house corner and almost reached the elm-shaded tool shed when she again heard them talking. Crouching down behind a water butt, she saw them walking arm in arm along the flower-bordered path a few feet away. They were making for the veranda.

She closed the door of the crowded tool shed and lit a match. When she came out, she was carrying the oblong tin can from which Ernest fed his lawnmower. Panting, she hurried; the house might be closed for the night at any moment. Her mauve nightdress caught against a wild rosebush and tore. Aunt Cora's scent still lingered in the hammock. But the pen and thin writing pad were where they had been placed. She removed them and knelt on the cropped grass, making agonized efforts to unscrew the stubborn can stopper. It turned at last. The can was about half full; she poured the petrol over the four seat cushions, scattering the last drops over the heap of gay-colored cushions on which their heads had lain. She staggered back, almost overcome by the odor. A third lighted match was thrown before a soft blue glow kindled, became brisker, and shot into flame. She ran.

—RHYS DAVIES

PROFILES

THE INLAND SEA—II



OVER the past dozen years, I have watched the homogenizing forces of modern civilization at work on Long Island Sound, a body of water I happen to be very fond of, and it occurred to me last summer that if I wanted to enjoy its various flavors once again before its shoreline became little more than a series of factories pouring noxious wastes into its waters, and raucous marinas where Sunday sailors with transistors clapped to their ears drink their cocktails and charcoal-broil their steaks on the decks of their plastic powerboats, I had better hurry. So I chartered the thirty-three-foot sloop Merrywend, which is berthed in Stamford, and, with a friend named Al Brown and his seventeen-year-old son, Geoffrey, as my crew, set out from there to sail counterclockwise around the Sound, in a leisurely and contemplative fashion. We hoisted sail on Friday, August 9th, spent that night at a mooring in Greenwich Harbor, and sailed westward the next day to the west side of City Island. On Sunday, we made our way through swarms of assorted vessels to Oyster Bay, and anchored there for the night in Morris Cove, a sheltered harbor on the west side of Centre Island, which is a long peninsula protruding into the bay. Following are the next several days of the journal I kept of my trip.

MONDAY, AUGUST 12

When I awoke this morning, it was evident, even from our mooring in Morris Cove, that this was a weekday. On the west side of the cove, automobiles were hurrying along a shore road, taking men to the station; a dredge was hard at work over that way, screeching and clanking; and on the Sound itself, visible above a low sandspit to the north of us, no sails were in evidence—only the smokestack of a tug well off shore. From somewhere on the other side of Centre Island, a light seaplane snarled loudly in takeoff, appeared above the trees, and climbed over our heads in the direction of New York City. A few minutes later, another one—a single-engine blue-and-yellow Cessna, with pontoons—banked steeply overhead, tiny and bright against the blue sky above Centre Island, and glided in close to us for a smooth landing a quarter of a mile away. It taxied up to a pier belonging to a large house on the shore, where a man carrying a dispatch case stepped aboard, and in a moment the plane roared off to the west. (Later in the day, I learned that the passenger was George F. Baker, Jr., a director of the First National City Bank and the owner of Ventura Air Service, a nonscheduled line that ferries passengers from various points on Long Island to Manhattan. Baker himself is flown directly from his summer home on Morris Cove to the foot of Wall Street, and since his office is at 2 Wall Street, he is able to make the trip in twenty minutes, door to door, as opposed to an hour and a half by car, train, and taxi.)

Though the morning was a trifle cool, my companions and I leaped overboard and had a brisk swim before breakfast. After we'd eaten, we sailed out of Morris Cove and around the perimeter of Oyster Bay Harbor, admiring the fine houses and yachts along the way. Where Oyster Bay Harbor opens into Oyster Bay, the land is quite hilly for Long Island. To our right, on Cove Neck, a sand slope named Cooper's Bluff plunged steeply a hundred and eighty feet down to a bit of beach, and so high above Cove Neck that we couldn't see it from the water was (so our guidebook told us) Sagamore Hill, Theodore Roosevelt's home, which is now a museum. Across the water, on the eastern side of Oyster Bay, was the large, broad peninsula known as Lloyd Neck, rising in some places more than a hundred feet above the shore. From where we were, Lloyd Neck looked practically untouched, but we could make out, snuggled unobtrusively into its wooded slopes at wide intervals, mansions belonging to, among others, Marshall Field, Jr., Stavros Niarchos, some assorted Colgates, Sherman Fairchild, and Ferdinand Eberstadt.

Almost directly below the windows of one of the most sumptuous of these houses was a hideous black-and-white tuglike boat, hard at work oyster-dredging in the waters of the bay. The Frank M. Flower, she was named, and she was cruising slowly in a tight circle, grinding and rumbling as she went, and dragging something at the end of a heavy cable suspended over her port side from a short boom. When the cable was hauled in, the something proved to be a cylindrical iron-mesh basket, about eight feet long, that had been scraping along the bottom, twenty-five feet below, and gathering up oysters, clams, stones, starfish, shells, and mud. The boom dumped the noisome load into a steel hopper forward, where a powerful stream of water from a fixed hose washed away the mud; everything else then proceeded along a rattling conveyor belt to an area amidships where three mud-spattered fellows stood sorting out the oysters and clams and stuffing them into bags, according to size, and chucking the starfish into a separate heap, which was periodically scooped up and dumped into a killing steam bath.

To oystermen, starfish are not the entrancing creatures they are to children on the beach but the deadly enemies of oysters and clams. For the past decade or so, starfish have been mysteriously on the move, invading the Sound in large numbers and migrating slowly westward to the very edges of the choicest oyster-bed areas—Huntington Bay and Oyster Bay, on Long Island, and the waters off the Norwalk Islands and Branford, in Connecticut—where fifty thousand underwater acres of oyster farms, plus tens of thousands of acres of clam beds, have been cultivated and harvested for generations, and still flourish, despite the heavy modern traffic of sailboats and powerboats only twenty or thirty feet overhead. The oystermen, in despair, are fighting the starfish by dredging them up and destroying them, and also by marking out borders on the sea floor with granules and lumps of certain chemicals that starfish and other oyster predators (most notably a variety of snails called drills, which also raise havoc in oyster beds) are loath to cross. The one thing that the oystermen cannot do is relocate their farms; the Sound has only a limited amount of the kind of protected water and smooth bottom required for oyster culture, and, in any case, it takes years to bring a crop from seed to harvest. Oystermen sow small seedling oysters in quite shallow water on prepared beds of old oyster shells, dredge the seedlings up after a year, and replant them in somewhat deeper water, to spend three more years growing to maturity. Marine biologists in the Bureau of Commercial Fisheries of the Department of the Interior are not at all sure of the reason for the current invasion of starfish, but they speculate that it is probably man disturbing the balance of nature again—this time by congregating in large numbers along the margins of the Sound and polluting its waters with the waste products of modern life. This has killed off either the natural enemies of the starfish or most forms of starfish food, and the starfish either have been freer to multiply or have been spurred into migrating in search of new food. Just how much damage the starfish have caused is a matter of debate, but, between the starfish and a recent sharp decline in the number of oyster fishermen, the total crop is less than a tenth of what it was before the Second World War. And if the starfish don't kill off oystering in Long Island Sound, man may soon do it on his own; the constantly increasing amount of treated and untreated sewage and industrial wastes flowing into its waters is already reaching a critical point in some areas. This past summer, notices from state and county health departments were tacked up on telephone poles on many of the beaches between New York and Stamford forbidding anyone to collect and eat shellfish from the local waters, because of the dangerous pollution. It seems inevitable that the same thing will soon be happening elsewhere along the Sound. And yet, for the present, one can sail the length of Oyster Bay and into Cold Spring Harbor of a Monday morning in August and feel centuries removed from such dismal developments. All the way in to the head of Cold Spring Harbor, the shores of the bay are wooded and hilly, and only a few houses are visible; aside from anchorages belonging to one small boat club, the water is virtually innocent of moorings and markers, and there is nothing even remotely like the floating hot-dog stand we saw yesterday in Manhasset Bay.

At the inner end of Cold Spring Harbor, where Highway 25A runs along the shore, we could see a restaurant we'd heard of—a place called the Mooring—and since it was nearing noon, we decided to tie up there and lunch in style. Dropping sail, we motored through a narrow passage past a sandbar and into a tiny basin. Here, right at the water's edge, was a long, rambling white clapboard building, with a dock running parallel to the shoreline along its front and an awning-covered deck above that—a combination that gave it a very salty look. The saltiness was mostly illusion, as we found out when we tried to learn whether there was enough

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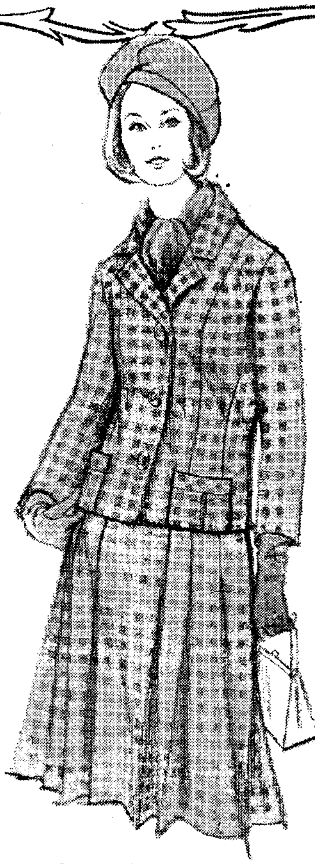

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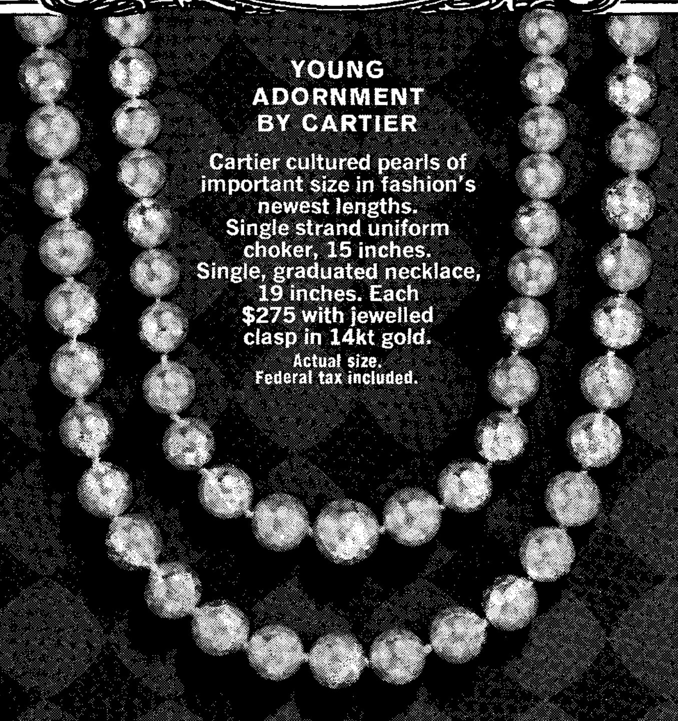

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water for our boat at the dockside (it was now dead low tide). Al, a former commander in the Navy, got out the megaphone and hailed the restaurant in his best naval style, crying "Ahoy, Mooring! . . . Ahoy, Mooring!," without getting any reply. "Ahoy, Mooring!" he bellowed again, and we could see a few well-dressed guests on the deck tittering nervously. At last, a waitress with a napkin on her arm came to the railing, and when we asked about the depth, she said, "I don't know what it is, but they all tie up here, so I guess it's all right." I eased Merrywend in toward the dock, but about three feet off she went gently but unmistakably aground on mud. We leaped ashore, tied the boat up as she was, and settled down at a table on the deck for a long lunch while we waited for the tide to rise and float us off. As far as we could tell, we were the only seaborne customers; the rest of the lunchers seemed to be mostly businessmen, or local women getting together with their friends.

By 1:30 P.M., Merrywend was nicely afloat, and we headed her north, to sail out into the Sound, around Lloyd Neck, and into Huntington Bay, on its eastern side. Much of the soil on Lloyd Neck, as on other peninsulas of western Long Island, is pure sand, dozens of feet deep, with a mere film of topsoil. In certain low-lying places, where the sand is naked of any tree cover, floating dredges have been brought in to dig it out and send it off to New York City, in barges, to be sold to builders, and where the dredges have worked long and hard enough, they have sometimes scooped out sheltered little coves, or "gunk holes," as sailors call any tiny haven of the sort, natural or man-made. One of these man-made basins lies off the northwestern tip of Lloyd Neck; the result of years of profitable digging, it is half a mile long and nearly a quarter of a mile wide, and is known as Lloyd Sand Hole to the pleasure-boaters who cram into it on weekends for overnight anchoring. This particular gunk hole has been used by sailors for more than thirty-five years, and in 1956 the traffic became so dense on weekends that Sherman Fairchild, who owned part of the basin shoreline, had summonses served on four boatowners for anchoring on his bottom and walking on his beach. Suffolk County Judge Charles MacLean, Jr., who heard the case, wrote a nineteen-page decision in which he said that although the basin was man-made, tidal water flowed freely in and out of it, which made it essentially part of the

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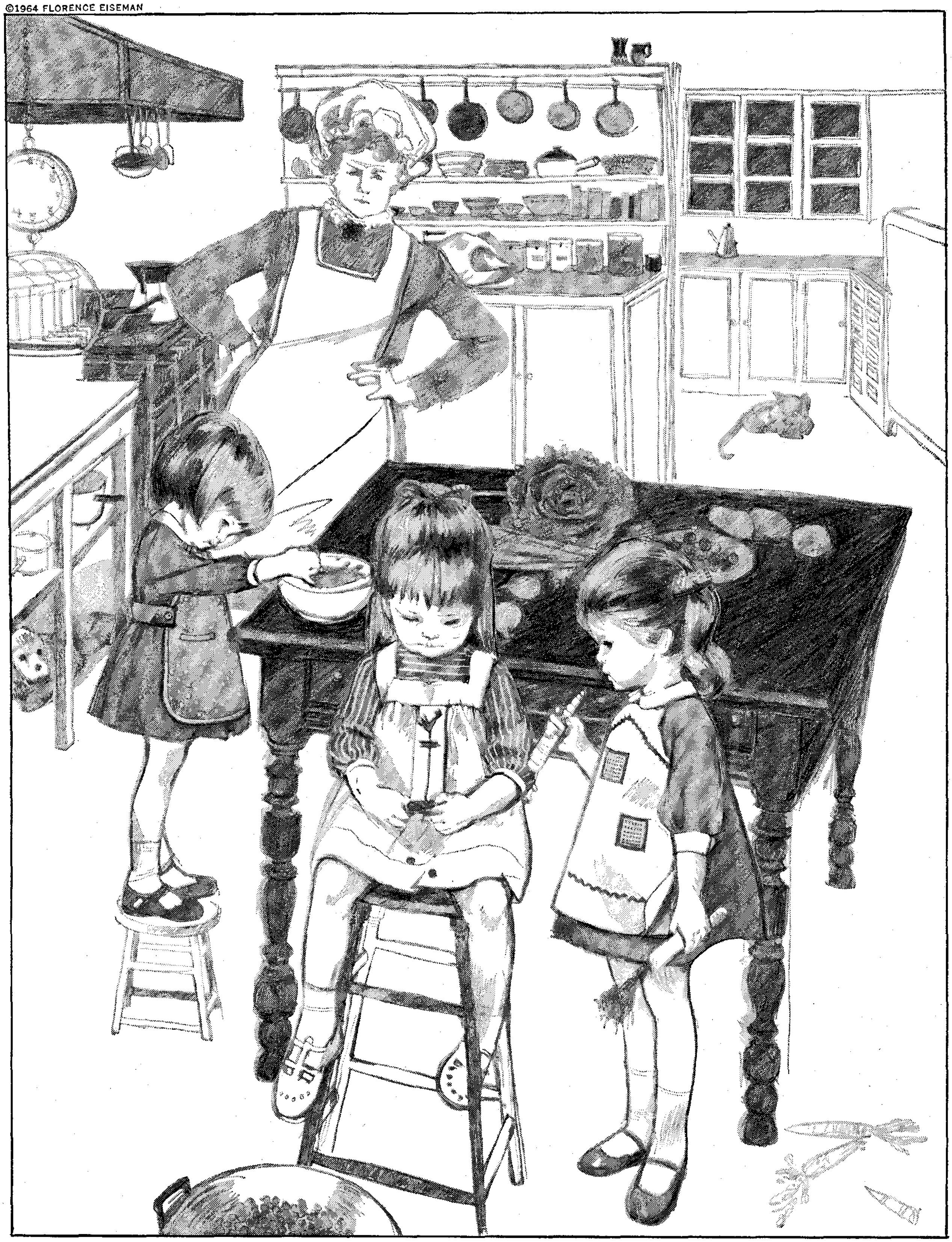

Please don't go into the kitchen unless you want to help.

IF YOU WANT KITTY AND MARY AND TOM TO LOVE YOU, PLEASE OBSERVE THE FOLLOWING KITCHEN RULES:

1. Please do not lick the spoon and the bowl while the batter is in it.
2. If you must drop something, drop a pan.
3. If you touch the stove, you might lose your fingerprint.
4. Don't get under everyone's feet.
5. Don't put the forks in the spoon box.

All mother's helpers here are wearing Florence Eiseman's pinadores. Imported broadcloth dresses, each has its own apron. Suzie's dress, however, (she's holding the carrot) has 3 aprons. Suzie is very sloppy. Dresses in bright red, navy or copen blue. All at Best & Co.; Dayton's; Bullock's-Wilshire; other fine stores. **FLORENCE EISEMAN**

Sound, so boatmen might enter it and sink their anchors in Mr. Fairchild's mud, but they might not come ashore and walk on his beach above the high-water mark. One of the four defendants, who had taken such a walk, was fined twenty dollars for trespassing. From then on, boatowners hewed to the water line, but Mr. Fairchild was apparently not mollified, for he later threw up his hands and gave his part of the shoreline to the Long Island State Park Commission.

This afternoon, not a single visiting boat was to be seen in Lloyd Sand Hole, although fifty or more are often packed in there of a Saturday night. For the next several hours of what was turning into a gray, dull day, we sailed slowly along the broad, irregular end of Lloyd Neck. The air was somewhat hazy, and although Stamford, from which we had started three days ago, was less than eight miles away across the Sound, we could see nothing of it. The haze also hid most of the boats we might have seen, and gave us again the pleasant illusion of being practically alone and wonderfully remote from civilization.

The shoreline of Huntington Bay, a wide-mouthed, funnel-shaped body of water, also looked relatively wild and unimproved, but at its southwest corner we passed through a very narrow opening and came abruptly into civilization, in the form of Huntington Harbor. A curving passage a mile and a half long but only a few hundred yards wide, it was dotted with a thousand or more boats lying at moorings, through which a very narrow channel was outlined by a series of nuns and cans—the red cones and black cylinders of the familiar Coast Guard buoys. Despite the large number of craft, the harbor seemed charming to us, because the boats, instead of being regimented into the straight rows characteristic of the Sound's more glittering marinas, were all swinging free around their own moorings, and thus gave the whole place the naïve cluttered look of an old-time port. On either side of the water, moreover, were sloping banks dotted with handsome houses and lawns, and on the west bank a section of Huntington proper that edges down toward the shoreline looked as improbably quaint as the towns that small boys set up around their electric trains. A large green tugboat eased its way through the channel, crew-cut children scooted about in tiny sailing dinghies or outboard motorboats, and, to our left, a flock of swans glided along near the docks of the Huntington Yacht Club. Here we drew up, spoke to the dock-

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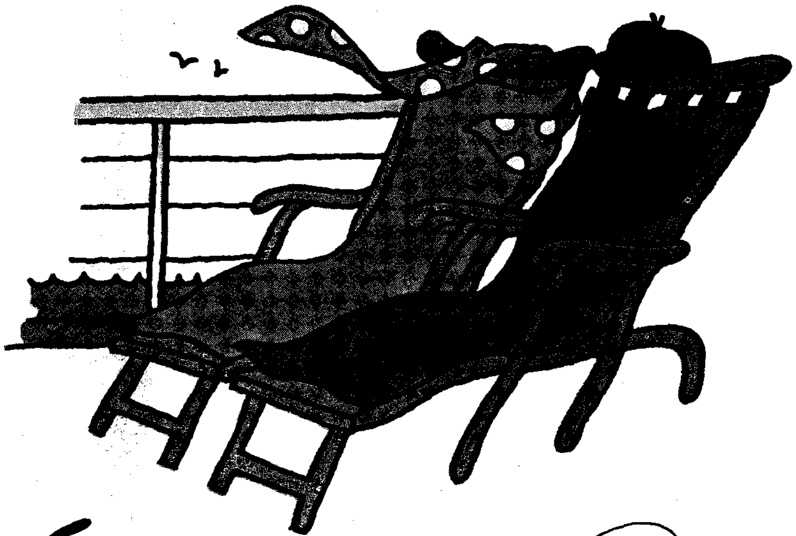

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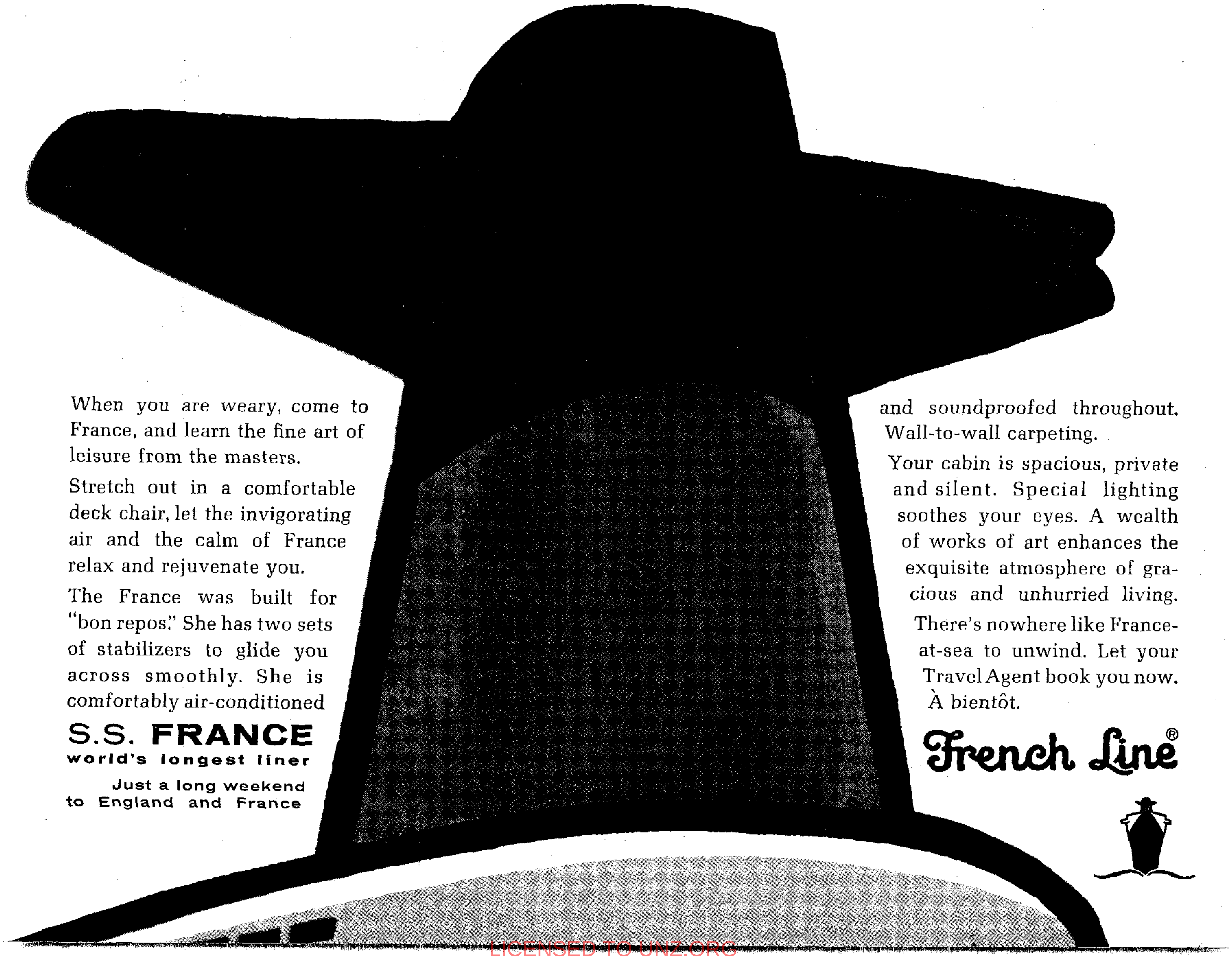

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master, and were assigned an overnight mooring in the middle of the harbor.

Not everyone is charmed by the harbor's cluttered look. Our hosts that evening—Norman and Alice Row, I shall call them, since they prefer not to be identified—are lifetime residents of Huntington, and they expressed deep distress over what has become of their town harbor. Alice, who met us at the Yacht Club dock and took us off to dinner soon after we arrived, began at once to deplore the state of things. "It's heartbreaking," she said as we drove away from the club. "Huntington Harbor used to be so unspoiled and lovely when I was a girl, twenty-five years ago. It was a real picture-book harbor then. And it was still pretty much that way right after the war. Now look at it! It's really shocking—hardly room for another boat in the water. And yet they're about to build a marina at the foot of the harbor and jam in still more. It all really began in 1957, when the town built public launching ramps on Mill Dam Road, here at the inner end of the harbor, and didn't set up restrictions on using them. Anyone at all could come along towing his boat on a trailer, run it down the ramp, and use our harbor as his home port. It's just tragic."

Between the road and the water were some attractive old clapboard houses, and as we passed them she waved a hand toward one of them and continued her threnody. "Friends of mine used to own and love that house, but recently they had to move out. They couldn't stand the racket of the outboard motors all summer long, or having all kinds of people with boats keep dropping in on them and wanting to use their phone and their bathroom. I have relatives who fly to Marblehead every weekend to sail because they simply can't stand conditions around here any longer."

Her relatives may be unusually sensitive, I gathered, for at the Rows' house I learned that the younger generation still finds sailing on the Sound dandy. Indeed, after dinner, Alice reminded Norman, Jr., her thirteen-year-old son, that he had to pack a bag and go to bed early, in order to get up at dawn to leave for Greenwich and three days of class-boat racing. I was surprised at a thirteen-year-old's being involved in organized sailing races, and Norman and Alice explained to me that today there is a growing interest around the Sound in training youngsters for sailboat racing—mostly in thirteen-and-a-half-foot Blue Jays or nineteen-foot Lightnings. To promote

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this interest, forty-one yacht clubs with junior divisions have formed the Junior Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound. Each club runs intramural races all summer, and at the end of the season the best and second-best crews from all the member clubs converge on the club whose boat won the previous year's interclub race. The scores of youngsters who turn up, seabags in hand, are housed and fed in the homes of members of the host yacht club while the races are going on. In addition to these championship races, four regattas are held—far larger affairs, each of them amounting to a kind of nautical junior prom, at which nearly everyone, champion or not, tries to show up. It was to such a regatta, involving over two hundred and fifty boats, that young Norman was going. Over eight hundred teen-agers—all in deadly earnest about sailing—would assemble at the major yacht clubs in Rye, Greenwich, and Stamford, and would either race or watch races for three days. In past summers, I had seen strings of tiny sailboats being towed by powerboats up or down the Sound, looking like families of ducklings hurrying along behind their mother ducks; now I realized that those little boats had been on their way to some host club for class races. All told, there are a couple of thousand junior racing yachtsmen on the Sound, taking part in a couple of thousand intramural and extramural races during the summer; if all of them grow up to be ardent yachtsmen, and teach their children to be ardent junior yachtsmen, the Sound may, in a generation, be as crisscrossed with races on a Sunday afternoon as the Meadow in Central Park is with softball games.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 13

AT 7 A.M., exuberant shouting woke me, and when I looked across the water toward the yacht club, I saw perhaps twenty teen-agers—including Norman, Jr.—assembling eight Blue Jays and Lightnings into a file to be towed to Greenwich by a large ketch with an auxiliary motor. The morning was gray and windy, and the juniors were in for a choppy and chilly crossing in their little boats, although if it got too rough and uncomfortable they would probably be taken aboard the ketch. In any event, the young people were on their way to Connecticut long before we were ready to start our own day's sail. Emerging around nine from the sheltered harbor into the broader waters of Huntington Bay, we found a brisk south-southeast wind blowing, which heeled Merrywend

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over and gave us advance notice of a fast, wet ride on the open Sound. Our first tack within the bay carried us close to Eatons Neck, the peninsula that forms its eastern boundary. Part way along the shoreline of Eatons Neck is a long sandspit projecting south-southwest and protecting a small cove shaped like an inverted V, which is known as Price Bend. I had stayed overnight there during a cruise six years ago, and now I felt an impulse to revisit the place, so I altered course and sailed around the southern tip of the sandspit. Price Bend had been a delightful overnight anchorage, I recalled—lonely, unspoiled, and a trifle desolate, with the barren sandspit on one side and, on the other, only a few houses showing through the trees that clothed the slopes of Eatons Neck. However, as we sailed up into Price Bend this morning, I was once again made conscious of the passage of time, for now there was, to begin with, a Capn's Galley anchored just inside the sandspit, ready to dispense cigarettes, Cokes, and "He-Man's Fried Seafood Plates." The eastern side of the Bend had acquired a number of new houses, and as for the sandspit, a road had been extended out to it and a parking lot and pavilion put up there. These were deserted this morning, but I felt sure that the sandspit would be jammed with cars and bodies on any sunny weekend.

Leaving much improved Price Bend, we returned to Huntington Bay and sailed north along the shore of Eatons Neck toward the Sound, which opened out before us two and a half miles away. Eatons Neck is an interesting bit of territory. A hilly, pear-shaped blob of land, roughly two miles long and a mile wide, it is very nearly an island, being connected to Long Island proper only by a long umbilical cord of sand, along which runs a narrow road. It is thus relatively remote and isolated, even though it is only a few miles by water from Huntington and several other ports. Some three centuries ago, a London merchant named Theophilus Eaton came to America and bought the Neck from the Crown, hoping to found an English settlement there, but at no time until after the Second World War did it attract anything more than a handful of residents; it consisted mostly of large farms, ancient woods, a few fine estates, and a scattering of modest summer homes. Since the war, much of the land has been cut up into lots of from one to three acres. Near the northern end, there is still a sizable patch of untouched woods—kept as a game pre-

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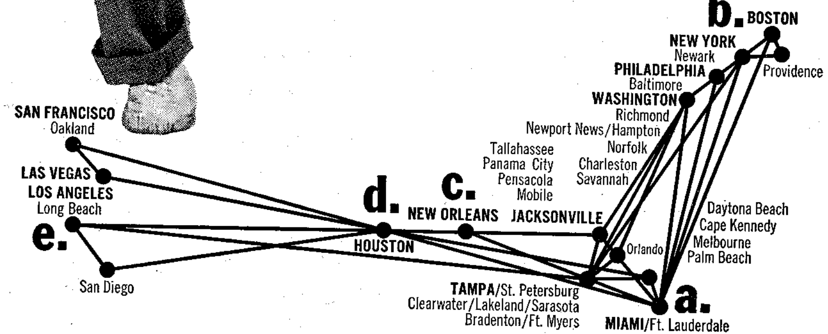
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JET NATIONAL Coast to Coast to Coast

serve by its owner, who is Henry S. Morgan, a grandson of J. P. Morgan—and on the northern tip, just beyond Mr. Morgan's woods, and commanding a wide view of the Sound, is a ten-acre tract of open land given over to a lighthouse and to the dock, boat shed, and other buildings of the Eatons Neck Coast Guard Station. The station has a complement of thirty-five men, whose major business is to police the western half of the Sound; the eastern half is policed by a similar station based at a large Coast Guard installation in New London.

The nerve center of the station at Eatons Neck, as I knew from a visit I paid it in the spring, is its radio room, which is set up in a large white frame building a short distance from the shore. There two coastguardsmen monitor the voice channels used most often by ships at sea—notably 2182 kilocycles, the international distress and calling frequency, and 2662 kilocycles, the Coast Guard working frequency. When calls for help come in from boats on the Sound, one of the radio operators checks with the Coast Guard boats out on patrol to find the one nearest the distress case, and dispatches it to lend a hand. Only a limited number of the pleasure craft on Long Island Sound have radio transmitters aboard (even Merrywend, a new, twenty-two-thousand-dollar boat, does not), so during the summer each Coast Guard station keeps several boats cruising around its territory on the lookout for distress cases that might not be able to signal their plight, and usually one boat is detailed to watch over any sizable sailboat race—especially when small sailboats are involved, since these are sometimes knocked over by the dozen on a gusty day. In wild or stormy weather, the patrol boats scout around with particular diligence, looking for powerboats that have ruptured some vital part of their engine system and are wallowing helplessly, and for sailboats whose sails have ripped or that have been dismasted or otherwise disabled. A prolonged, severe storm that has been well advertised in advance is not too much of a problem, since most people have sense enough to stay in harbor on such days, but the summer thunderstorm or line squall, which can blow up in ten or twenty minutes in the middle of a fine day, is a real worry. Chief Warrant Officer George Bannan, the commanding officer of the Eatons Neck Coast Guard Station, told me during my spring visit that in some ways storms on the Sound are worse than storms on the open Atlantic. "When I was in the Navy, I used to

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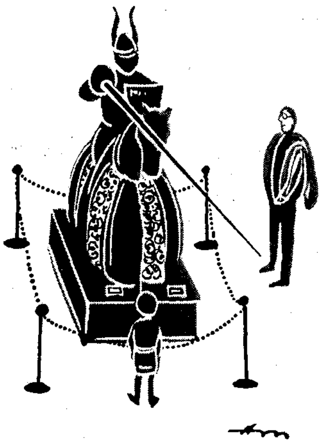
think of the Sound as a millpond, but since I've been stationed here in the Coast Guard, I've come to respect it," he said. "It's one of the most treacherous and dangerous bodies of water around. In less than half an hour, it can kick up from a glassy calm to waves six and eight feet high. And what waves! Out at sea, the harder it blows the longer the swells get, so you can ride up and over them without any trouble. But the Sound is shallow—no more than fifty to seventy-five feet deep in most places—and shallow water behaves differently in a blow; you get a short, high chop that's really vicious. It knocks a boat around, makes it tricky to steer and almost impossible to sail, and slops right over you and threatens to swamp you. On a really bad day, we try to use only our new forty-four-foot steel motor-lifeboat, which is hermetically sealed all around, so that no matter how it gets tossed about, it can't be swamped. In fact, it's balanced so that if it's turned upside down, it will right itself. The coxswain, who sits outside, has to be strapped down at the controls with a safety belt, and if the boat turns over, he holds his breath until it rolls back. Takes a good man not to panic at a time like that."

With the aid of this boat—which I have seen boiling along at thirty knots or better—and a number of others, some larger and some smaller, the Coast Guard station handles well over a thousand distress calls a year, in addition to helping the innumerable small sailboats that get knocked down. In between times, it handles thousands of non-emergency jobs, such as finding fishermen whose families or employers have urgent messages for them, flagging down, boarding, and inspecting boats and writing up violations of the law, which may range from wrong-size Coast Guard numbers on the bow to inadequate or outdated fire extinguishers and life preservers. (For serious violations, the Coast Guard can impose fines of up to two hundred dollars.) Besides their lifeboat and inspection work, the Coast Guard boats keep an eye on the navigation lights on bridges, tend and refurbish seven hundred and forty-four buoys and lights around the Sound, check to see that the racing buoys set out by yacht clubs conform to the law, and ferry food and changes of crew out to the offshore lighthouses still manned by coastguardsmen. (There are just eight of these, plus five manned lighthouses on land. Seventy-five other lighthouses, on land and on water, have recently been automated.) More exhilarating but less frequent are such chores as chasing an occasional nautical thief who is making off with a powerboat, or retrieving a discontented youngster who has set out for far places in the family cruiser.



When we had sailed half a mile or so beyond the mouth of Huntington Bay, and could safely clear the tip of Eatons Neck on a starboard tack, we came about and once again headed eastward. The wind, directly on the starboard beam, was strong, and once we had trimmed sail and steadied Merrywend on her course, she hit her stride and fairly raced along. Coming to us from the shore, the wind had only a mile or so in which to work on the surface of the angry lead-colored sea, so the waves were not too bad, but on the Connecticut side, ten miles away, things were undoubtedly a great deal rougher. The boat was extremely lively this morning, slicing through the smaller waves and soaring up the slopes of the larger ones, and she heeled over so far that we had to sit with our feet braced firmly against the sides of the cockpit. From time to time, sheets of spray flew out from the bow and across the deck, slapping us smartly in the face. We had put on warm clothes and our hooded foul-weather gear, but the water dripped down our faces, and trickled in around our necks and wrists. Oddly, this was by no means unpleasant; in fact, we rather liked it.

Our course took us on a straight line across the long, gentle curve of Smithtown Bay, past Sunken Meadow State Park, San Remo, Nissequogue, and Stony Brook. Except for a tug hauling a couple of barges and two fairly large fishing boats, we saw no shipping, and the shoreline—a vaguely defined strip of sand cliffs, beaches, and shallow wooded slopes—seemed, like the sea, to be practically uninhabited. Now and then a few houses or a smokestack or a water tank protruded from the horizon of trees, but except for those, we could indulge in the illusion that we were the first men ever to scud along this perhaps hostile coast, look-

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*We got the extra button from the back of the collar; buttons don't grow on trees, you know.

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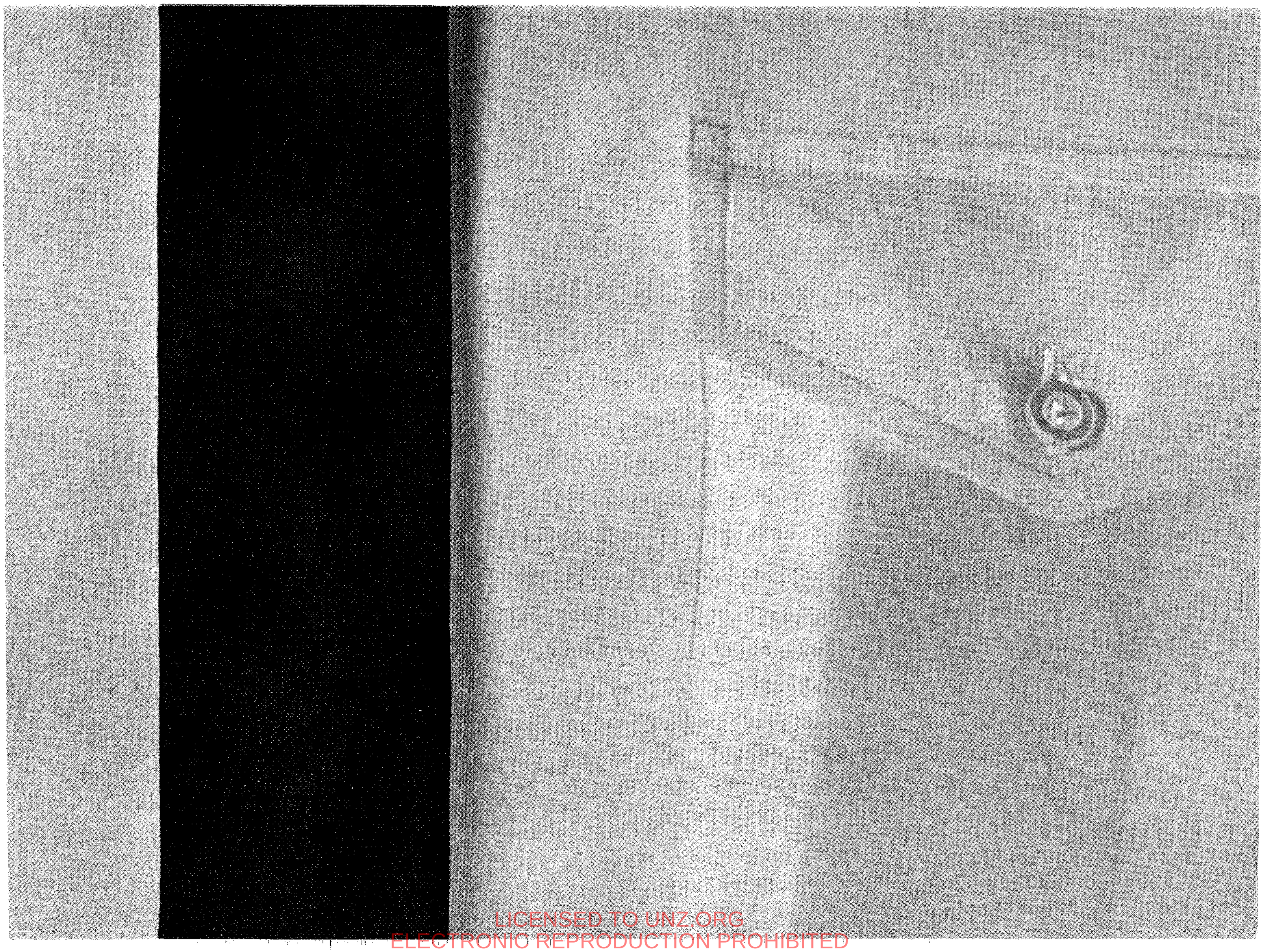
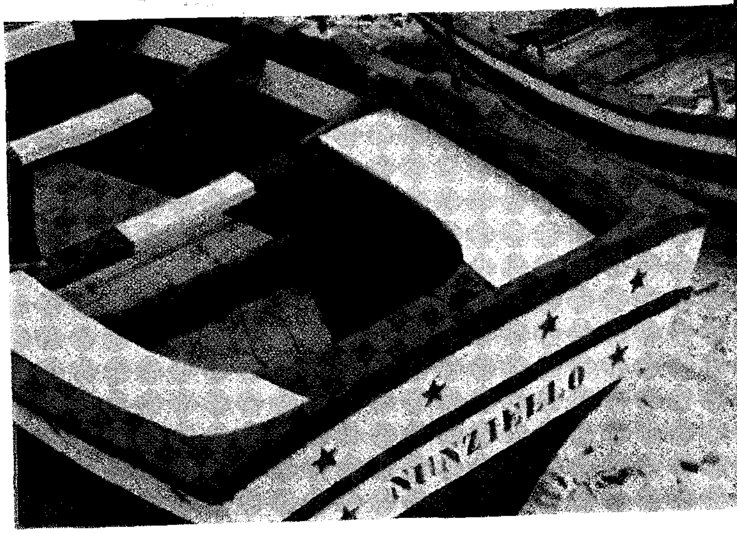
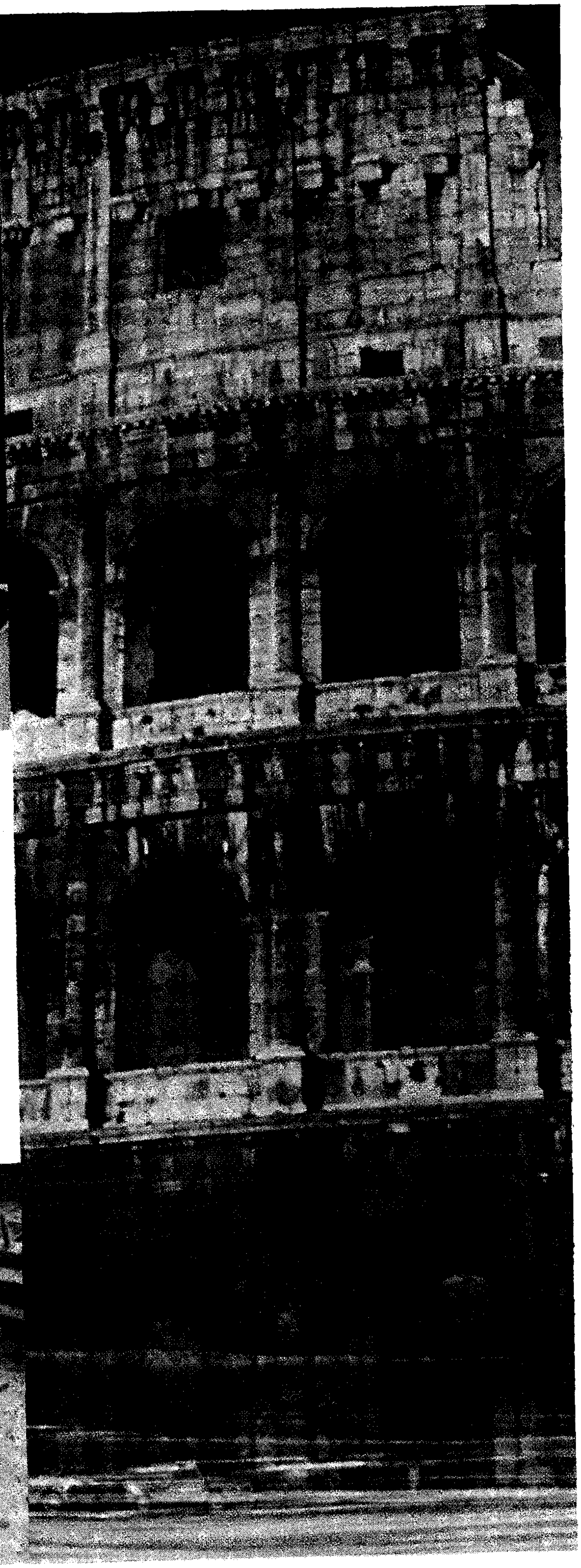


ITALY IS

a big-sound band parade of youngsters marching the main street of Sicily's Taormina... salt-sprayed fishing boats sunning on the beaches at Mondello,





and the moody play of moonlight against the face of the Colosseum in Rome, ***The Eternal City.***

Italy, too, is the rich antiquity of Vesuvius-buried Herculaneum, near Naples, where even the ancient wood, and inlaid marble floors remain intact . . . or the murals in the Villa of Mystery, almost hidden away, near the outskirts of 2000-year-old ***Pompeii.*** The soft depths of that Pompeiian red are of such subtlety that even today the color cannot be reproduced.

Italy is the Amalfi Drive. More resplendent in its contrasts of color and line than you have imagined . . . here, lush gardens, there, towering Roman ruins, a gleaming modern hotel, a humble, rough hut. And, to the west, the gleaming sea.

Every turn of this soaring, curving road unfolds, almost to its own surprise, bits of pleasure that urge you to pause, stop, stay.

There is Sorrento. Sorrento, where a flower-hatted donkey totes your cart, winding up, up, to the crest of a cliff . . . to that spectacular view of Capri, Vesuvius, and distant Naples. See this at sunset.

See Italy, too, in ***Positano,*** the fishing village gone resort town, mounted on a giant cliff that drops dramatically to the sea. Once you have approached this spot just as the sky is turning purple-twilight, once is not enough.

Fruits and flowers growing fat and full in the rich soil . . . sweetening in the sunlight of ***Ravello.*** This is Italy. Just as the magnificent gardens of the 13th century Palazzo Rufolo at Ravello are Italy, too. It is said these gardens gave Wagner his idea of Parsifal's Home of the Flower Maidens.

The exotic potpourri of people and cultures in the balmy island of Sicily is all Italy. Syracuse, for instance, the city that was once the very pulse of Greek civilization where Dionysius, Plato, Archimedes dwelt . . . where even to this day drama recreates life on the stage of its great, graceful Greek Theatre.

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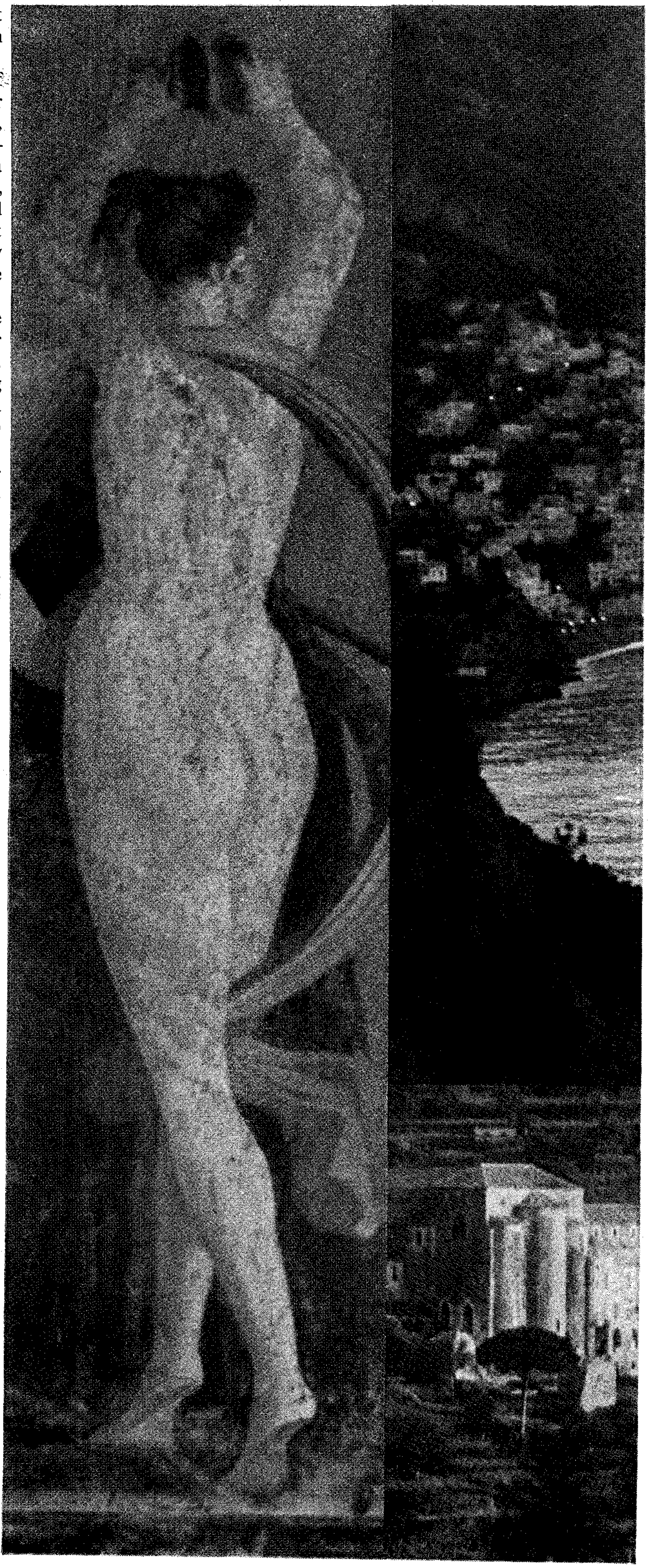

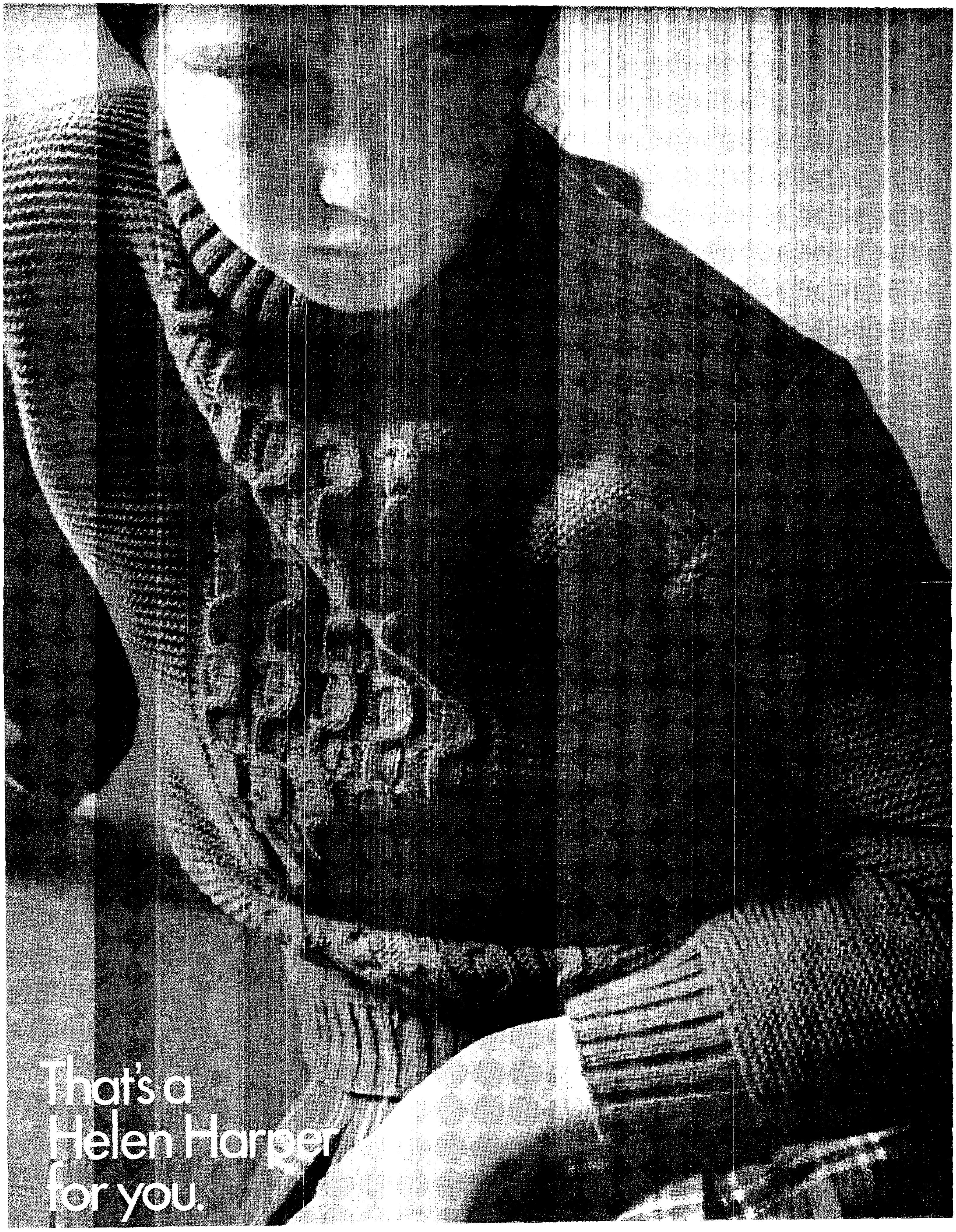

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ing for a place to go ashore and explore the hinterland. It struck me as surprising that this sort of illusion was possible only an hour or so out from Huntington Harbor, whose overdevelopment our hostess had lamented so keenly.

Being happily free from any taint of seasickness, by ten-thirty all three of us were ravenously hungry, and we took turns at lurching down into the galley and bringing up handfuls of beer bottles, cold cuts, cheese, and buttered bread. Without slacking off the sails to moderate our speed, we ate intermittently for an hour and a half, making excellent headway all the while. We had passed the lighthouse on Eatons Neck at 10:20 A.M., and at 12:15 P.M. we were abreast of the lighthouse on Old Field Point, having made a perfectly straight alongshore run of nearly fourteen and a half statute miles in just under two hours. This meant that we had travelled at a trifle better than six knots, and for a boat of Merrywend's size and type this is just about top speed.

Beyond Old Field Point, the land dropped down to a long sandy beach, which curved away from us. About a mile and a third of the way along this beach, a narrow gap in the sand was marked by two short projecting breakwaters, on which a pair of automatic lights mounted on rather low steel towers flashed at four-second intervals. This was the entrance to Port Jefferson Harbor, where we would spend the night, since the next harbor eastward lay too far away for us to reach it without an unduly long and hard day's sailing. Tacking closely back and forth against the wind in the narrow channel, we worked our way into the harbor, which is a spacious one—a kind of tapering oblong about two miles deep and a mile wide. The wind and waves moderated as soon as we came out of the channel, and we pushed down inside the harbor toward the town dock.

A single glance was enough to reveal that Port Jefferson is torn by conflicting desires—to be a commercial harbor and to be a recreational center. A huge power plant of the Long Island Lighting Company lay on the western side, busily emitting dark smoke from three towering stacks. On the opposite side stood gasoline and oil storage tanks, and at the head of the harbor were cranes of the New York Trap Rock Corporation, noisily unloading sand and rock from barges. Amid all this, a two-decker white ferry named Catskill hooted twice, pulled away from her pier, and implacably

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plowed through the harbor—as she does every five hours—carrying a load of vacationers and tourists across the Sound to Bridgeport. A large fleet of pleasure boats, some of them very handsome and costly-looking, lay at moorings only a quarter of a mile off the New York Trap Rock installation, and right next to it was a sizable marina, with about a hundred and fifty fishing boats and power cruisers tied up at slips.

Dropping sail, we motored up to the town dock—a high wooden structure with a series of old automobile tires hanging along its sides to protect boats from getting banged up on its rough pilings. Here we gassed up, filled our water tanks, took on fifty pounds of ice for our icebox, and got permission to lie overnight at one of the moorings of the Port Jefferson Yacht Club. By the time we had motored out to the mooring, it was beginning to rain rather hard. On board a sailboat, one must be emotionally prepared for the necessity of killing time during bad weather, and since all three of us were aware of this, we settled back contentedly to read whatever we could find on Merrywend's bookshelf. We alternately read and dozed while the rain pattered on deck and rivulets ran across the portholes. Then, just after 6 P.M., we washed, had a leisurely drink, and cooked dinner, which we ate by the soft light of two kerosene lamps. After dinner, we listened to music and the weather report on the radio, and were in our bunks for the night before 10 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 14

A BRILLIANT shaft of sunlight streaming in through a porthole woke me at 6:50 A.M. A cold front had passed through during the night, and the sky was bright blue, the air was nippy, and the wind was coming out of the northwest—exactly the opposite direction from yesterday's blow. I had slept so soundly that I had been unaware of any motion of the boat during the night, but now Merrywend was prancing nervously at her mooring, and the wind was moaning in the rigging. I sought a weather forecast on the radio, as I did every morning—and as every careful mariner does—for in a protected harbor or river one can badly underestimate the wind force and the surface conditions outside. Besides, it is important to know the wind direction and the changes in it predicted for the day, so as to plan one's sailing intelligently. (A sailboat can sail diagonally off the wind but not directly into it, so if the wind happens to be blowing head on,

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it is necessary to tack back and forth, gaining one's objective by working one's way up to it. Only by knowing the wind direction in advance, however, can one study the charts and the current tables and rationally plot a sailing plan to overcome the obstacles of geography and contrary currents.)

From WICC, in Bridgeport, I learned that the wind would be north to northwest, and that was ideal for us, since our course lay to the east and we would therefore not have to tack. But the forecast estimated the wind velocity at twenty-five to thirty-five knots—too much wind for comfort, and very nearly too much for safety—and small-craft warnings had been raised from Block Island to Cape Hatteras. Merrywend was new, stoutly built, and seaworthy, but that wind, coming clear across the Sound from Connecticut, had a twelve- to fifteen-mile fetch to get the surface tumbling—and halfway on our day's journey we would be at the widest part of the Sound, where it would have an even longer fetch. At best, the ride would be wet, uncomfortable, and nerve-racking. In any case, it would be dangerous. A sail might rip or the rigging give way, making us dependent on the small thirty-horsepower motor, and between Port Jefferson and the next harbor, at Mattituck, there was a naked, hostile twenty-five-mile stretch of coastline, offering not a single cove, breakwater, or river mouth for shelter.

All through breakfast we debated the matter, and finally we decided to chance it. We went forward on deck and bent on the jib, preparatory to hoisting sail and dropping the mooring. But while we had been having breakfast the wind had risen further, and was blowing straight down the harbor toward us from the Sound. Even within Port Jefferson Harbor, the waves had had whitecaps ever since we got up, and now the whitecaps were beginning to blow off, their foam streaming out ahead of the waves and lacing the dark water. When the wind is strong enough to do this, boats the size of Merrywend are in for a very unpleasant time, and I changed my mind and said we ought to stay where we were until things eased a bit. My friend Al, a bolder sailor than I, argued that there were already a couple of sailboats out. We could see their sails over the sandspits at the harbor mouth, but as we watched them through the binoculars, they both headed back in between the breakwaters, ran down to our end of the harbor, and dropped sail. The smaller of the two was our size, and the other—Avalon, out of

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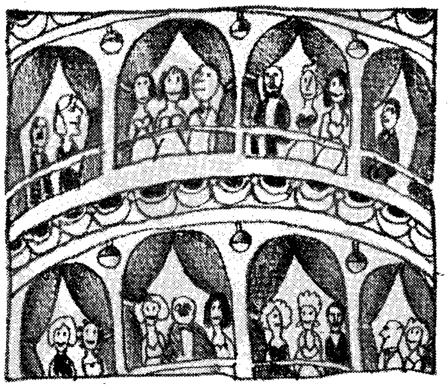

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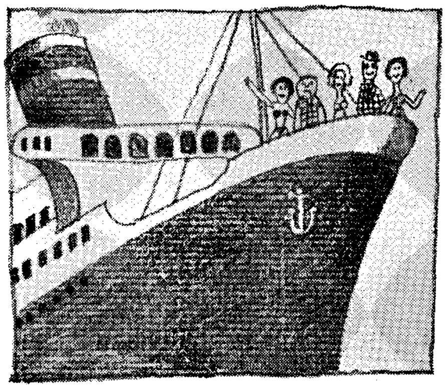

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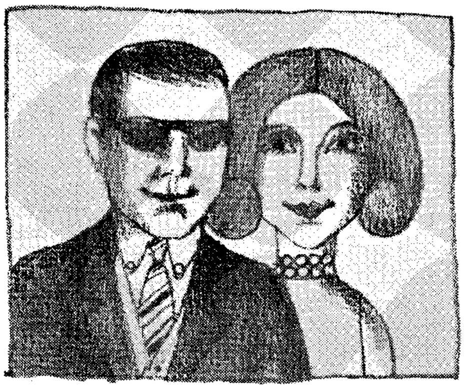

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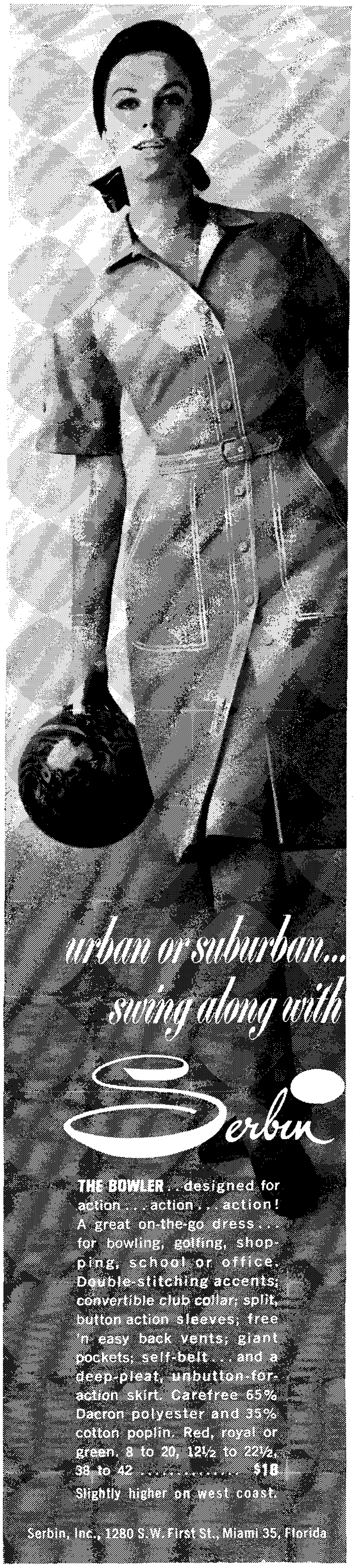

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Greenwich—was fifty-one and a half feet overall, according to our copy of *Lloyd's Register of American Yachts;* we decided that if that big a boat had come back inside after one taste of the Sound this morning, we had better stay at our mooring and make the best of it.

The boats moored all around us were, like Merrywend, pitching up and down, their halyards slatting against their masts, and spray breaking out from under their bows. We settled down to a slow rhythm of living suitable to the day—we studied other boats through the binoculars and discussed their lines and rigging, talked desultorily about the technique of handling a boat in a wind like this, visited the galley now and again for snacks, read a little, listened to the radio, and at length, drowsy from sun and wind, collapsed into lethargy. Sometime later in the morning we were roused out of it when Geoffrey noticed that a small green-and-white sedan cabin cruiser moored a hundred yards from us seemed to be lying unusually low in the water for a boat her size. For what seemed like an hour, we watched, hypnotized, as she very slowly sank lower and lower. Some piece of plumbing in her galley or her head must have broken under the strain of the ceaseless bouncing around that the boats were being subjected to, and water was slowly filling the cabin and sinking her. Since we had nothing but a cockleshell dinghy, we could not risk rowing over to her, nor could we safely have towed her in with Merrywend on a day like this. We blew our compressed-air horn repeatedly to summon help from the yacht club, but the wind tore the sound away, and no one came out. At last, waves began to wash over the coamings into the cockpit, and in another minute or two the pretty little boat sank, stern first, her bright-red cabin cushions floating out through an open window and drifting away over the vexed water. We later discovered that this was not the only casualty of the day, for when we were finally heard and picked up by the club's launch, we saw three other small boats swamped at the docks. Yet, oddly, as soon as we were onshore and in the town proper, the day seemed merely brisk and pleasantly breezy; the remorseless wind and pounding sea were now remote and chimerical. Even when we caught a glimpse of the water as we were walking down Main Street, it seemed sparkling, white-flecked, and lovely, rather than implacable and angry.

With nothing to do but wait for the wind to abate, we spent the rest of the

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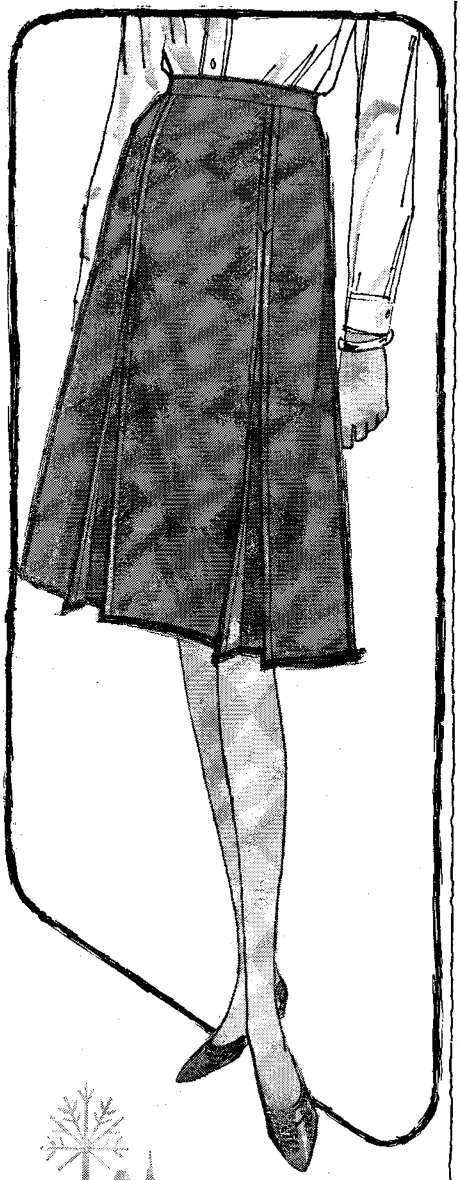

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afternoon ambling idly about the town, like sailors on shore leave. Port Jefferson, unfortunately, does not have much to delight the casual visitor. Its Main Street, running straight back from the waterfront, is reminiscent of the main street of many a moribund New England town; the sidewalks are cracked and broken, the buildings dingy, and the standard features uninteresting—a faded hotel, a liquor store, a real-estate office with bleached photographs posted in its window of houses for sale, a drugstore, a laundromat, a supermarket, a used-car lot, a Presbyterian church, a Methodist church, a Masonic Temple, and a movie house. We did see some handsome Colonial houses scattered around town, but most of them needed paint and had a generally seedy look.

It was not always thus. In the nineteenth century, Port Jeff, as it is known to its residents, enjoyed a Golden Age. Though the village was founded in 1655, it had little importance until the era of the big sail-driven whaling vessels and coastwise cargo schooners. Then, thanks to its large, deep-water harbor, it became a shipbuilding center and a major home port for sailing captains, who kept their boats in its harbor during the winter and built fine wooden houses nearby. The twentieth century brought the switch to steam-driven vessels, and shipbuilding moved away to larger facilities, on the mainland; during the First World War there was one more burst of shipbuilding at Port Jeff, but after that the town sank back into somnolence, and its population has remained virtually unchanged ever since, at about three thousand persons. Because it is the only major harbor on the eastern half of Long Island that is on the Sound proper, it is the home base of a ferry service to Connecticut, and the power plant and the rock-and-sand installation, both of which rely on barges to bring in their voluminous supplies of raw materials, are there for the same reason. But little happens in Port Jeff itself, and most of its inhabitants work in plants scattered around Long Island—Grumman Aircraft, Republic Aviation, R.C.A., and at the Brookhaven National Laboratory among them. Port Jeff, which only recently became an incorporated village, is growing aware of the conflicting aims of industry and the summer crowd, but there seems to be a nearly even division of opinion among its people over whether it ought to try to develop its port industrially or turn it into a prime recreational attraction. To judge by a copy of the Port Jefferson *Times* that I bought and read over a malted milk in

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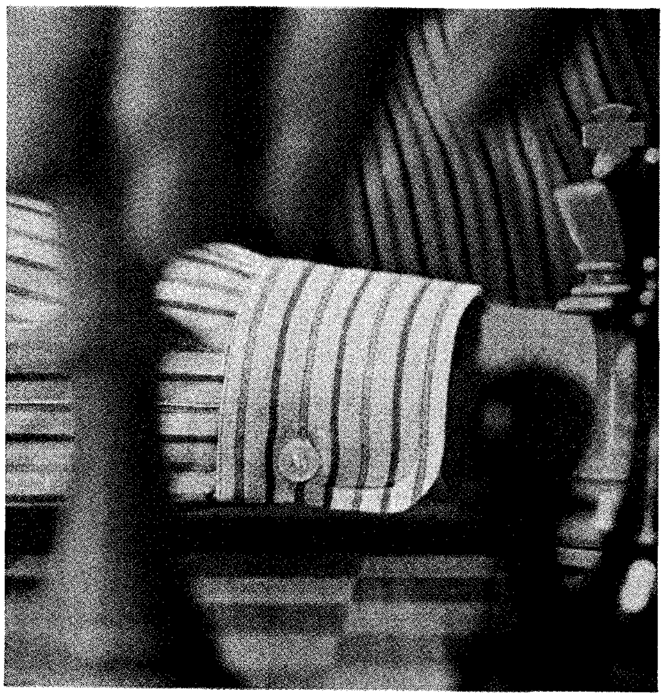

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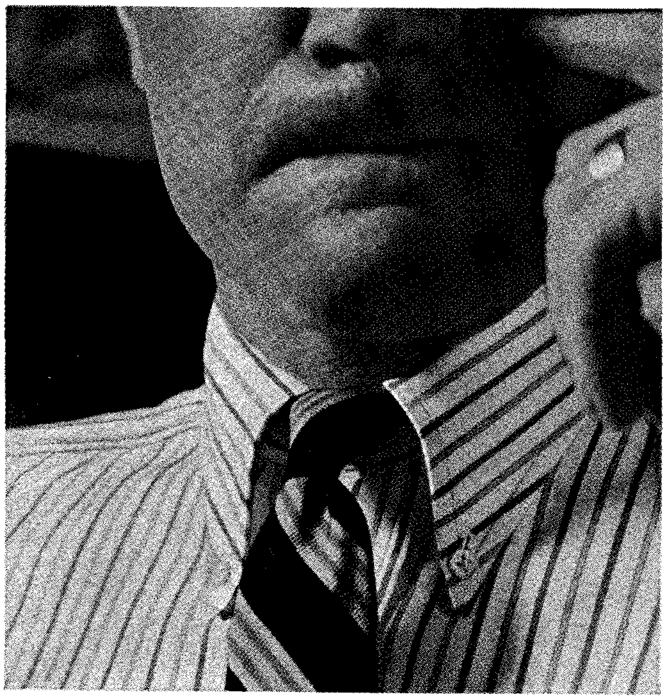

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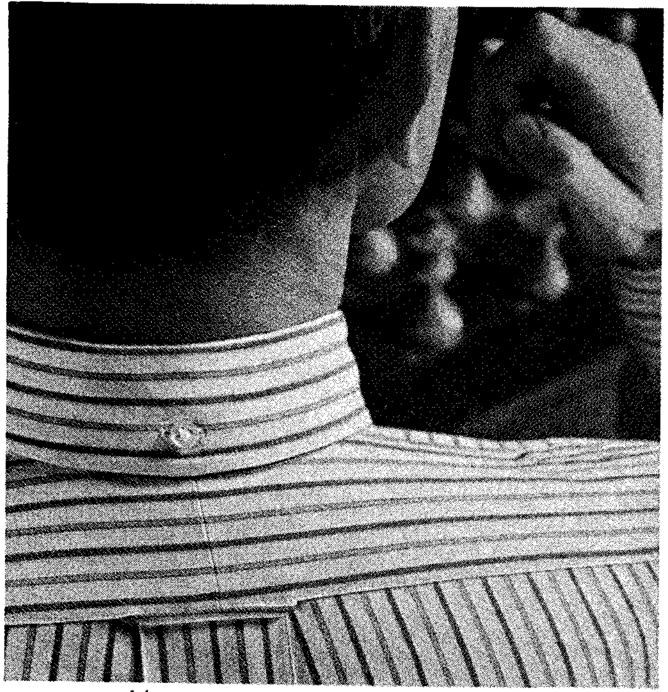

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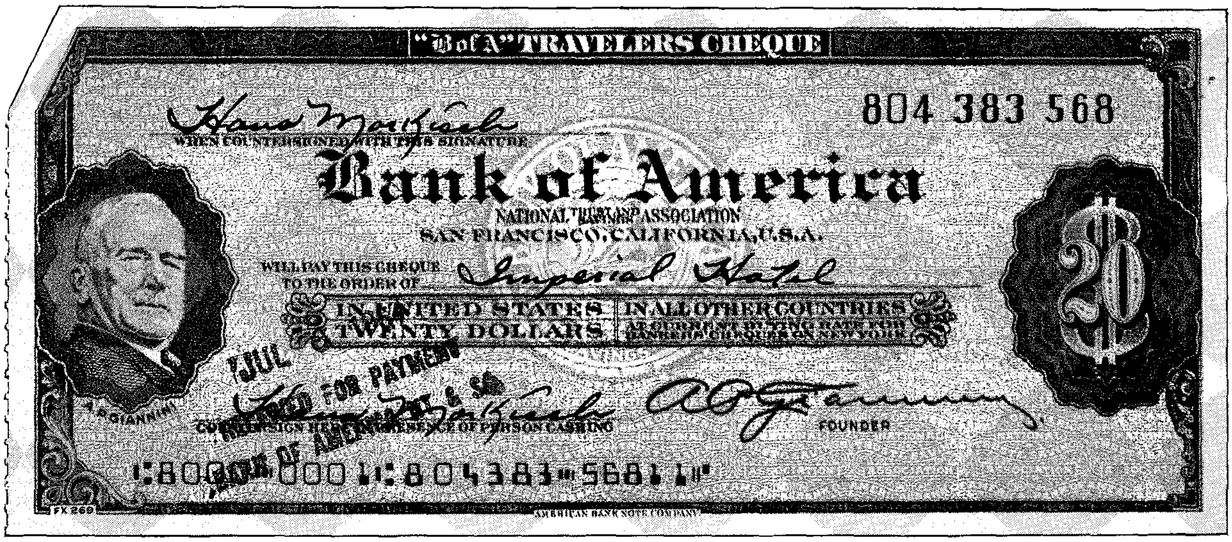

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the drugstore, Mayor Robert L. Robertson was flatly for positive fence-straddling; he was in favor of doing both simultaneously, without regard to their incompatibility.

While Al and Geoffrey went off to do a little shopping, I studied the front page to see what the top news stories were in Port Jeff this week. One was a feud that the village was having with Suffolk County—the village wanting to set up its own police force, and the county, which had been policing Port Jeff for many years, fighting the move. Another quoted Malcolm X as stating that Black Muslim meetings were already being held in Suffolk County, but denying a rumor that a Black Muslim mosque was being built in Wyandanch. A third story revealed that the Calvary Baptist Church would shortly begin its two-week Vacation Bible School with a course on the theme "Living with Christ." A photograph showed Harry Merchant, a fuel dealer, putting a clam into the mouth of Robert Merkle, another fuel dealer, at the annual outing of the Oil Heat Institute of Long Island.

Having exhausted the Port Jefferson *Times*, I returned to the news counter and picked up a copy of the *Long Island Traveler-Mattituck Watchman*, which had caught my eye because Mattituck would be our next stop. A news report of two boating accidents in nearby waters and the paper's comment on them were of real interest to me. A speeding powerboat towing a water skier had rammed into a small fishing boat, sinking it instantly and injuring both its occupants, and an outboard motorboat being run wide open by a teen-age boy had hit and sunk a small sailboat, seriously injuring its skipper, who was teaching a young girl to sail. On an inside page, the *Traveler* ran an angry editorial titled "Danger on the Water," in which it called for better supervision and control of boating, with particular emphasis on the thrill-seekers in fast outboards. I felt this was by no means an unfair comment, for a Coast Guard publication that Chief Bannan had given me when I talked to him reported that over two-thirds of all fatal boating accidents involved outboard motorboats. Pleasure-boating has grown so fast that little social control has been imposed on it, though the need is already plain. No license is necessary to operate an outboard motorboat, and in most states just about anyone may launch himself upon the water and zip away at twenty or twenty-five knots without first having to prove any boat-handling skill or any knowledge of the

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rules of nautical right-of-way, safety procedures, or ordinary boating etiquette. (Most harbor police, when they put up signs limiting speed, use the term "m.p.h.," because so many outboard enthusiasts have no idea what "knots" are.) I myself, in the course of a brief get-acquainted cruise in Merrywend earlier in the season, had almost been stove in by a lady in a flowered green dress driving a fast plastic runabout, who cut in front of me in a narrow channel as though we were in mid-Manhattan traffic. She must have supposed I had brakes and could stop, or, at best, she was completely ignorant of the fact that sailboats, with tons of lead in their keels for stability, have considerable momentum and, even when sails are slacked or the engine is thrown into reverse, keep going for quite a while. I managed to miss her by inches, but she glowered at me, clearly regarding me as an incompetent skipper.

Al and his son returned to the drugstore shortly before 6 P.M., and we proceeded to the Whalers' Inn, a restaurant on Main Street that was decorated to resemble the interior of an old whaling ship, and where Al and I solaced ourselves for our lost day of sailing with whiskey sours before dinner. After eating, we walked back to the yacht club and looked for the boy in charge of the launch, but he had already gone home. Over at a nearby gasoline dock, happily, we found a teen-ager in foul-weather gear who, for a dollar, ferried us out through the rough water in a clumsy wooden rowboat with a small outboard motor, and deposited us, half soaked, on Merrywend. Our boat was warm and dry within, and after we had changed our clothes, we went up to the cockpit and watched the sun set in a superbly clear sky beyond the harbor mouth. All three of us then wilted suddenly. Meaning to read for a little while, I lay down on my bunk, fully clothed, and fell asleep at 9:30 P.M. without having washed, undressed, or made up my bunk.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 15

ANOTHER brilliant, fresh, chilly morning, with the same northwest wind sweeping the length of Port Jefferson Harbor, but this time the radio forecast wind velocities of only ten to twenty knots. Though waves slapped at the boat and rocked it about, there was no savagery in them, and their whitecaps were not flying ahead of them but spilling smoothly down their slopes. As soon as we had finished breakfast, we hoisted sail, slipped our mooring, and tacked out to the Sound,

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where, having put ourselves about a mile offshore, we took up an easterly heading for Mattituck. We had chosen to bend on the Genoa jib—a somewhat larger foresail than the working jib—to make the most of our favoring wind, and now we bowled along. Because we were going more or less with the wind, we did not pound into the waves it was creating but rode them, rising and falling in a measured, majestic fashion. The sunlight on our white sails dazzled us, the sea about us was a rich blue, and the only sounds we heard were the strident cries of seagulls overhead, the faint hiss of the water foaming past us, and the rushing sounds behind us where our dinghy danced and frisked along at the end of its painter. There behind us, the entire Sound seemed clean and fallow; directly ahead of us the open water was as empty as if there were no land for thousands of miles; to our right, stretching out far into the distance forward, was the long, low line of the North Fork of Long Island; and to our left, ten or fifteen miles across the water, lay the Connecticut coast, a dim line sloping away from us toward the northeast and disappearing below the horizon. Bridgeport and New Haven were over there, but they looked faint and faded, their gas tanks and smokestacks barely visible through the glasses. If we chose not to look at them, we could imagine that all the world's air and water were still pure and clean.

The Long Island shoreline here and for the next forty miles—much farther than we would sail today—is quite unlike that of Connecticut and New York, or, for that matter, of Long Island itself back around Port Washington, Oyster Bay, and Huntington. Here the coast is virtually straight as far as the eye can see—entirely without promontories, inlets, bays, or islands. It consists of a line of sand cliffs—usually rising from a narrow beach—that range from ten or twenty feet in height up to as much as a hundred feet and are topped by a green icing of shrubbery or scrub pine. It looks like a great cake of sand that has been sliced by some gargantuan knife. The cliffs were formed by the fourth, and last, glacier of the Pleistocene Ice Age, which shoved an unthinkably huge mass of sand and broken rock across the valley that is now the bottom of the Sound, and jammed it up against an accumulation of rock, gravel, and earth deposited on an underlying ridge by the previous glaciers. When, after tens of thousands of years, the last

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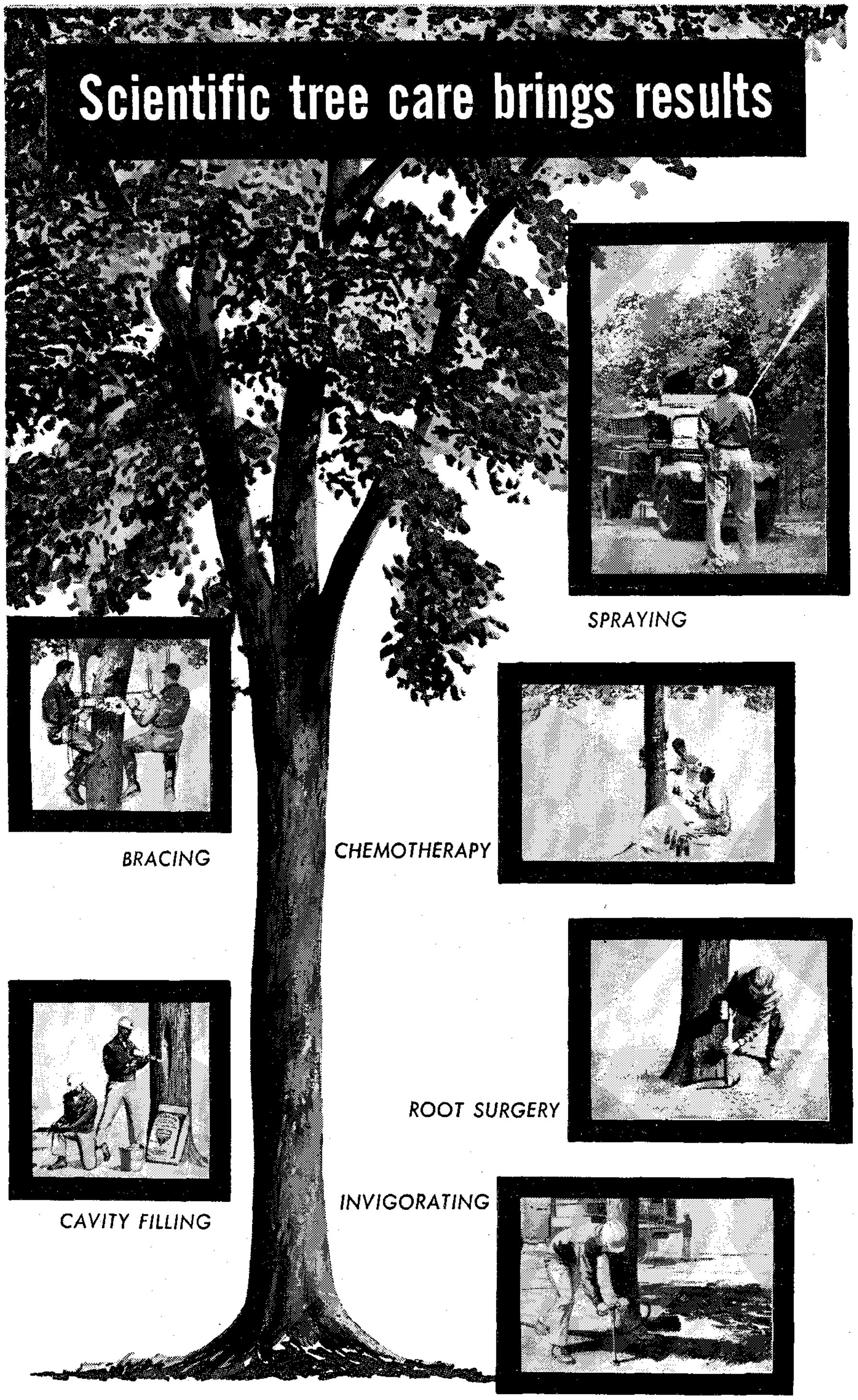
glacier melted away, it left behind a steep, clean-cut "contact slope," or impression of itself; this mold of the glacier's frontal edge, somewhat eroded by the winds and waters of the past twenty-five thousand years, was what we were looking at all morning. From our charts, we could see yet another sign that the ice had pushed this far and no farther; the markings showed rocks strewn through the water just off the beach all along here. The ones that protruded from the water, and also some that did not, had names such as Low Tide Rock, Two Pigs and Old Sow, and Fishing Rock, but scores of others were nameless, appearing on the chart only as asterisks. They had all been torn loose from the surface of New England, shoved hundreds of miles across hills and valleys, and dropped here by the ice as it melted, to provide, twenty-five thousand years later, a nasty lot of work for the makers of nautical charts.

On top of the sand cliffs, scattered houses peeped through the trees, and on the beach occasional cabins, and even one sizable beach house, were to be seen, but none of these touches of civilization could change the sailor's view of the coast as an entirely unfriendly one. In a storm, it would offer no least possibility of shelter; one would have to go back to Port Jefferson or far ahead to Mattituck, or clear across the widest part of the Sound to Connecticut. Moreover, the hidden rocks made it dangerous to hug the coast during a storm in an effort to keep track of one's position. If a boat should be disabled or get lost owing to poor visibility, it could easily blunder onto the hidden rocks and be broken to bits in a few minutes. Even on a fine day like this, a mariner looking at his chart of the coast could hardly avoid such thoughts.

At about 11 A.M., a small white sloop appeared astern of us and gradually overtook us. To any sailboat man, the spectacle of a smaller boat outsailing him is both a challenge and a threat. We checked the wind direction and, finding that it was now almost dead astern, decided to try running wing and wing—the Genoa far out on one side and the mainsail on the other. Though this maneuver makes for tricky steering, it did increase our speed a trifle. Nevertheless, the little sloop, sailed single-handed by a youngish man wearing a most unnautical wide-brimmed straw hat and checked blue shirt, slowly overhauled us and then passed us a few hundred yards to starboard. We looked on, glum and annoyed, until he had pulled a



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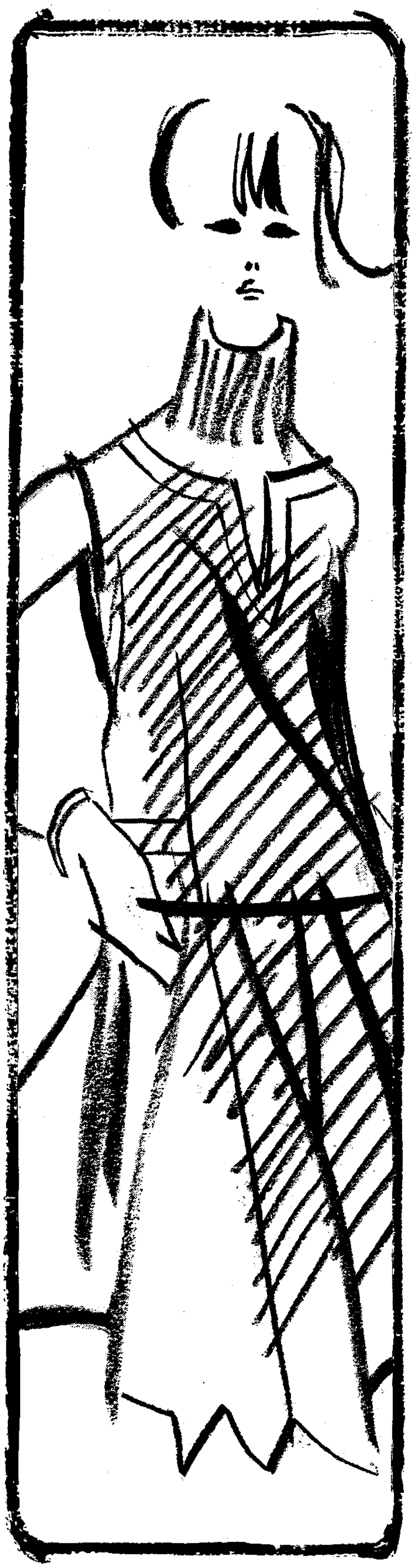

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Beverly Paige

at Lord & Taylor and branches

little ahead, when Al let out a derisive hoot. "Exhaust smoke!" he shouted. "He's using his motor! No wonder he's beating us. And he doesn't even know enough to put out his flag." Sailing etiquette calls for a yacht's ensign to be displayed at her stern whenever power is being used, and while it is bad enough to use power and sail simultaneously—it's rather like wearing a belt and suspenders—one has to do it now and then, but to appear to be only sailing when one is also using power is very bad form. We felt restored in our self-esteem and thoroughly contemptuous of the skipper of the little sloop.

Stripped to our shorts and basking in the sunshine of what had become quite a warm day, we completed an uneventful trip to the mouth of Mattituck Inlet, and at a little after 2 P.M., five hours from the time we had cleared Port Jefferson, we sailed in between two more rock breakwaters jutting out from the otherwise nearly featureless coastline. From out on the Sound, only these breakwaters were visible; there wasn't a sign of a town or a harbor, and no wonder, for the chart showed us that they lay two miles inland. Inside the breakwaters, we sailed into a narrow canal—actually a dredged-out stream—running through a salt-grass marsh. This took us past the John A. Lodini and the Charles F. McElroy—two barges of the New York Trap Rock Corporation—and then past a gasoline dock, some fishing boats tied up at a small marina, and a couple of drab-looking canalside restaurants. After that, it meandered through low-lying pine-covered land, where occasional modest summer homes appeared, with rowboats drawn up on the muddy banks. Finally, we rounded a gentle curve and entered an irregularly shaped basin about a third of a mile long. A score of boats, both sail and power, were anchored in the middle of it, and half a dozen others were tied up at two small docks at the far end, where a road from the village came directly to the water's edge. The atmosphere in this harbor, we could see at once, was homey and unsophisticated. On board several of the anchored boats, men and women in simple sailing clothes were puttering around at various chores, and children were playing. One roomy powerboat had a collapsible playpen set up on its foredeck, in which a baby was busy with toys that had sensibly been tied down. A couple of ten-year-olds were sailing around among the anchored boats in a dinghy, which they had probably rigged up the moment their parents dropped an-

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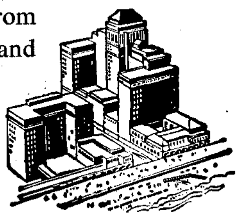

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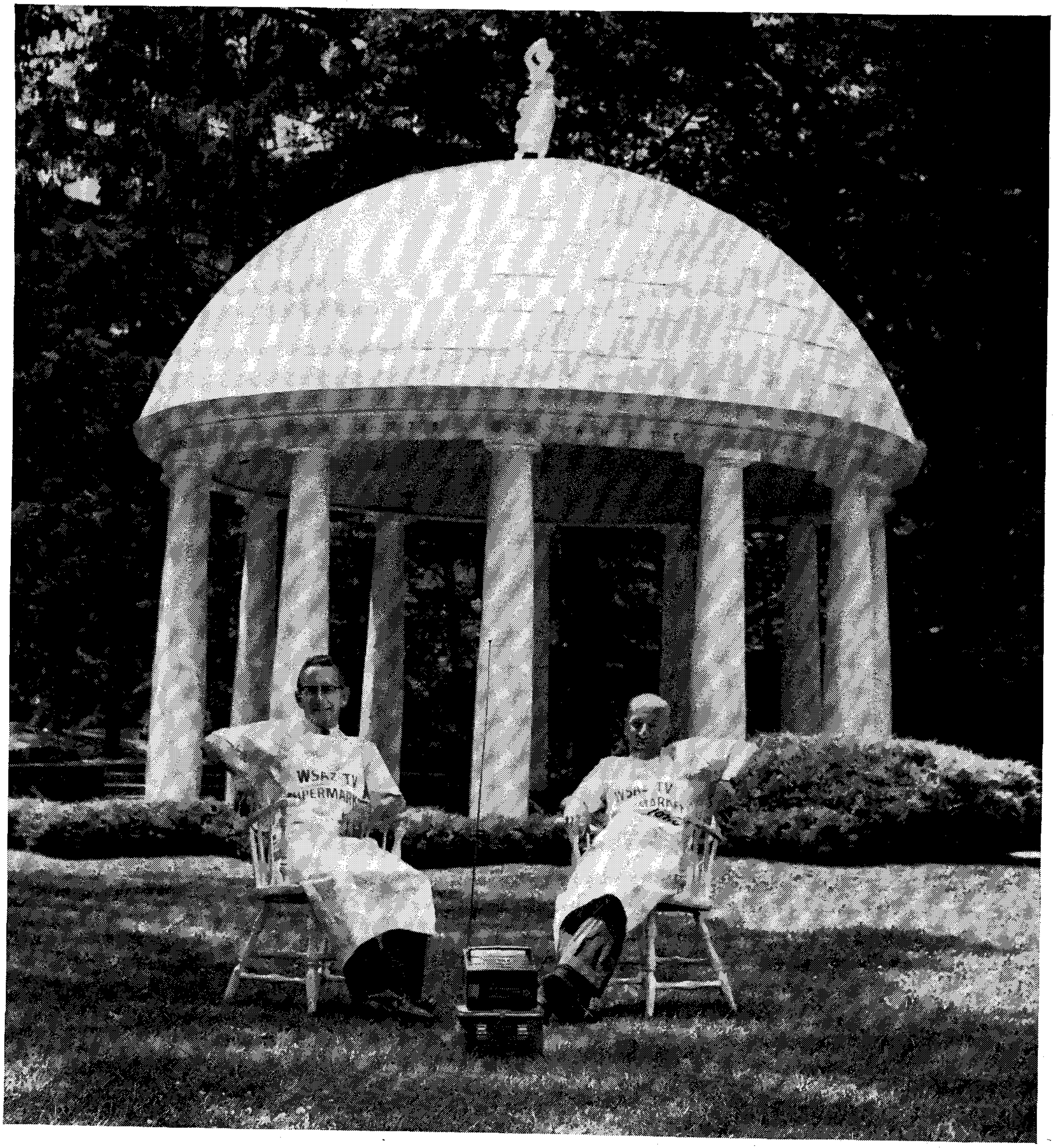

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chor. In most of the quiet harbors and anchorages around the Sound, big sailboats whelp little ones in this fashion in the late afternoon.

At one of the two small docks, we rented space to tie up overnight for a fee of $3.30, payable to the town harbor master. Onshore, a few yards away, was a neat cinder-block building in which, the harbor master informed us, there were showers and washbasins available for the use of visitors. Since we had been cruising for seven days without a chance to stand under hot running water, we hurried ashore and indulged in the intense joys of shaving, showering, and dressing in clean clothes. Then, feeling virtually reborn and totally at peace, we sat in our cockpit sipping long, cold drinks and studying the scene around us. Mattituck is one of a number of simple port villages on Long Island Sound that have preserved much of their old identity, and offer the visitor shelter, supplies, quiet streets with a few plain stores, and some fine old houses but no antique shops, art movies, Saturday-night dances, or night clubs with New York talent. The yachtsmen who frequent such places are generally more sports-minded than status-minded; for them boating is not a form of countryclubbing but a form of camping. As we looked around us, surreptitiously using the binoculars now and then, we saw many a placid domestic scene. On a small cabin cruiser named Jay Aye, which was tied up near us, a middle-aged couple were taking their ease, the husband reading a book and the wife writing a letter; on a Chris-Craft a youngish man was touching up the varnish around a window while his wife and twelve-year-old daughter brought dishes and silver out of the galley and arranged them on a table in the cockpit; out in the middle of the harbor children swam or rowed or sailed while their parents sat resting on board their boats. A small black tugboat, squat and grimy, chugged up to our dock and tied up, and two husky men in plaid shirts and baggy pants got off and headed for the showers while their wives, a couple of square-cut Tugboat Annies, hauled out an assortment of wet blankets and sheets (the tug evidently leaked when spray came over her deck) and festooned the superstructure with them. Near them, paying no attention to anyone or anything, a stubble-faced middle-aged man sat, with his dog, in a small open powerboat that had a single bunk stuffed under the forepeak; like an old bachelor's quarters in a rooming house, his cock-

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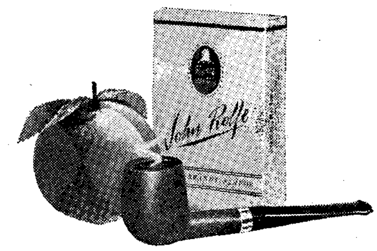

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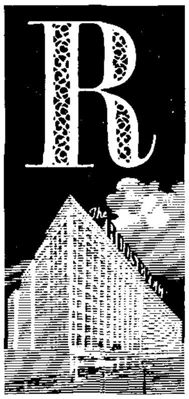

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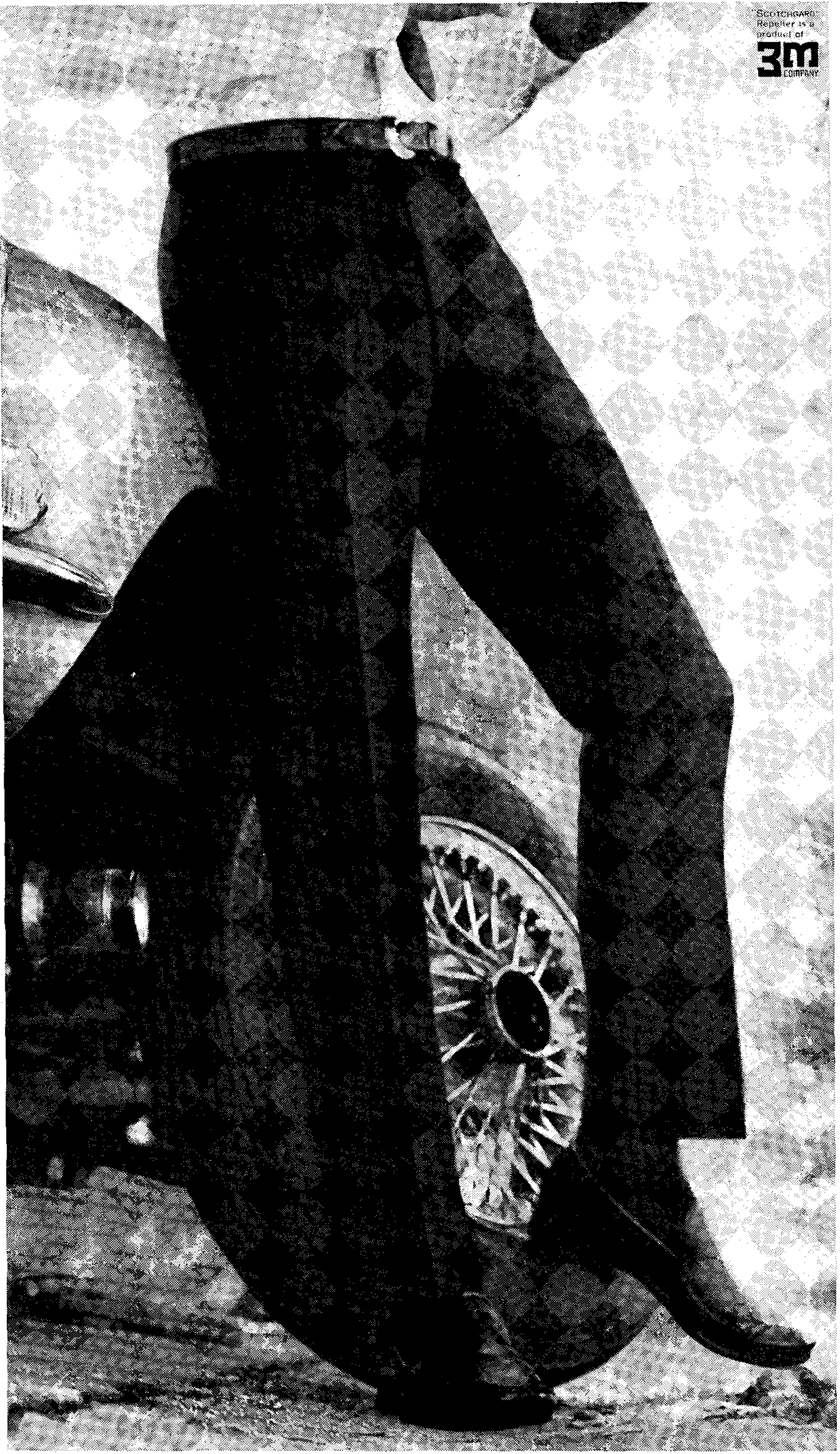
pit had cracked linoleum on the floor, a scratchy portable radio, and, strewn all about, pipes, tobacco, charts, pencils, fishing gear, and rusty beer-can openers.

On the opposite side of our dock lay an interesting-looking medium-sized white powerboat named Très Gaie, with a long foredeck made of narrow planking that curved off on either side; it reminded me of the hood of a '32 Duesenberg. In the roofed-over cockpit, a young couple and a middle-aged one were having drinks, and I left Merrywend, crossed the dock, and struck up a conversation with the older man, who was small, worn-looking, and affable. He told me that his name was Irving Eales, and that he was a painting contractor from Huntington, but that he shunned crowded Huntington Harbor and kept his boat just outside Price Bend, near a little house that his son-in-law—the younger man on board—owned on Eatons Neck. Très Gaie, he said, was a 1931 Elco—I had not been far off in time in seeing the likeness to the Duesenberg—and thirty-one feet over all. She had a single engine of a hundred and fifteen horsepower—not very much by contemporary standards. "She was designed to do only about eight knots maximum, and even if I have to put in a new engine someday, I won't put more power in her," Eales said. "It wouldn't be good for her. Anyway, I don't understand the desire for speed out on the water. If you're in a hurry to get someplace, go by car or plane. When I'm in a boat, I want to cruise around at six knots or so and enjoy the view, not drive at twenty-five knots without the time to relax and look at things." Eales' weekend boating habits were simple and family-oriented. "The four of us—my wife, daughter, son-in-law, and myself—usually go out Friday evening and cruise around the local waters," he said. "Then we drop the hook in some little harbor, if we can, or tie up at a dock in a quiet place like this. If the water's clean, we go swimming, and then we cook dinner on board. We stay away from big marinas and fancy restaurants. Sometimes, though, we'll go ashore and see a movie or go bowling. But if there's a good moon, we like to hoist anchor after dinner, run around in the moonlight awhile, and then come back and anchor for the night. It's a fine way to live."

Saying goodbye to Eales, I strolled on down the dock to chat with the harbor master, who was sitting in his office at the end of the pier. A tall, lean-featured man in his early fifties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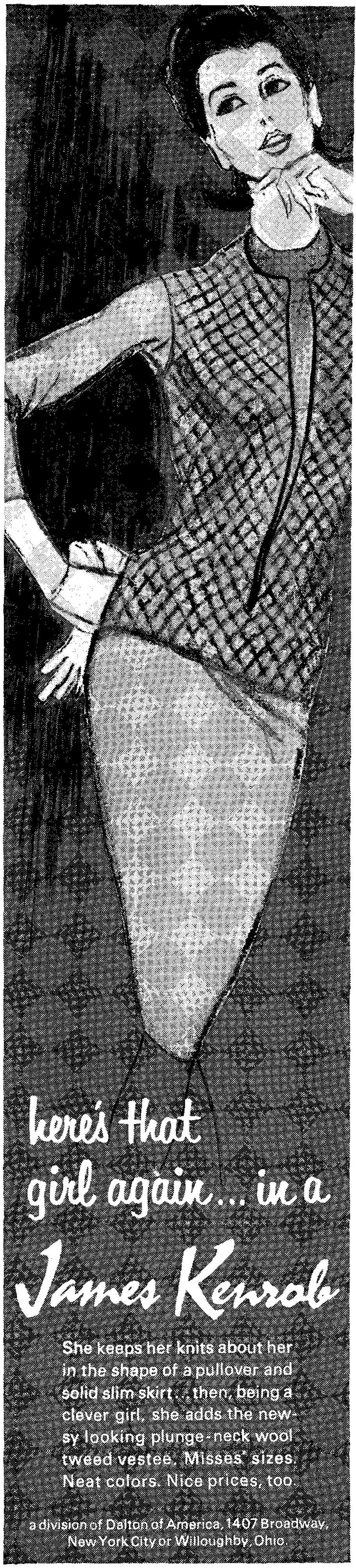
here's that girl again... in a James Kenrob

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named Tom Reeve, he had a hint of New England twang in his speech, and I asked where he was from. He'd never even been to New England, it turned out, and I remembered that historically and culturally the eastern end of Long Island has always been tied more closely to New England than to New York City. "Been here all my life," Reeve said. "I was born and still live in a house within sight of this harbor. My father used to take out fishing parties from this very place, and on a stormy night he'd go all the way to the channel mouth to hang out a kerosene lamp where the electric flasher is now."

The facilities in Mattituck Harbor looked quite new to me, and I asked about them.

"We always had the creek and this basin, and many years ago, when I was a boy, I used to see three-masted schooners come in here during a bad blow," Reeve said. "But the harbor was just a makeshift. Finally, about seven years ago, the county dredged the channel and the basin, and built the docks and the comfort station, and next year the federal government, which has decided to designate Mattituck a 'port of refuge,' will redredge it and improve it further. We've been getting pretty busy here the last five, six years. On a nice summer weekend, I'll count fifty or sixty boats in the basin and a dozen more at the docks. Mattituck appeals mostly to the quiet sort—there aren't any gin mills around here—and some people like it so much that they come from far away and stay right here at my dock for a week at a time."

Just as I was wondering what benefit Mattituck could get out of all this apart from the small docking fees, I noticed a sign near the bathhouse that answered my question; it proclaimed that the shopping center lay straight ahead. Two blocks up Love Lane, past a dozen quiet old houses, are the Long Island Rail Road station and a shopping center of perhaps fifteen stores. A few blocks beyond are the church and the main residential area, leafy, quiet, and Colonial. The livelier aspects of Mattituck life—consisting of such diversions as a dance hall, packed with teen-agers on weekends, and a ten-lane bowling alley with a bar and a television set—are exiled to a highway outside town. After dinner on board Merrywend, Al, Geoffrey, and I took a walk to look all this over briefly. When we returned, Al went below to write a letter to his wife, and Geoffrey and I sat on deck admiring the stars and listening to the subdued, friendly sounds of life

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Richard

on nearby boats. I asked Geoffrey how he liked the trip thus far. He had learned small-boat sailing when he was a very young boy, but this was his first cruising experience, and I was curious about what it meant to him, and also whether a seventeen-year-old could unbend enough to tell me.

"It's just the most fantastic experience of my whole life!" he burst out. "It's so completely different! The boat seems like a world in itself. We have everything we need on board, we decide what we want to do, and we work together to accomplish each day's trip. We take care of ourselves and are self-sufficient. Everything is unified. There's a sense of— well, of completeness about it." He flapped his hands helplessly. "I don't know," he said. "There just aren't any words for it."

I said I thought he had found some very good ones.

After a few minutes of companionable silence, we got up and adjusted our dock-lines to allow for the change of tide during the night. Then we went below, had some cookies and milk, and turned in. —Morton M. Hunt

(*This is the second of a series of three articles.*)

◆

His Imperial Majesty yesterday received Premier Mansur in audience. During the three-hour long audience, Mr. Mansur delivered a state-of-the-nation report to the Shah. Later, Mr. Mansur returned home and attended to state affairs while in bed.—*International Edition of the Tehran (Iran) Kayhan.*

And there we will leave him.

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The 4-litre engine is a pedigree world championship engine that made history on the race tracks of Europe (282 brake horsepower at 5,500 r.p.m.). This is Frank Hughff's department. Mr. Hughff has been assembling Aston Martin engines for 16 years. He assembled yours. Who do you know in Detroit?—*Adv. in The New Yorker.*

Fellow named Breckenridge. He reads lips.

◆

THE POLITICAL LIFE

[*From the Times*]

Assemblyman Fred W. Preller, the Republican chairman in Queens, and Frank Kenna, the chairman of the party's executive committee, were particularly bitter.

"We gave him his career and this is how he pays us back," snapped Mr. Preller. "Halpern promised us several years ago that if we gave him the nomination in the Sixth District, he would become a conservative. Now some things are just going to take care of themselves."

Help stamp out sibling rivalry.

Sisterly love flourishes when Mother outfits her darlings in co-ordinates of Cone Corduroy. Millbrook fashions jumper, skirt and jerkin for Big Sister and Little Sister alike in this "Royal Boutique" wide wale, bold check Corduroy series. All in a striking combination of navy, black, green and white. Jumper, 3-6X, about $8. 7-14, about $9. Skirt, 3-6X, about $5. 7-14, about $6. Jerkin, 3-6X, about $4. 7-14, about $5.

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This is only the beginning. Cyanamid scientists continue their research in the field of *air pollution—working on the* development of other methods to keep the air pure and clean.

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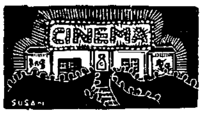
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Instructive Blunders



THE secret of making a good movie is to have a good script, and I'm perennially astonished that, though famous, the secret remains so well kept—is, in effect, a closed secret inside an open one, much as if the bizarre password of some worldwide conspiratorial order were to slip over into the common speech and be used by everyone and yet have meaning for only a few. Hollywood is said to clamor to high heaven for writers, and perhaps it does; what it doesn't clamor for, and doesn't get, is writing. At the moment, my astonishment centers upon the fact that the sovereign importance of the script appears to have escaped Fred Zinnemann, the old pro who has just produced and directed a thoroughly bad picture called "Behold a Pale Horse." (This title is infinitesimally preferable to the title of the novel, by Emeric Pressburger, on which the screenplay is based: "Killing a Mouse on Sunday.") Mr. Zinnemann must have read the script of his movie a dozen times in the course of preparing to shoot it. How could he have failed to see that its author, J. P. Miller, had left an enormous, unguarded hole at the very heart of it—that the crucial encounter to which one assumes the whole picture is tending never takes place, the hero and the villain so flagrantly *not* meeting eyeball to eyeball that a cynic might wonder whether previous professional commitments had made it impossible for the actors taking their parts to work on the set at the same time? How could he have failed to see that the climax provided by Mr. Miller is a mere arbitrary and synthetic reworking of a hand-me-down cops-and-robbers routine that has little connection thematically, or even mechanically, much less emotionally, with the events that precede it and purport to render it inevitable? These flaws are vivid enough in the picture itself, despite Mr. Zinnemann's resourceful and often beautiful cinematic distractions (snow-capped mountain peaks, the faces of children, the grotto at Lourdes, a soccer ball rolling with perverse precision down a street in Pau); they must have been many times as vivid on the typed page.

Well, well! I mustn't flog a dead horse, especially one that is pale as well as dead, and for sweet charity's sake I

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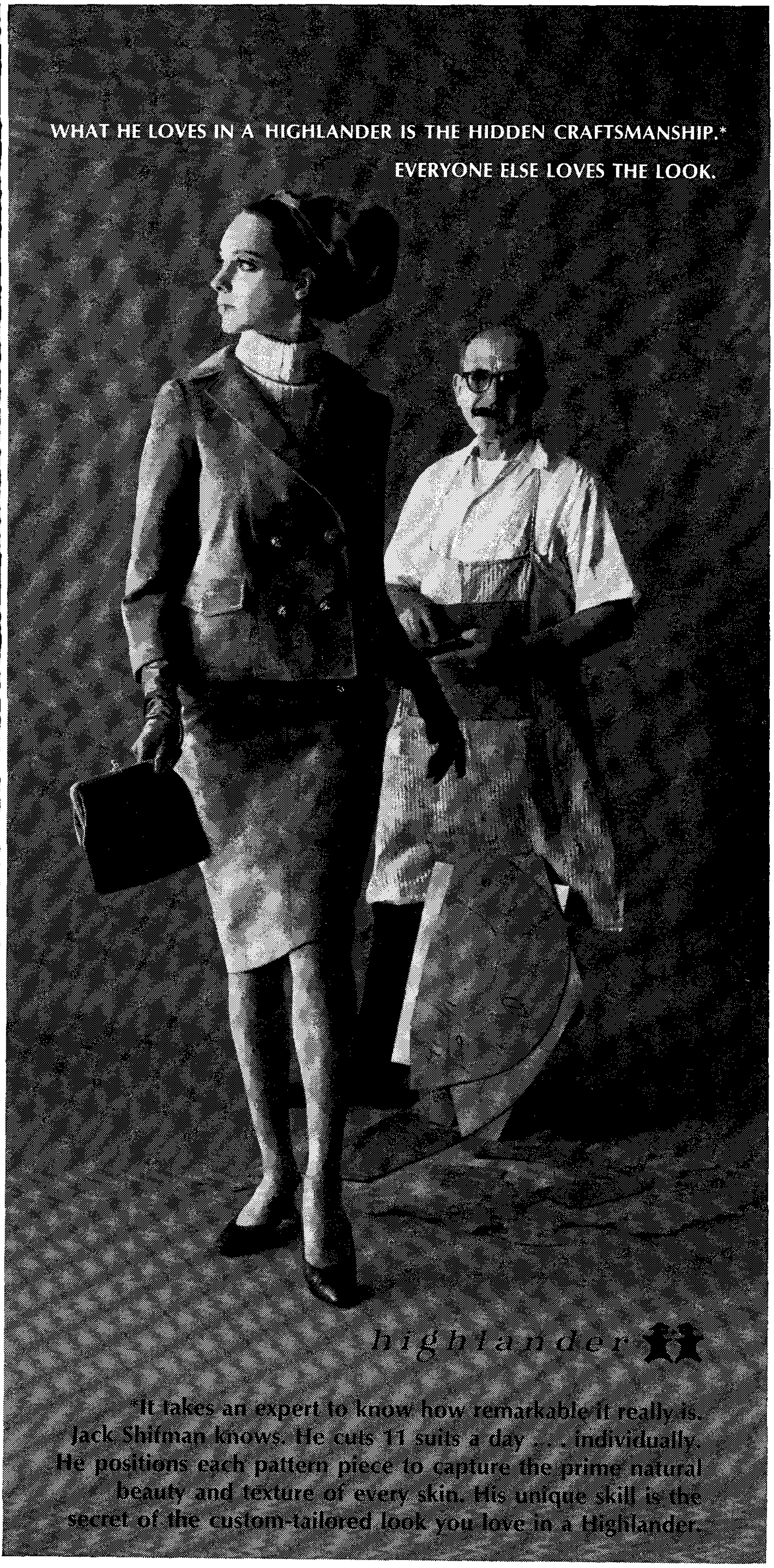
wish I could say more in praise of the cast, but the truth is that in the role of the hero—a former Loyalist who in the twenty-odd years since the Spanish Civil War has conducted a series of Robin Hood-like forays into Franco's Spain from a lair on the French side of the Pyrenees but has now lost his nerve—poor, hearty, all-American Gregory Peck is totally unconvincing, and as his sworn enemy, a venal and crafty captain of the Spanish police, Anthony Quinn is often laughable when the intention appears to have been to make him convey menace. Only Omar Sharif, as a young priest uncertain of where his moral duty lies, is able to squeeze his way into his part, but the part itself is a botch, and the look of prayerful appeal in Mr. Sharif's large and melting eyes is often, I suspect, directed at us in the audience and not at his Father in Heaven.

ALL that money, all that talent, all that technical cunning lavished upon a picture that not only amounts to so little artistically but has, to my mind, so little box-office appeal! In the case of "The 7th Dawn," a melodrama starring William Holden, Susannah York, and Capucine, the money, talent, and technical cunning have been much more shrewdly invested; the picture is preposterous but should please enough millions of groundlings to justify the calculations of the formidable financial minds behind it. (Among these minds is Mr. Holden's; to him, acting is what steel is to General Motors.) One thing "The 7th Dawn" has in common with "Behold a Pale Horse" is a terrible script, written, perhaps in crayon, by Karl Tunberg, who flinches from nothing: if a beautiful woman is to be hanged for subversive political activity, she must be hanged at dawn, and as the sun's rays pour spokewise over the distant mountain rim she will be seen kneeling and uttering a well-remembered prayer, while in the steaming jungle her lover battles for his life and hers with a Malaysian Communist who is their oldest friend. The purple of the dialogue perfectly matches the purple of the plot, and two of the scenes that have become obligatory in the nineteen-sixties may be worth the attention of students of film. The first, in which the hero (Mr. Holden) encounters the pretty girl (Miss York) swimming in the nude, reduces both actors to something approaching suburban giggles. The second, in which the pretty girl hurls herself as a sexual offering upon the tired-eyed older man, is acted in dead earnest. This is a mistake.

—BRENDAN GILL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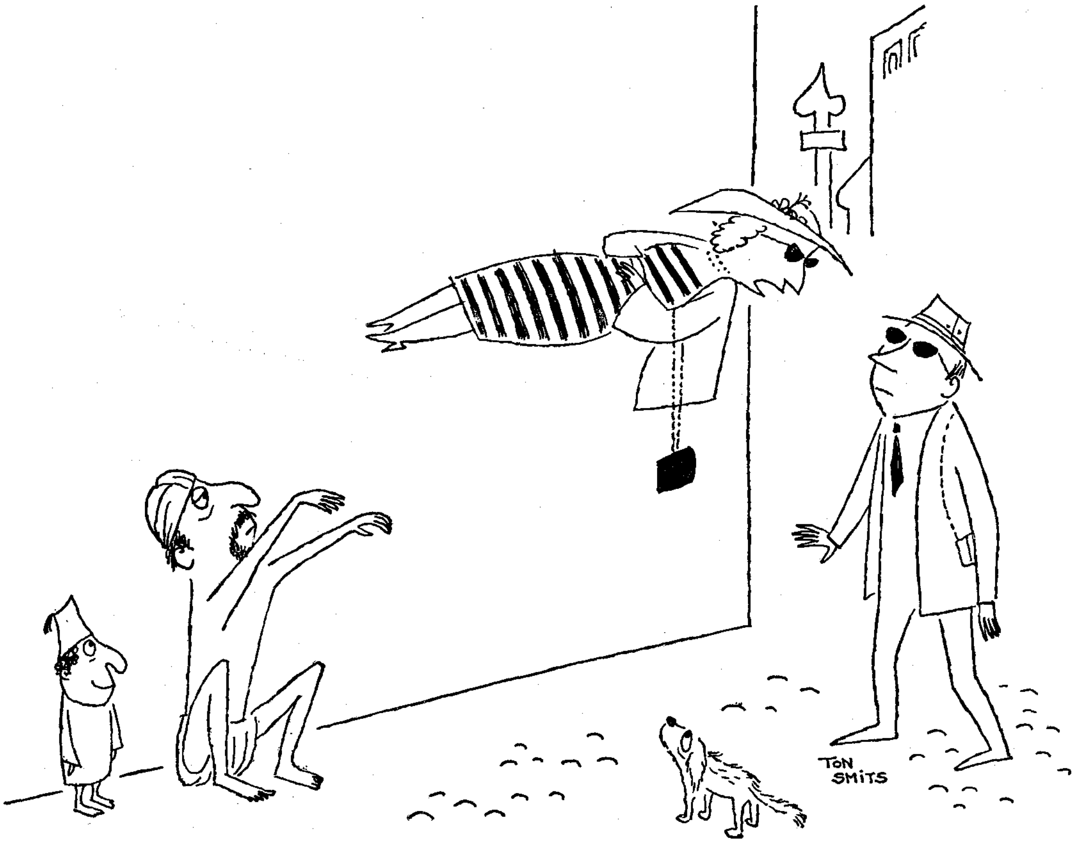
LETTER FROM JACKSON

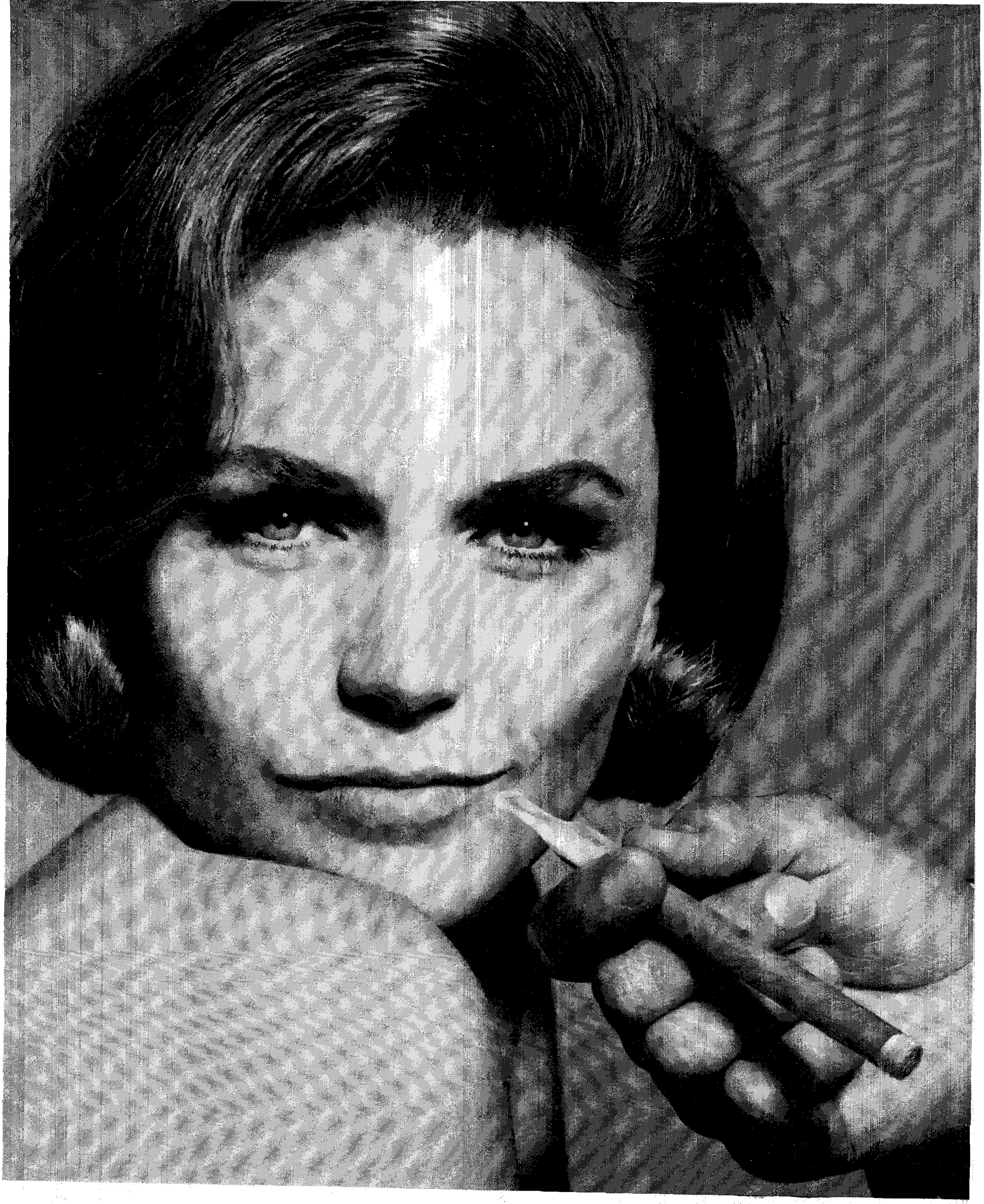
AUGUST

TO people who happen to be admirers of Spanish Civil War literature, Jackson as the headquarters of the Mississippi Summer Project is likely to conjure up visions of Madrid as the capital of the Spanish Loyalists. Physically, Jackson could hardly look less like Madrid, but the Summer Project—a statewide program of voter registration and other civil-rights activities which is being carried out by some six hundred volunteers and some one hundred paid workers—is so thoroughly caught up in a tangle of frenetic planning and propagandizing that a reader of George Orwell and Ernest Hemingway half expects to come across military strategists mapping out campaigns against mountain villages or to see clusters of ideologists arguing and plotting in small, dark bars, their conversations occasionally interrupted by a stray bomb. One difference, of course, is that the Council of Federated Organizations, or COFO—the amalgam of civil-rights groups that runs the Summer Project—does not actually control even the part of Jackson where it is permitted to exist, and there are constant reminders of who does. A number of editorialists and columnists on the Jackson daily newspapers are not merely segregationists but segregationists of the type who are inclined to indicate their position by referring to Martin Luther King as "the Rev. Dr. Extremist Agitator Martin Luther King, Jr.," or by suggesting that President Johnson's theme song should be "The High Yellow Rose of Texas," or by telling cannibal jokes; the community bulletin board of a local radio station occasionally includes among reports of rummage sales and church suppers the announcement that Americans for the Preservation of the White Race will hold its weekly meeting that evening and "all interested white people are invited to attend;" the chatty gray-haired lady in charge of a local bookstore, whose inventory appears to begin with the writings of the John Birch Society and move to the right, is available for political arguments with the civil-rights workers she refers to amiably as "those COFO things;" one can telephone Dial for Truth, a recorded announcement by the Jackson Citizens Council of the evils that race-mixing has brought upon the world during the previous week; and the Mississippi Numismatic Exchange, Inc., has a sign in its window reading, "Kennedy Half Dollars 25¢. That's All We Think They're Worth!" (The sign says in smaller letters that the case that goes along with one costs fifty cents.)

Still, Jackson, which prides itself on maintaining law and order, has been relatively careful about protecting civil-rights workers, and there has not been enough civil-rights action within the city limits to provide what COFO people tend to call a confrontation; all in all, the city is more of a communications-and-planning center than a scene of battle. At the COFO headquarters, a storefront office on Lynch Street, in the Negro business district, efficient white girls in cotton print dresses decorate the walls daily with fresh "incident reports" listing arrests or beatings of COFO workers in other parts of the state, but whenever the stray bomb lands—as on the second day of my visit, when two workers were beaten, though not seriously, just a few blocks from the COFO office—the first reaction is that somebody must have broken a truce or wandered into a demilitarized zone by mistake. At the office, COFO workers in overalls and work shirts who have come into Jackson on errands from small towns in the Delta stroll in and out, and members of the office staff shuttle back and forth incessantly between a row of typewriters and a row of telephones. On Farish Street, in another part of the Negro business district, two groups of lawyers use offices across the street from one another—each on the top floor of a drab two-story building—to deal with the litigation brought on by the constant civil-rights arrests. In an office nearby, the National Council of Churches, which has provided ministers, lawyers, and the training facilities for the Summer Project, regularly holds orientation sessions for new arrivals, and a group of respectable-looking clergymen regularly watch quietly as a COFO worker demonstrates how to protect one's kidneys when knocked down. ("Is it considered permissible to get in a punch or two and then run?" a young minister asked the day I was there. "How good a runner are you?" the COFO demonstrator asked in reply.) Over in the white business district, workmen are installing an interior staircase in the expanded F.B.I. office, which now occupies one floor



"John! Thank heaven you've come!"



SHOULD A GENTLEMAN OFFER A TIPARILLO TO A LADY?

It's the year, not of the wine or roses, but the year of the Tiparillos.

It's the time for mildness and for smooth satisfaction. For flavor without inhaling. But where else can a lady turn to, if not to Tiparillos?

And so a gentleman wonders, when Tiparillo is so neat and trim, so smartly slim, when Tiparillo's pearly tip is the mouthpiece to mildness—should he or should he not make the gentlemanly offer?

What says Lee Remick? Will she be featured in the anatomy of another murder—if he doesn't make up his mind pretty darn quick?

Tiparillo
by Robt. Burns

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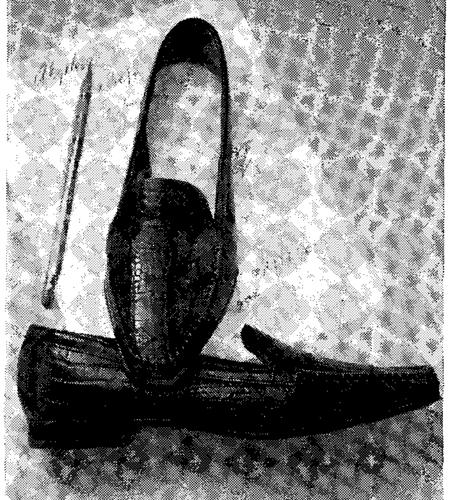
and part of another of the new First Federal Savings & Loan Building, and is still in the unpackaging stage, with crates on the floor and pictures of J. Edgar Hoover leaning against the wall. At the state Capitol, a few blocks to the north, where a statue of Governor (and Senator) Theodore Bilbo, the late racist, dominates the ground floor, and vividly tinted portraits of Mississippi's two Miss Americas are enshrined in the rotunda, investigators for the State Sovereignty Commission, the agency charged with preserving segregation, go through Negro newspapers, civil-rights literature, and the *Worker* in order to keep track of which Left Wingers are where. All in all, there are so many visitors in town that it is practically impossible to rent a car, and the provision of restaurant and hotel accommodations for the visitors has become a minor industry. Under these circumstances, a conversation about the Catalan separatists or the anarchists of the P.O.U.M. might not sound out of place, but instead the visitors talk about S.N.C.C. (called "Snick" and standing for the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee), or the National Council (of Churches), or the L.C.D.C. (Lawyers Constitutional Defense Committee), or the (National) Lawyers Guild, or the A.P.W.R. (Americans for the Preservation of the White Race), or the Citizens Council, or the Klan.

JACKSON has never stood apart from the rest of Mississippi the way Atlanta has stood apart from Georgia, say, or New Orleans from Louisiana. Traditionally, it has merely been a larger town than the other towns in the state, and not until after the Second World War was it very much larger. In 1940, it had a population of sixty-two thousand. Now, however, with a population of a hundred and fifty thousand and with ambitions for further expansion, Jackson is the logical place to expect to see any significant indications of moderation on the race issue in Mississippi—not because the capital has ever been particularly liberal compared to the rest of the state but simply because it now has the most to lose through the chaos that total defiance of federal desegregation provisions could bring. Such indications appeared recently when it began to look as though the city might comply peacefully with a federal-court order that schools start desegregating this fall, and when the board of directors of the Chamber of Commerce made a surprise statement



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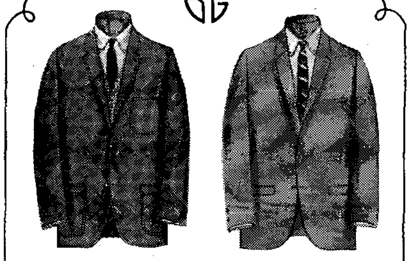

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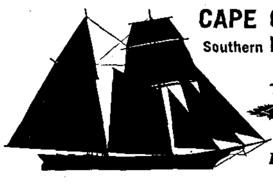

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advising businessmen to comply with the public-accommodations section of the new civil-rights law. After the fact, it is not difficult to find a number of good reasons for the Chamber's statement. This summer marks the first time Jackson businessmen have ever been faced with anything approaching the power of a federal law. Previously, it was possible to see the conflict as one between the state and a group of Negroes; the civil-rights law expanded it, potentially, into one between each individual businessman and the federal government. (There is a theory in Jackson that Mississippi fell victim to its own propaganda; that is, there was so much publicity about how a civil-rights law could result in a decent American businessman's being hauled off to court or to jail by the Federal Dictator for choosing his own customers that the local businessmen were psychologically prepared for an early surrender.) It is said that business in Jackson was damaged somewhat by the demonstrations and boycotts of last summer, and that businessmen—particularly those directly affected by the law—were happy to be able to make the inevitable transition peacefully by blaming it on the federal government, especially since many of them apparently believed (erroneously) that all those COFO things in town were likely to stage an impressive demonstration for all the F.B.I. people in town on the Fourth of July. Although the national headquarters of the Citizens Councils of America is in Jackson, the local Council has never embraced all the important businessmen, as it does in some smaller Mississippi towns, and the suggestion has been made that its point of view seemed to be dominant only because a segregation issue of vital importance to business had not come up. According to one person who was close to those who drafted the Chamber's statement, "Folks didn't realize the number of people here who are able to recognize the inevitable when it arrives." Those people, who had remained silent while the inevitable was approaching, acted with a suddenness that caught the Citizens Council element by surprise. There is reason to believe that their action will result in preserving almost complete segregation while avoiding public disturbance—since the facilities, if made available without challenge, are not likely to be used by a great many Jackson Negroes—but in the past even that argument was not enough to justify a public statement in favor of desegregation, so

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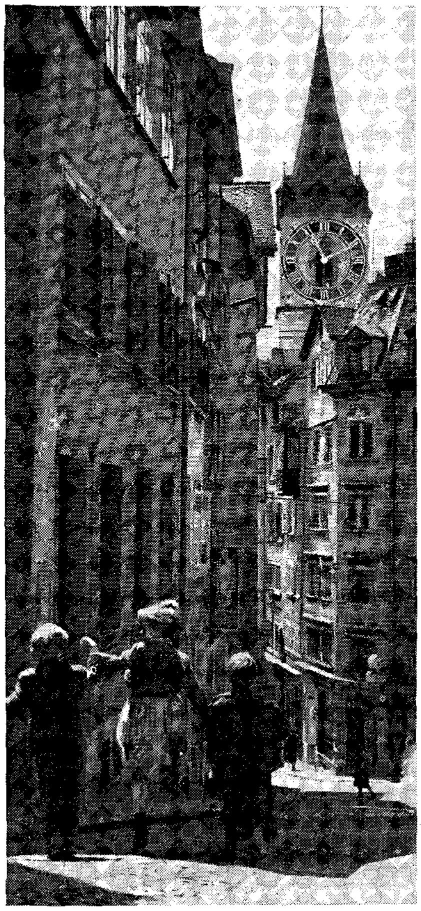

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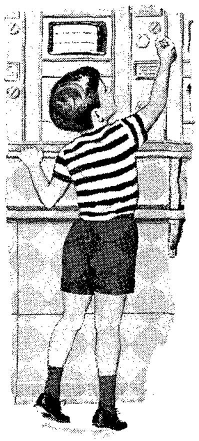
while people familiar with Jackson are able to explain why such a statement was wise, they admit surprise that it was issued. The Chamber's statement, according to one member of its board, was "a calculated risk," and once it had succeeded—and of the fourteen hundred firms affiliated with the Chamber only four resigned—there was bound to be less pressure against those who were willing to recognize the possibility of change in Mississippi. A few days after the Chamber advised compliance, the mayor of Jackson supported its stand, and a week or so after that, when Mississippians for Public Education, a group composed mainly of housewives, announced its existence and its intention of opposing any scheme that might damage the public schools—such as the establishment of private segregated schools supported by state tuition grants—its members, to their amazement, met with practically no abuse. Four days after the group's announcement, its president had received only two letters criticizing her position (one of them asked, among other things, if she realized that "academic standards have fell in any place that has had integration"), and none of the officers in Jackson had received a single unsigned hate letter or late night phone call.

Nevertheless, moderation is far from being the predominant viewpoint in Jackson. The housewives have not yet received any public support from businessmen—in other Southern cities, civic leaders have eventually been willing to support public education after the housewives have tested the opposition for a while—and it is believed that the statement in favor of compliance would not have been passed by the Chamber of Commerce if the Citizens Council element had been given time to marshal its forces. Much of Jackson's inclination toward compliance can be explained not by any decrease in segregationist feeling in Jackson but by an increase in pressure from the outside. Desegregating restaurants in compliance with a federal law is quite a different thing from desegregating them through negotiations with local Negroes, and now that ten years have passed since the original Supreme Court decision, federal courts have eliminated practically every alternative to obeying a school-desegregation order. All the fund cutoffs, school closings, and various postures for standing in the schoolhouse door have even lost most of their force as ritual. It is clear to most people in Jackson that the public schools will be desegregated

In New York for The World's Fair?



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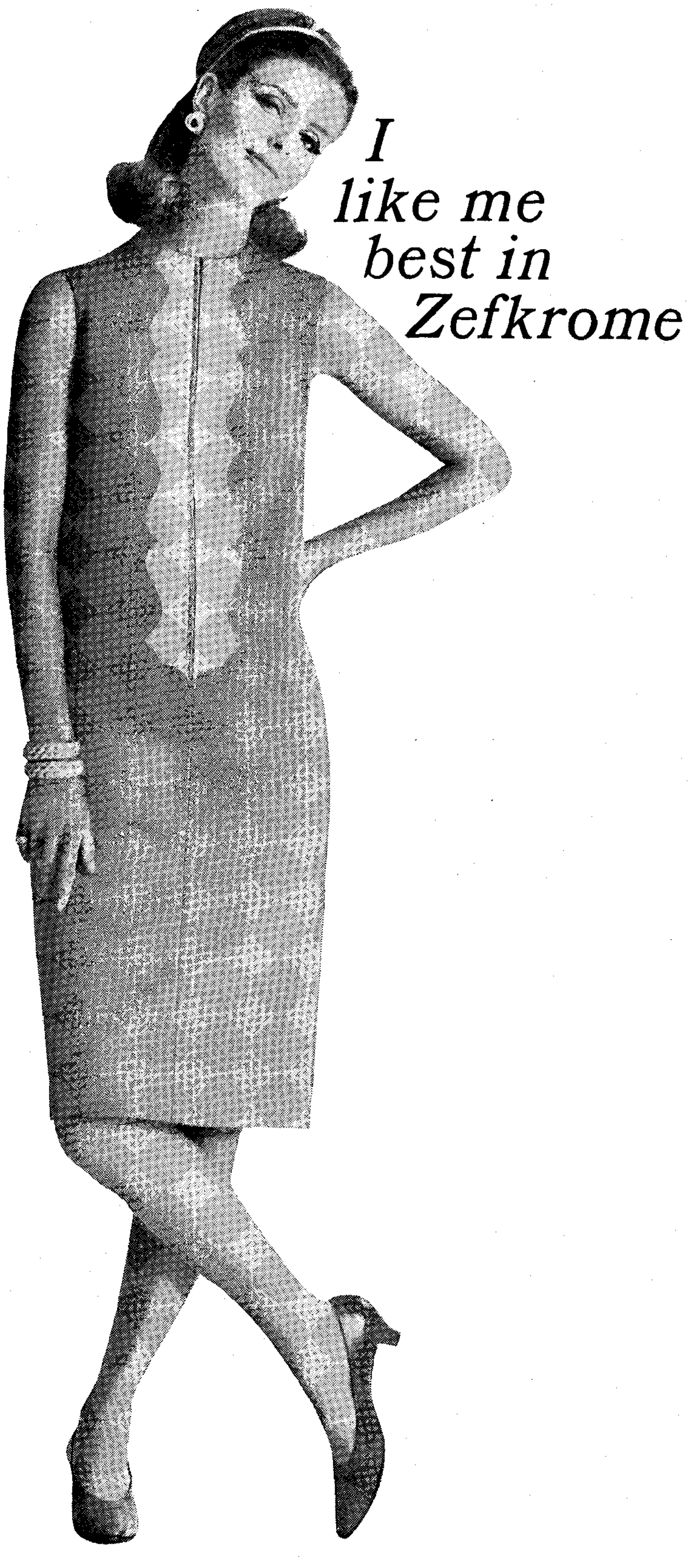
no matter what opposition is put up—something that was apparently not clear to many of them before the University of Mississippi desegregation—and about all that the last session of the legislature could think of to do about it was to provide tuition grants for those who wanted to attend private segregated schools. The story is often told now in Jackson of a University of Mississippi trustee who departed for the hearing before the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals in New Orleans with his bags packed and his farewells said in preparation for going to jail rather than admit James Meredith to the University. According to the story, the trustee—after listening to the judge explain that if the trustees failed to admit Meredith they would be jailed for contempt and new trustees would be appointed to admit him—turned to the state's lawyer and said, "You mean I'll be in jail in New Orleans and that nigger will be in school at Ole Miss?" When the lawyer confirmed that interpretation, the trustee decided that no purpose would be served by his going to jail.

The immediate effect on the rest of the state of the Jackson Chamber's statement is expected to be limited. Although there has been some compliance in the larger cities, no other Chamber of Commerce has made a statement on the civil-rights law, and it will be a long time before a Negro eating in a "white" restaurant is a common enough sight to shake the conviction of those who prefer to believe that nothing has changed. School integration is considered the important test. Many people have expressed cautious optimism about school desegregation's proceeding peacefully in Jackson and in Biloxi—which is on the Gulf Coast, an area traditionally more flexible on the race issue than most of the rest of the state—although there are few predictions about rural Leake County, which is also under a school-desegregation order. The important long-range effect of both the Chamber's statement and the appearance of Mississippians for Public Education is that, in the words of a Jackson lawyer, "some crack has been made in that wall of Never."

The wall of Never was built on the proposition that in Mississippi complete segregation could be maintained without violence by means of rigid control—some say police-state control—within the state and a united front against outside pressure. As the outside pressure becomes greater and more firmly supported by law, there is often no way to oppose it except by lawless-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ness. Many of this summer's incidents—the burning of Negro churches unconnected with civil-rights activity, for instance—are typical not of the systematic intimidation associated with the Citizens Councils but of the irrational violence indulged in by terrorist groups of a sort that cannot be controlled by strategists in Jackson. Organizations such as the Klan and the A.P.W.R. hardly existed in Mississippi a year or two ago, and although the administration of Governor Paul Johnson has not condemned them out of hand, it has discouraged people from joining them. Governor Johnson did advise businessmen not to comply with the civil-rights act until it had been tested in the courts, but he is still considered quite a bit less extreme than former Governor Ross Barnett, and there are certainly indications that the state has tried to avoid trouble that might bring federal intervention on a large scale. When Martin Luther King visited the state recently in support of the Freedom Democratic Party (a predominantly Negro political party that is attempting to unseat the regular Mississippi delegation at the Democratic Convention, on the theory that the regular party cannot represent people it prevents from voting), he was carefully, if unobtrusively, protected by the state as well as by the F.B.I. Outright violence against COFO workers has been officially discouraged, and despite the murder of the three civil-rights workers in Philadelphia during the Summer Project's first week, there has been less of it than many people expected. Those in control of the state would much prefer to deal with COFO by calling its workers Communists and beatniks and by arresting them for some crime such as distributing leaflets.

I HAPPENED to fly from Atlanta to Jackson on the same plane as Martin Luther King, who was about to begin his tour of Mississippi with some speeches and meetings in Greenwood. He was accompanied by four of his aides in the Southern Christian Leadership Conference—Andrew Young, C. T. Vivian, Bernard Lee, and Dorothy Cotton—and except that all of them are Negroes and that the men were wearing buttons in their lapels that said, "S.C.L.C. Freedom Now," the group might have been thought to consist of a corporation executive off to make a sales-conference speech accompanied by efficient, neatly dressed young assistants brought along to handle arrangements and take care of the paperwork. As the plane left Atlanta,

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Young began going through a number of file folders, making notes on a legal-sized yellow pad and occasionally passing them up to King, who paused in his reading of the *Times* and the news magazines now and then to consult with Young or Mrs. Cotton. Lee opened "The Souls of Black Folk," by W. E. B. DuBois, and Mrs. Cotton brought out a copy of "Southern Politics," by V. O. Key, which she read when she wasn't talking with King. Across the aisle from King, there happened to be sitting a stocky, nice-looking young white man with a short haircut and wearing Ivy League clothes. He looked as if he might have been a responsible member of a highly regarded college fraternity six or eight years ago and was now an equally responsible member of the Junior Chamber of Commerce of a Southern city that prided itself on its progress. About halfway between Atlanta and Montgomery, the plane's first stop, he leaned across the aisle and politely said to King, in a thick drawl, "Excuse me. I heard them calling you Dr. King. Are you Martin Luther King?"

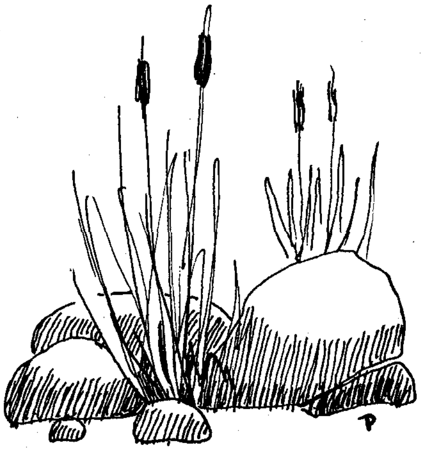
"Yes, I am," said King, just as politely.

"I wonder if I could ask you two questions," the young man said, and Young, Vivian, and Lee, all of whom were sitting behind King, leaned forward to hear the conversation. "I happen to be a Southerner, but I also happen to consider myself a Christian. I wonder, do you feel you're teaching Christian love?"

"Yes, that's my basic approach," King said. "I think love is the most durable element in the world, and my whole approach is based on that."

"Do you think the people you preach to have a feeling of love?" the young man asked.

"Well, I'm not talking about weak love," King explained. "I'm talking about love with justice. Weak love can



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be sentimental and empty. I'm talking about the love that is strong, so that you love your fellow-men enough to lead them to justice."

"Do you think that's the same love Jesus taught?" the young man asked.

"Yes, I do."

"Even though you incite one man against another?"

"You have to remember that Christ was crucified by people who were against him," said King, still in a polite, careful tone. "Do you think *there's love in the South now? Do you* think white people in the South love Negroes?"

"I anticipated that," said the young man. "There hasn't always been love. I admit we've made some mistakes."

"Uh-huh. Well, let me tell you some of the things that have happened to us. We were slaves for two hundred and fifty years. We endured one hundred years of segregation. We have been brutalized and lynched. Can't you understand that the Negro is bound to have some resentment? But I preach that despite this resentment we should organize militantly but non-violently. If we organize non-violently, we can show the injustice. I don't think you'd be talking to me now if we hadn't had some success in making people face the issue."

"I happen to be a Christian," the young man repeated.

"Do you think segregation is Christian?" asked King.

"I was anticipating that," the young man said. "I don't have any flat answer. I'm questioning your methods as causing more harm than good."

"Uh-huh. Well, what do you suggest we need?" King was able to say "Uh-huh" in a way that implied he had registered a remark for what it was worth and decided not to bring up its more obvious weaknesses, but he and the young man did seem genuinely interested in each other's views.

"I think we need respect and good will," said the young man.

"How do you propose to get that?" King asked.

The young man hesitated for a moment and then said, "I don't know. I just don't agree that it does any good to incite people. I know there's resentment, and you're able to capitalize on this resentment and create friction and incite discord. And you know this."

"I don't think we're inciting discord but exposing discord," King said.

"Well, let me ask you this," said the young man. "Are you concerned that certain people—well, let's come out

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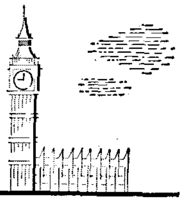

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with political labels—that this plays into the hands of the Communists?"

"I think segregation and discrimination play into the hands of the Communists much more than the efforts to end them," said King.

"But it's certainly been playing into the Communists' hands since you and the others—as you put it—started exposing what was there. There's certainly more attention given to it."

"Don't you think that if we don't solve this the Communists will have more to gain?"

"I think much more progress was made between the two races before the last few years, when you and other people started inciting trouble between the two races."

"What is this progress?" asked King. "Where was the lunch-counter desegregation? Where was the civil-rights law?"

"In good relations," the young man answered.

"Good white relations," interrupted Vivian, who apparently felt unable to keep out of the argument any longer.

"Well, I just wanted to ask those questions," said the young man. He seemed ready to end the discussion.

"Uh-huh," said King. "Well, I'd like to be loved by everyone, but we can't always wait for love. Maybe you ought to read my writings. I've done quite a bit of writing on non-violence."

"Well, I think you are causing violence," the young man said.

"Would you condemn the robbed man for possessing the money to be robbed?" asked King. "Would you condemn Christ for having a commitment to truth that drove men to crucify him? Would you condemn Socrates for having the views that forced the hemlock on him? Society must condemn the robber, not the man he robs."

"I don't want to discuss our philosophical differences," said the young man. "I just wanted to ask you those questions."

"Uh-huh. Well, I'm sorry you don't think I'm a Christian."

"I didn't say that."

"Well, I'm sorry that you don't think that what I preach is Christian, and I'm sorry you don't think segregation is un-Christian."

King turned back to his paper for a few moments, as if the conversation had ended—without progress but with no animosity—and then he looked up and said to the young man, "What do you think of the new civil-rights law? Do you think that's a good law?"

"Well, I haven't read it, but I think

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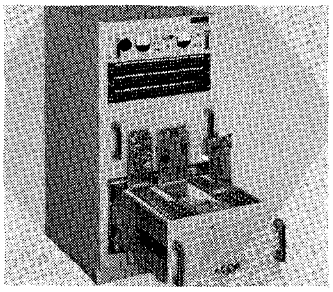

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parts of it just carry on the trend toward federal dictatorship."

"You sound like a good Goldwaterite," said King, with a slight smile. "Are you going to vote for Goldwater?"

"Yes, I expect I will," the young man said.

"It's too bad you're going to back a loser, because I'm afraid we're going to hand him a decisive defeat in November." King's tone was light; he might have been joking with a long-time neighbor who had always been a member of the opposing political party.

"I've voted for losers before," said the young man.

King turned back to his reading, and Vivian said, "What do you mean by federal dictatorship?"

The white man didn't seem anxious to take on a fresh adversary, but he replied, "I think everything should be done at the lowest level of government."

"How about all the federal hospitals? The roads?" said Vivian. "You say you want the federal government to stay out of everything unless it has to do it. That's why you have those hospitals and roads in Georgia, because Georgia was too poor to pay for them. Do you know how much more Mississippi takes from the federal government per person than it puts in? You didn't start talking about federal dictatorship until it came to race—"

"Are you asking me a question or making a speech?" said the young man.

"Both," Vivian said.

King looked up from his paper and smiled across at the young man. "We're all preachers, you see," he explained, and then turned to discuss something with Mrs. Cotton as the young man was making a point to Vivian.

"You must be talking about Toynbee's book," said Vivian, and he launched into a rapid-fire series of questions about Toynbee's theories on race.

"There's no need to debate this," the young man said finally, and he began to look out the window. At Montgomery, he walked off the plane.

"What do you think of that?" King asked, shaking his head, as the white man left. "Such a young man, too. Those are the people who are rallying to Goldwater. You can't get to him. His mind has been cold so long there's nothing that can get to him."

The young man returned to the plane before it left Montgomery, but, with a quick, embarrassed smile, he walked past King and the others and settled in a rear seat.

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Lunch was served between Montgomery and Meridian, and afterward Lee went to sleep and Young crossed the aisle to talk with Vivian about arrangements for that night. "I called the Justice Department today, and they said they think we should go back to Jackson after the meeting," he said.

"I don't like to have Dr. King on the road at night," Vivian replied.

"Apparently, Greenwood is the kind of place now where a mob might form," said Young. "They came right into the Negro neighborhood a few months ago to get the kids at the S.N.C.C. office."

"I never know if the Justice Department knows something it's not telling us," said Vivian. "But I hate to be on the road."

"Even with a state-patrol escort?"

"That state patrol isn't a patrol," Vivian said.

"I hear they were pretty good with the congressmen who went down there," said Young.

"Well, maybe so."

"Well, let's see what the mood is when we get there," Young said in conclusion. He walked across the aisle, lowered the back of his seat, and soon went to sleep. In front of him, King was engrossed in a news magazine.

A NUMBER of the white Mississippians who do not consider COFO workers Communists or beatniks—and they are clearly in the minority—believe that the presence of people who *look* like Communists or beatniks is enough to alarm the residents of a small, churchbound, isolated Mississippi town, even if it is not the sort of town whose sheriff ordinarily shows his alarm by beating up strangers. Mississippians have given a good deal of attention to the appearance of the COFO workers—who favor overalls, old shirts, and, in some cases, beards—and particularly to the appearance of the white volunteers. Although it is true that the people attracted to the Summer Project include some who would qualify as beatniks in Mississippi, where the word is defined broadly, the great majority of the volunteers are white college students who tend to dress the way their hosts dress. As it happens, COFO is, for all practical purposes, a project of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (the participation of the other national civil-rights organizations involved—the Congress of Racial Equality, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and the Southern Christian Leadership Conference—ranges from limited

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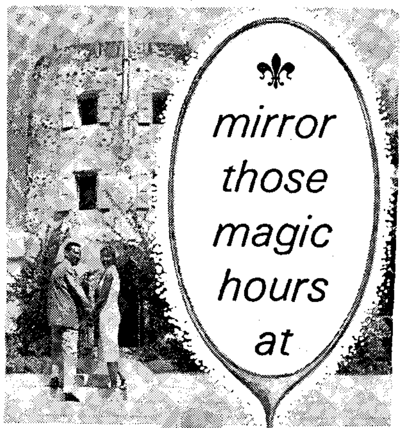
to nominal), so the style-setters are the staff members of S.N.C.C., which may once have been a coat-and-tie organization but is so no longer. With their overalls, S.N.C.C. field workers often wear the flat-topped, broad-brimmed straw hats that are popular among rural Negroes in Mississippi; James Forman, the Negro executive secretary of S.N.C.C., who has set up headquarters in Greenwood for the summer, is usually seen in blue jeans; and the founder and director of the Summer Project, a twenty-nine-year-old Negro S.N.C.C. worker named Robert Moses, who has been in Mississippi for three years, wears work pants and a T shirt even when he is in New York trying to raise money. What has been obscured by all the talk about the volunteers' being beatniks is that the dress of the COFO workers is really quite significant as an indication of how deeply the protest movement has changed in the few years since Negro students—some of them the same ones who are now involved in COFO—sat at dingy dime-store lunch counters dressed in freshly pressed three-button suits. Moses has remarked, "This movement is pointed in a different direction—not toward the downtown white but toward the rural Negro, not toward acceptance by the white community but toward the organization of political and other kinds of expression in the Negro community, or really toward the organization of a Negro society. And the dress is a symbol of that."

"Basically, we're dealing with poor people, and these are the people we identify with," Forman has explained. "It even affects our salary scale. One reason it's so low is just lack of money, but another reason is that we think you can't come out from a nice hotel every day to work with these people and then go back at night. Besides, in Mississippi, as a practical matter, you have to look like a rural Negro in order to get to talk to a rural Negro. And then we have to move a lot, and there's no use wearing a coat and tie if you're likely to end up sleeping on the floor. Another thing that's operating here, too, consciously or unconsciously, is: Why should we have to comb our hair and put on a coat and tie to get what are basically our rights? The student movement was positive, and without it we couldn't have had this, but it was also defensive—to show people we were clean. This is a different game. Also, there's a certain mystique about the dress, a certain morale factor. Maybe we've overdone



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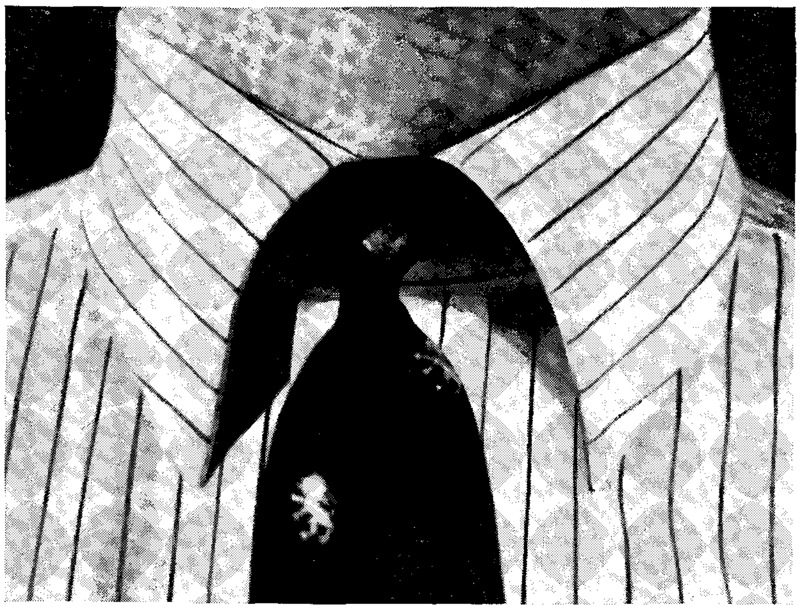
Le Manoir

it; it's almost a uniform now. A lot of this summer's volunteers went out and bought blue denim shirts and overalls. They thought they had to have them."

The attitude toward clothing has its counterpart in other phases of the Summer Project. In 1960, the Atlanta sit-in movement—which, admittedly, was even more middle-class than the movements in most cities—avoided association with CORE, partly because of a belief that it was too far left politically. COFO, against the advice of many of its Northern-liberal supporters, and after a good deal of internal debate, decided to accept help from the National Lawyers Guild—which is sometimes accused of being pro-Communist—because its leaders believed that the need for competent lawyers was desperate enough to make the loss of Northern-liberal support worth risking in order to get them. (It was partly in response that the Northern liberals sent lawyers of their own, whose help COFO was also happy to accept.) The Freedom Houses that COFO has established in a number of communities throughout the state to lodge its workers, and the other accommodations it has arranged in private homes, are usually interracial and unchaperoned, and the COFO answer to suggestions that this might be bad strategy is that Mississippi does not have a renters' market in Freedom Houses and it is more important to send as many workers as possible to whatever houses are available than to worry about antagonizing local whites, who are likely to be antagonistic anyway. "When I first came down here, I walked down the street to the courthouse with two local Negroes, and some people tried to beat my brains out," Moses says. "If you get the most extreme reaction to the most innocent move, you might as well do what you want. This isn't an army. We can't call up people in the field one day and say now the Communist issue will be imposed, and call up another day and say now the dress-up-and-clean-up issue will be imposed, or now the white-girl issue will be imposed. These people are risking their lives. They have to make their own decisions, and they tend to emphasize their involvement rather than disguise it. We really look upon all these things—the political arguments of the thirties and the forties, the impressions of the whites—as impositions from the outside."

At the heart of S.N.C.C.'s lack of concern with the impressions that its people make is the fact that its interest



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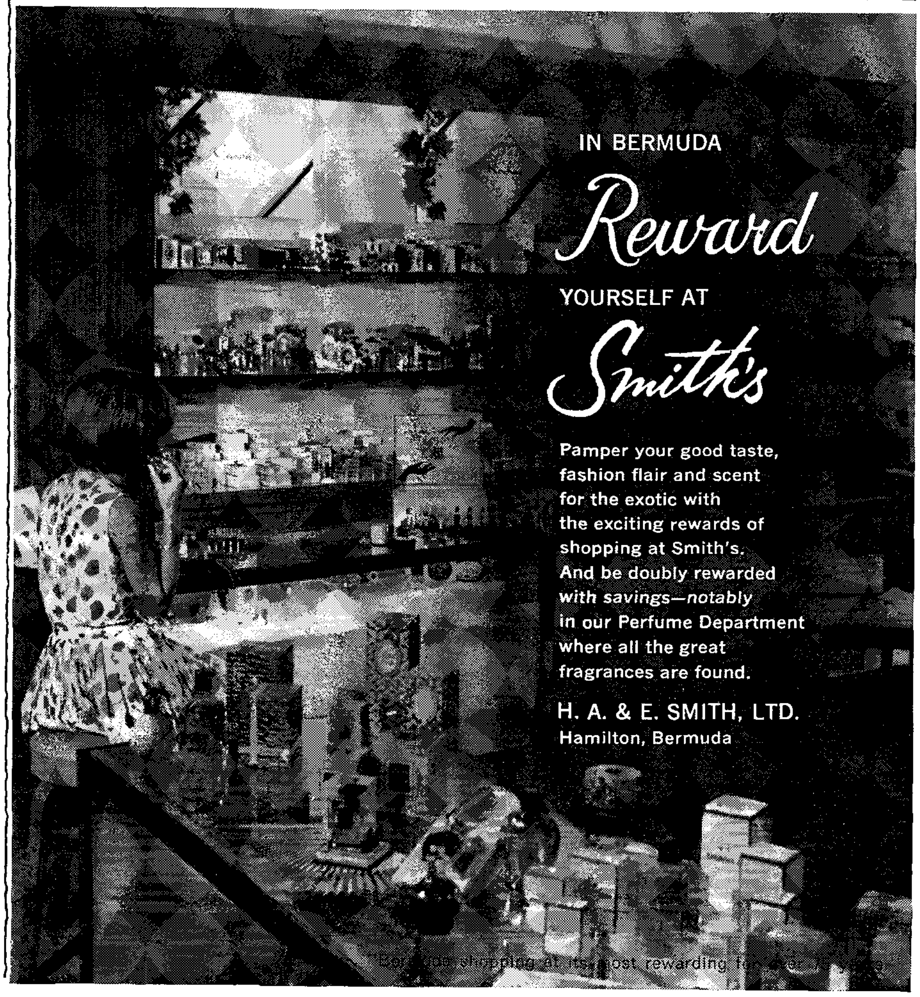
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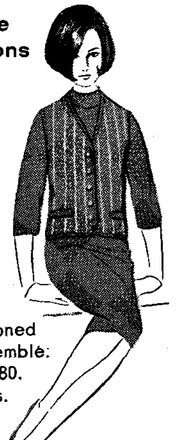

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is not in having Negroes accepted into Mississippi society but in changing Mississippi society; its approach is—in the pure sense of the word, rather than in the sense more common here this summer—radical. The decision to begin with the most impenetrable state, by concentrating on Mississippi, was itself radical. The S.N.C.C. approach since 1961—when the organization, then almost dormant, decided to hire full-time field workers rather than merely to coordinate the activities of college students—has been split between direct action and voter registration, sometimes combined to produce what Forman calls "community mobilization." S.N.C.C. was convinced from the outset that Mississippi had to be cracked, but soon discovered that direct action, which ran into a stone wall of high bails and severe jail sentences, was not the right method of cracking it. (Today, Jackson businessmen need have no fear of COFO's demonstrating in restaurants. As a matter of strategy, S.N.C.C. leaders prefer to keep the Mississippi conflict based on the most fundamental Constitutional right—the right to vote—and as a matter of philosophy they do not consider restaurant integration particularly relevant in Mississippi; in fact, they do not even patronize the restaurants that have desegregated under the civil-rights law. "Sure we could go to the desegregated restaurants," Moses says. "But could the Jackson Negro who might get fired for it go there? And how about the Negro who makes fifteen dollars a week?") It was also in 1961 that Moses—an intense, soft-spoken, and self-effacing young man, who graduated from Hamilton College, got a Master's degree in philosophy from Harvard, and had been teaching mathematics at the Horace Mann School in New York—went South to see what he could do to help. Working as a S.N.C.C. field secretary, Moses moved from one city to the next until he found a place where there was no established Negro leadership to resent him as an outsider; that turned out to be rural southwest Mississippi. At that time, some S.N.C.C. leaders believed that the Justice Department was advising concentration on voter registration to divert civil-rights groups from the more explosive field of direct action, but Moses discovered that, as he later said, "in Mississippi voter registration was itself an act of confrontation," and one that could eventually result in the most fundamental changes.

So far, in Mississippi, the confrontation has continued to be more significant

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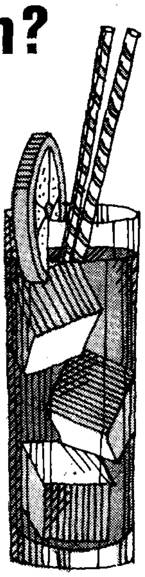

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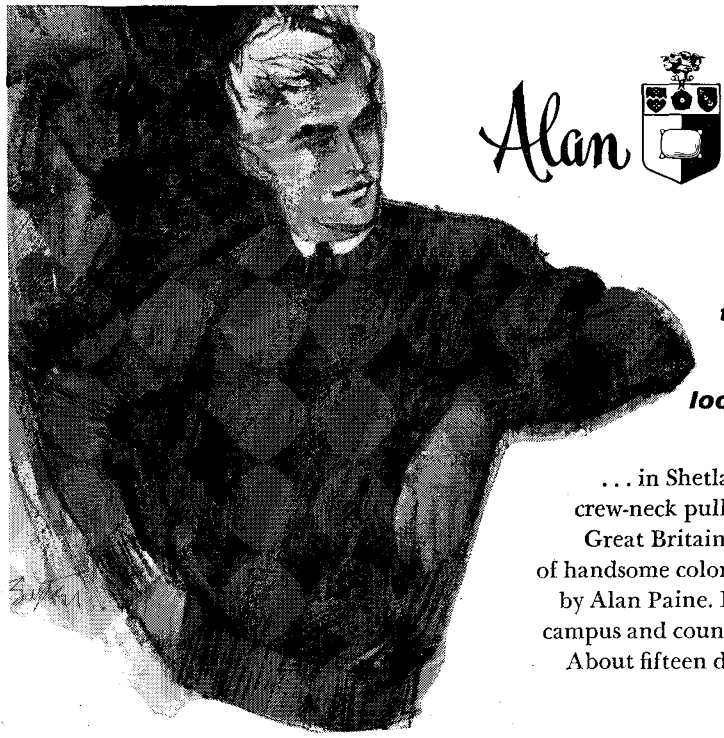
than the registration. The simplest way to misunderstand COFO is to think of it as a project whose primary aim is to achieve a gradual increase in the Negro vote. Because of Mississippi's complicated literacy tests, the fear and apathy of its Negroes, and the range of intimidation available to its whites, COFO, at its current pace, will never register enough Negroes in the state to make any difference. In his speeches throughout Mississippi, Martin Luther King, in calling for federally appointed marshals to register voters in some counties, pointed out that for all the extraordinary efforts of the past three years, even at slightly better than the present rate, it would take a hundred and thirty-five years to register half the state's eligible Negro voters. The Voter Education Project—a coördinated voter-registration effort supported by foundation grants and administered by the respected Southern Regional Council—supported S.N.C.C.'s Mississippi registration drive for two years and then withdrew, on the ground that an organization committed to registering Negro voters would never be able to justify the expenditure of any money in Mississippi. The organization's second annual report declared, "V.E.P. has only been able to add 3,871 voters to the rolls in Mississippi during the past two years, a figure lower than the results from a single small city like Brunswick or Decatur, Georgia, or Winston-Salem, North Carolina. . . . We only hope that the situation improves before V.E.P. goes out of existence, but it will not change appreciably without massive federal action." Not only is it difficult to get Negroes registered in Mississippi but it is almost impossible even to find out how many Negroes have been registered; information is so skimpy that the figure usually quoted for Negro registration—twenty-eight thousand,



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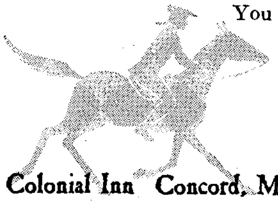

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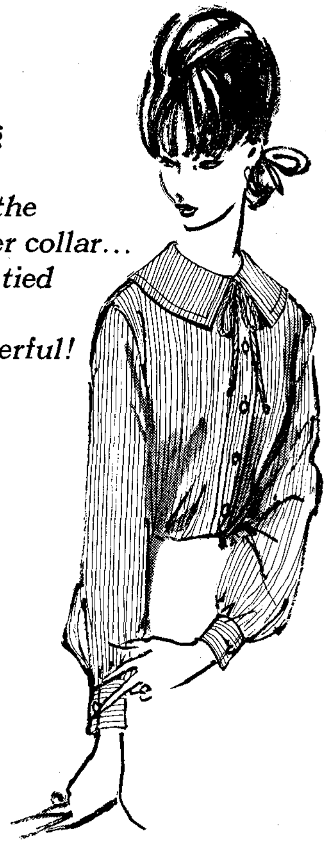
which many people believe is an overestimate—has as its original source a 1955 University of Mississippi Master's thesis.

Moses is interested in registering Negroes, and still more interested in breaking through their fear enough to convince them that they should try to register. Most of all, though, having found that in almost any town a small group of Negroes could be built around voting, he sees voting registration as a means of organizing a society. Arguing that "you can't have a political revolution in a vacuum," he maintains that without organizing themselves and creating leaders of their own Negroes in Mississippi will not be able to use the vote effectively when it comes, and will also never be able to help themselves socially and economically. Almost everything that COFO does has two or three purposes, in addition to the basic idea that there is value in organizing Mississippi Negroes and "shaking up the state" no matter what the purpose. The Freedom Schools set up by COFO in some thirty Mississippi communities may teach Negro teen-agers enough civics and English to help them pass the voting test someday, but they also provide a means of improving the teen-agers' pitiful education, of permitting them, for the first time, some freedom of inquiry, and of developing leaders who are not afraid to lead. (A large percentage of S.N.C.C.'s Mississippi staff is composed of young people who have been recruited over the past three years by Moses and others during the organizing of Mississippi communities.) The Freedom Democratic Party is partly a means of demonstrating how many Negroes would vote if they were permitted to, partly a means of inspiring Negroes to vote, partly a means of teaching them the rudiments of political structure, and, inevitably, partly a means of just organizing. This constant organizing of lower-class Negroes means that the civil-rights movement, which until the past two or three years was largely a middle-class movement in the South, is now much more deeply concerned with social and economic problems. COFO has established community centers that are basically social-work centers, and it has a branch, called Federal Programs, that investigates discrimination in the distribution of federal funds and also tries to show Negroes how to get the federal aid that they are entitled to. Among S.N.C.C. workers, "bourgeois" is widely used as a term of insult.

The concern with social and economic problems reflects the views of



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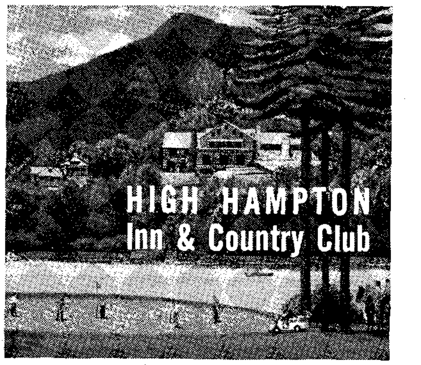

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Moses, who describes himself as merely an organizer and seems to have no interest in being a “civil-rights leader.” Many of those who work with him consider him, quite simply, a saint. “You should hear him talk to some of these people,” one of them told me. “I heard him in Ruleville once talking to a church full of farm laborers. He said, ‘This spring, you’re going to see a plane overhead and something is going to come out of the back, and that will be weed-killer, and it will kill all the weeds in the cotton field. That means that nobody will be chopping cotton this spring. Then, this fall, you’re going to see a machine go up and down the rows of cotton, and that will be an automatic cotton-picker. And that means there will be nobody picking cotton this fall. That airplane and that cotton-picker together are automation. Now, everybody say “Automation.” “Automation” means that a lot of people won’t be eating this winter. But don’t go to Chicago, because you won’t be eating there, either. So we’ll set up a food program to hold you for a while, and we’ll organize and see what we can do.’ ”

After three years of such efforts, Moses does not have to be told that any significant improvement in either the economic or the political lot of Mississippi Negroes is going to require changes from the outside. The Summer Project was set up as one way to go about getting them. In the eyes of some of the S.N.C.C. leaders, the Project, which grew out of the participation of Yale and Stanford students in a mock election last fall, had certain drawbacks. There were fears of efficient, well-educated Northern whites’ taking over the movement, of undermining the painfully built self-confidence of Mississippi Negroes through receiving help from whites, and of a strong backlash when the volunteers left. Countering these fears was a realization not only of all the work that five or six hundred volunteers could do but of the remarkable opportunity that the Summer Project presented for drawing the rest of the country into some involvement with Mississippi rather than a casual dismissal of the state as hopeless. Over the past year or two, S.N.C.C. leaders have found that the personal involvement of Northern whites—and particularly of well-educated, well-connected Northern whites—creates a pressure that would otherwise be missing. “We’ve operated in the past three years on the theory that the two things

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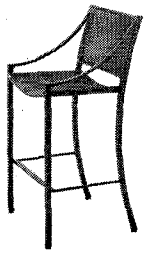

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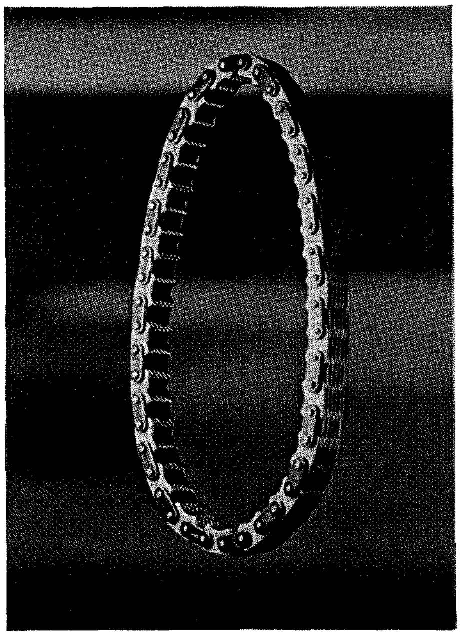

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the local segregationists don't want are more federal involvement in any way at all and more public focus," Forman says. "Our problem is how to get the government to do what it's supposed to do. How can you get the Justice Department to press certain suits, for instance? One way is to make a lot of noise about the fact that they're not doing it, create a public consensus, get people to call in about it, and make it easier for the government to act. It's a question of balancing opposing forces."

Federal involvement—or federal intervention, or federal presence—is a much discussed subject in Jackson, and most people close to COFO believe that what its leaders are divided over is not whether or not federal involvement is desirable but simply what form it should take and what should be done to get it. Almost everybody in COFO denies any desire to see federal military occupation, and it is often pointed out that having a hundred and fifty F.B.I. agents in the state this summer, instead of a mere fifteen or so, even if they keep insisting that they are not there to protect anybody, is a huge increase in federal presence. The theory advanced by some Northern columnists and editorialists after the disappearance of the three murdered civil-rights workers in Philadelphia that the summer volunteers are being used as unwitting martyrs to provoke federal intervention infuriates even Moses, whose composure is ordinarily awesome. Having been in Mississippi for three years, virtually by himself and almost completely ignored, Moses is understandably irritated at the implication that he is a Machiavellian who sits in an office somewhere coldly sending innocents to the slaughter. COFO leaders point out that the Summer Project volunteers were repeatedly warned ahead of time of the dangers they would be facing, that they are not sent to places where violence is considered to be what Moses calls "repeatable" (the southwest area of the state, around Natchez, is such an area), and that a good deal of time is spent in setting up elaborate security arrangements. Still, they acknowledge that protection for Negroes in Mississippi is likely to be provided only when whites are involved and that ordinary pressures, such as publicizing incidents and writing to congressmen, would probably not have brought in the F.B.I. if the murders had not occurred. No sophisticated study of public opinion is needed to establish the fact that in the United States, North or South, a white life is considered to be of more

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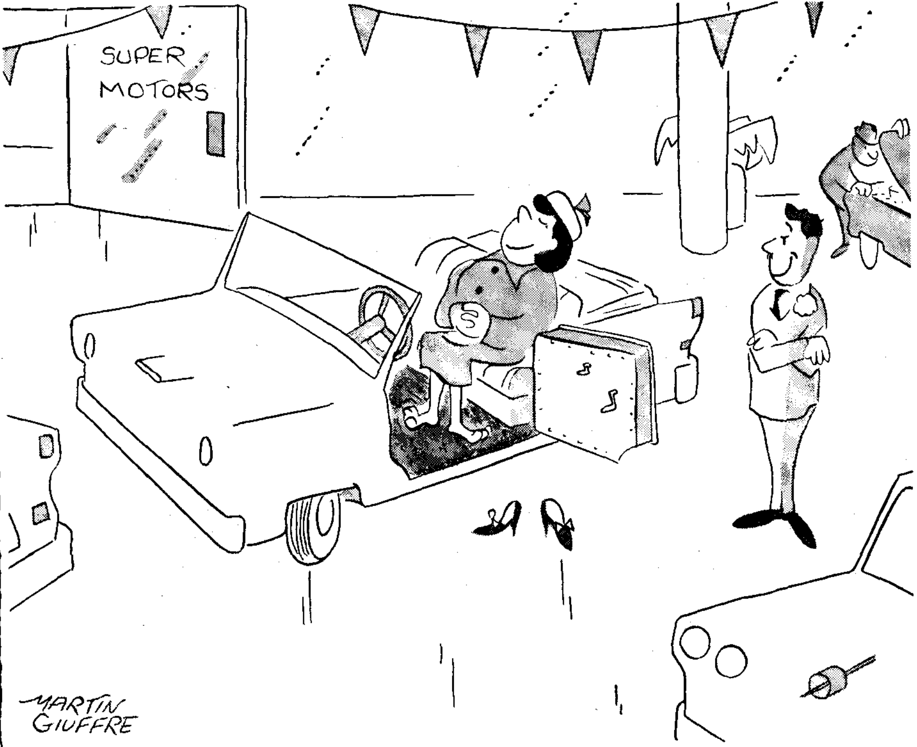

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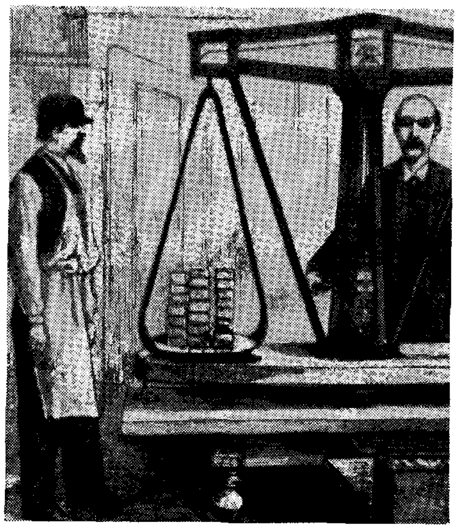

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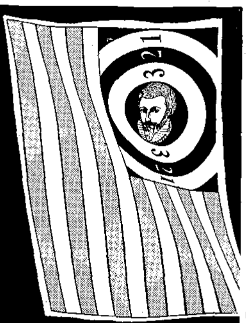


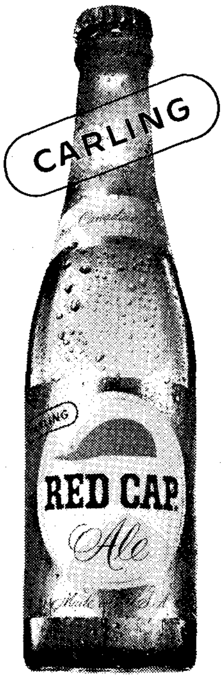
A NOVEL BY PATRICK O'MALLEY

Counterespionage agents Harrigan and Hoeffler infiltrate a super-"John Birch" type society that is being infiltrated by the Communists. At bookstores, $3.50

MILL-MORROW

value than a Negro life. In the mimeographed newspaper published by the COFO Freedom School in Holly Springs, a local girl wrote, "When we heard about the three freedom workers missing we were hurt but not shocked because many of our people have come up missing and nothing was said or done about it. Ever since I can remember I have been told of such cases from my people. But never have I heard it said on the news or over the T.V. or radio."

In discussing federal involvement, S.N.C.C. people tend to go no further with specific suggestions than Forman's statement that the government ought to do "what it's supposed to do." Moses says, "It's not our function to decide what form federal pressure should take; it's our function to holler loud, and that's what we do. It's a matter of whether Americans have the right to vote. I don't see how the country can come out with a negative answer—unless Goldwater gets in. We want to demonstrate to the Negro community, the country, the federal government. The presence of the F.B.I. in Mississippi is a big step. If they're not able to maintain control, the symbolic presence of marshals may be needed in the worst counties. The point is that the fact of the terror is out in the open, and the country has to do something about that." Moses believes that a breakthrough could come through litigation that would eventually result in a court ruling supporting S.N.C.C.'s thesis of "One Man, One Vote." He has particular faith in a favorable decision on the case of U.S. v. Mississippi, a suit that has been instituted by the Justice Department and that would result in the elimination of most of the legal obstacles to Negro registration. Moses has also been heartened by a recent decision in Panola County, where a federal judge invoked what is known as "the freeze theory" for the first time, ordering the county registrar to ignore the prescribed voting tests for Negroes for a period of a year, on the ground that the tests had been ignored for a number of years in the registration of whites. Favorable action on U.S. v. Mississippi would take at least a year—it is now on appeal to the Supreme Court after being dismissed by a three-judge federal court in Mississippi—and freeze-theory rulings would have to be based on evidence in eighty-two separate suits, one for each of Mississippi's eighty-two counties. Moses seems prepared to wait—despite the idealism



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implied by his presence in Mississippi, he gives the impression of being a remarkably realistic man—but even his patience has limits. Upon being asked what he would do if a favorable ruling on U.S. v. Mississippi did not serve to stop the subterfuge and intimidation, he said, "We'd set up our own election, call in observers, and ask that we be recognized as the true government of Mississippi."

Other members of COFO are still less patient, and many people who are basically sympathetic to the Summer Project believe that some of those involved in it welcome the antagonism of Mississippi whites as the best way to get large-scale federal intervention—or occupation. "I think some of them would do just about anything to get massive federal intervention," one such observer said not long ago. "That's what they want, consciously or unconsciously. They have some fancy words for it—showing the nation the evil, bringing the hostility to the surface—and they won't go outside the bounds of the voting drive to achieve it, but basically it amounts to provoking Mississippi into doing something that the federal government won't take. Why? Maybe they're just tired. Maybe they just want to bring everything to a head after all this. Sometimes I can't blame them."

WHATEVER the reason, the emphasis on violence and arrests is so great at the COFO office in Jackson that a stranger could spend hours there without being aware that a voter-registration drive was being carried on throughout Mississippi, that nearly fifty Freedom Schools are operating in the state, or that a new political party is being organized. About the time of King's visit, voter-registration workers began to concentrate on the mock registration for the Freedom Democratic Party, so that its delegates could demonstrate to the Democratic Convention how many people they represented, but a chart on the rear wall of the office that was supposed to show the registration results by counties was never used, and until a small notice went up on the bulletin board a few days after King left the state there was no indication at all of how the campaign was faring. The Party was being organized from the precinct level up, and several COFO workers who attended a county meeting near Canton, north of Jackson, the day after King left returned bubbling with enthusiasm. But the next day the blackboard on the

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front wall of the COFO headquarters said nothing of the fact that three hundred Negroes had attended a meeting of the Freedom Democratic Party, instead offering the usual reports of violence: "Batesville 1:00 A.M. Freedom House had tear gas grenade thrown into it. . . . Occupants vacated house. McComb 1:30 A.M. House of N.A.A.C.P. prex had two packages of dynamite thrown at it. . . . No injuries. . . . Damage slight. Tchula 3:00 A.M. S.N.C.C. automobile set afire. ⅔ burned. . . . Interior gutted."

Both the internal and the external communications handled by the Jackson office are dominated by incidents. Most of the material that is provided for visiting reporters—or residents who stroll by the office, for that matter—concerns violence or security. The Jackson office has two WATS (Wide Area Telephone Service) lines operating at a flat rate for unlimited calls anywhere in Mississippi, so that workers can constantly be kept track of by phone; the S.N.C.C. office in Greenwood has a WATS line for Mississippi and one on which calls can be made throughout the country; and the S.N.C.C. office in Atlanta has one for the Eastern United States. Checking goes on incessantly—by means of sign-out sheets, perpetual telephoning, and, lately, even short-wave radio—and any indication of trouble is immediately reported to the North. On the first day of my visit, two Northern lawyers who were travelling from Jackson to Natchez to try to make contact with some Natchez lawyers neglected to phone the COFO office to report their safe arrival. According to those in charge of their project, by the time the two were tracked down, a few hours later, the Attorney General of the United States was about to call the President out of a meeting to inform him of their disappearance.

One reason for emphasizing violence to the press, apparently, is that, in the unceasing effort to draw the nation's attention to Mississippi, violence has proved to be about all that the nation responds to. Another reason is that one of Moses' immediate goals is merely to enable integration groups to exist in some parts of Mississippi in relative safety. S.N.C.C. leaders are not always specific about their goals—beyond, of course, "shaking up" the state and drawing the nation's attention to it—and the goals often appear to be idealistic and practical at the same time. In one sentence, a S.N.C.C. worker may be speculating on what

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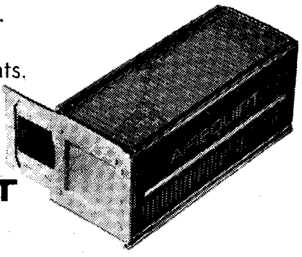

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A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

Murder sings a folk song!

MY NAME IS DEATH

by LESLEY EGAN

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A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

long-range psychological effect organization for voter registration will have on the Negro community, and in the next sentence he may be speculating on what effect a large Negro vote in Mississippi might have in the 1967 gubernatorial election if a breakthrough should come by then. Some of the S.N.C.C. people call the "One Man, One Vote" campaign a means of assuring a large enough Negro vote to soften the racial policies of the state's politicians, and then say that if the principle is established that even an ignorant man has a right to decide who rules him, the next step has to be the acceptance of some responsibility for seeing to it that he is not ignorant. Defeating a Mississippi senator may be spoken of as a way to help end the congressional bottleneck that is holding up progressive welfare legislation, as well as a way to get better representation for Mississippi Negroes. "Different people have different goals," I was told by a white S.N.C.C. staff worker who has been in Mississippi for several months. "Some are practical: to get one sheriff to stop hitting us over the head, say. Some are subjective—like the satisfaction of seeing a Mississippi Negro woman like Fannie Lou Hamer emerge as a leader, or that meeting in Canton yesterday. I think if we did nothing else, the summer would be worth it for that one meeting. Or seeing the people come to sing after the bombing of the Freedom House in McComb, or five hundred people go to the courthouse to register in Hattiesburg, or seeing people realize that they don't have to dress up to come to a meeting. Some are specific: to get the vote and get some base of power, to get people to talk to their congressmen and get people involved, to show the social problem that Mississippi is."

S.N.C.C. leaders believe that they can see some progress in Mississippi when it is compared with the monolith of segregation Moses found in 1961. "All other civil-rights groups considered Mississippi hopeless," Forman says. "Now at least a beachhead has been established. We've got organizations all over the state. We've been forming a basis all the time for the Justice Department's voting suits. We've changed the atmosphere in the Negro community. And we're getting more resources, more people, and a consensus that something is wrong. By plugging away, you get the National Council of Churches involved, you get people building community centers, you get things like the Harvard summer teaching project at Tougaloo College, you get white Northern lawyers talking to some of these people for the first time."

The success of COFO depends partly on how consistently its projects are carried on after the summer is over—some of the volunteers are expected to stay on, and Moses, who sees his commitment in terms of "three-year hitches," plans to remain in Mississippi until 1967—but even if the projects thrive, and even if some breakthroughs in litigation are made, it is likely to be a long time before a COFO worker can see that his efforts have had any substantial effect on the state. "I think that concern over civil rights moves by plateaus, and we had to make sure Mississippi got in on this move," Moses says. "But this commitment has to be for the long haul. People say 'Why are you doing this?' or 'Why are you starting with this aspect?' or 'Where can this approach ever get you?' And we say 'What else would you have us do?' "—CALVIN TRILLIN

• •

THE ALL-AROUND ORBITER

A Project Gemini astronaut may become early next year the first human to be exposed to the hazards of outer space with no protection except his space suit. . . . Air Force Capt. James A. McDivitt, named to be the spacecraft commander, said the experiment will be one of the highlights of the four-day mission. His copilot, Air Force Capt. Edward H. White 2nd, agreed. "This means the start of extra-vehicular activities," White said.—*A.P. dispatch.*

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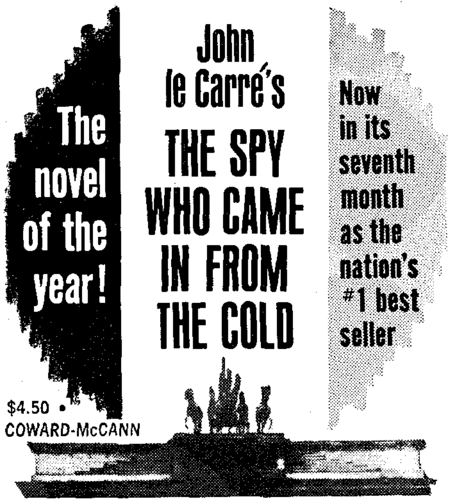

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THE RACE TRACK

Tops

August may be a bit early for anyone to start summarizing the season, but I feel that this department is taking no imprudent risk in submitting that Quadrangle is the best three-year-old colt of 1964. He certainly won the Travers Stakes in convincing style from Knightly Manner and Hill Rise at Saratoga Springs last Saturday. The word "convincing" is not used loosely, because Quadrangle, carrying 126 pounds, gave six pounds to Knightly Manner, three to Hill Rise, and twelve each to Portfolio and Ramant, the other starters; he followed Hill Rise's pace closely for half of the mile and a quarter, and then, after polishing him off in the next couple of furlongs, withstood a sharp challenge by Knightly Manner through the stretch. Though the track was sloppy from rain, which came and went during the afternoon, the race was run in 2:04⅗—not bad time in the circumstances. No doubt Quadrangle is going to have a breathing spell before taking on his engagements at Aqueduct, but the American Derby at Chicago's Arlington Park this weekend would be pie for him if he wanted it.

The notable Travers absentee was Malicious, who had beaten Quadrangle in the Jim Dandy Stakes a week before but had wrenched his left knee doing it and is likely to be on the shelf for weeks. Another absentee was Northern Dancer, who, it was announced recently (it had been an open secret for some time), had bowed a tendon in his right foreleg and is unlikely to race again.

When I wrote in glowing terms last week about Cornish Prince, I was a bit too optimistic, for Sadair beat him handily in the Saratoga Special the other afternoon. It's only fair to say, though, that Cornish Prince carried four pounds more than Sadair and had never gone six furlongs in a race, while Sadair had had a good winding-up gallop at the distance behind Bold Lad and Native Charger in the Sapling at Monmouth. In the Adirondack Stakes, a couple of days after the Special, Queen Empress also found six furlongs beyond her powers. She

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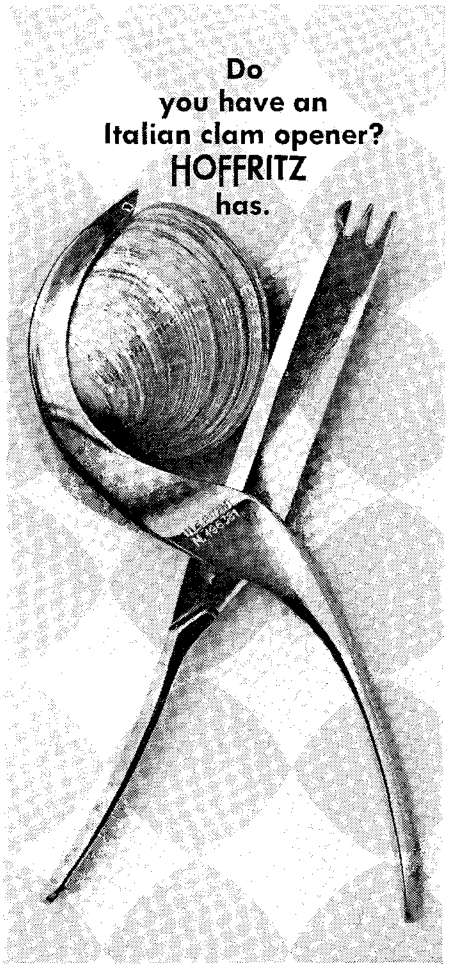

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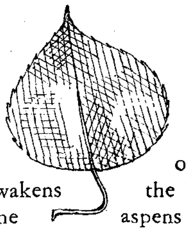

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could never get close to Candalita, who must be reckoned with for the two-year-old-filly honors from now on.

PLANS for the new Belmont Park were revealed at The Spa last weekend, and I'm delighted to report that the architect's drawings indicate it is going to look not like Aqueduct but something like the Belmont we knew. Designed by Arthur Froehlich, the new setup will have a huge grandstand—1,260 feet long and 300 feet deep, with three tiers of seats, ten elevators, twenty-eight escalators, and several dining rooms and dining terraces—that will seat 24,000 people. Work on it will begin next spring and is scheduled to be completed by the autumn of 1966, at a cost of at least thirty millions. The track will remain at a mile and a half, but I understand some changes will be made in it.

AS had been expected, Gun Bow won the Washington Handicap at Arlington Park last Saturday. Although he didn't lead all the way—Going Abroad headed him for a few strides in the stretch—he passed the winning post two lengths ahead of Lemon Twist. Going Abroad was third. Gun Bow's performance was up to par, since he carried 132 pounds, giving from eight to twenty-four pounds to the eleven other starters, and did the mile and a furlong in a run-of-the-mill 1:51 over a track that had been swamped by a downpour earlier in the afternoon. Incidentally, he earned $69,750 for the new syndicate that owns him, and brought his total prize money for this season to $440,870. We may see him in the Aqueduct Stakes at the Big A on Labor Day.

Mongo, it seems, doesn't carry weight so well. Under 133 pounds, he finished fifth among six runners in the Atlantic City Handicap at Atlantic City last weekend. The winner was Inbalance.

WHAT I venture to say will be Saratoga's most financially successful meeting will end on Saturday with the Hopeful and eight other races. This department has no selections.

—AUDAX MINOR

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UPI-149
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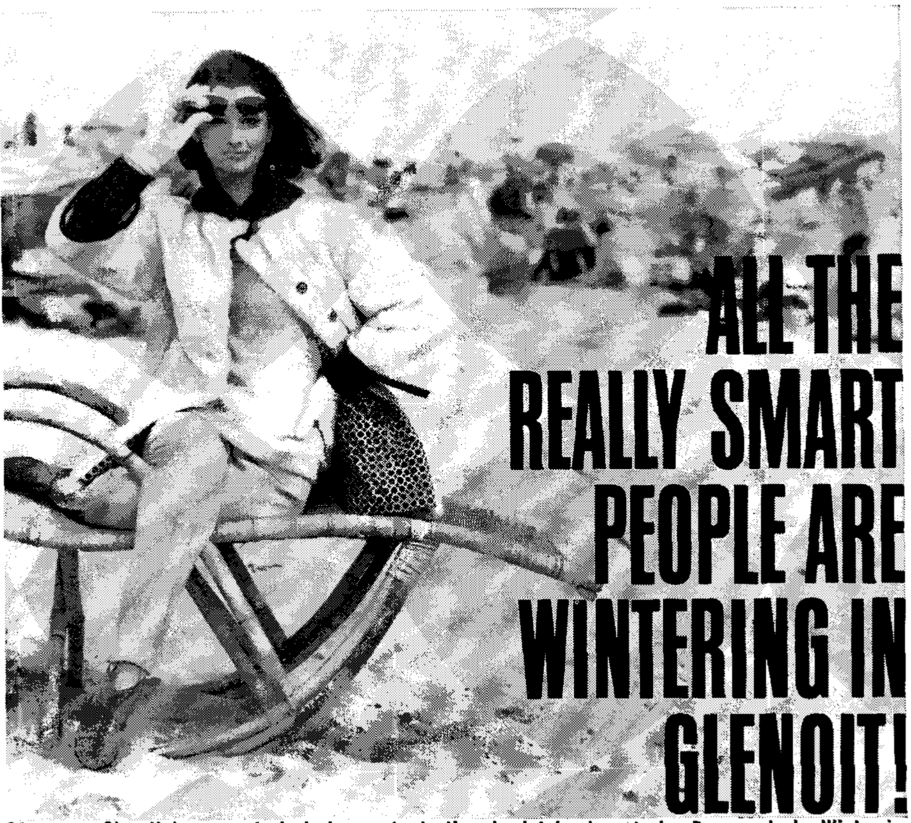

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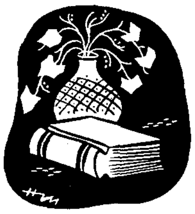
BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A Flag Full of Stars, by Don Robertson (Putnam). This bright, flimsy bit of Americana tells what happened to a few people here and there across the country on the day in 1948 when Truman defeated Dewey for the Presidency of the United States. Among those who pass in review under Mr. Robertson's impatient, half-sympathetic eyes are a marvellously glamorous Hollywood movie queen, a henpecked suburban husband who is running for Congress for the first time, a worried baseball player, an alcoholic housewife, and a hundred-and-ten-year-old Civil War veteran. The writing is brisk, as befits the episodic manner of telling, but there is a prevailing atmosphere of discontent and lethargy.



A Moment in Time, by H. E. Bates (Farrar, Straus). A wistful, weightless tale of the Second World War describing the romantic courtship and marriage of a nineteen-year-old English girl, Elizabeth, whose splendid old family mansion, twenty miles from the Channel, is requisitioned by the R.A.F. and turned into an officers' mess. The year is 1940, from winter's end until the end of autumn.

GENERAL

The World of the Shining Prince: Court Life in Ancient Japan, by Ivan Morris (Knopf). "The Tale of Genji," a novel written early in the eleventh century by an author called Lady Murasaki (after one of her characters), offers, besides literary pleasures, documentation of a remarkable civilization known to scholars as Heian. From its founding, through its glory, to its decadence, it lasted, roughly, from A.D. 782 to 1167. Professor Morris, an Orientalist, relying on the novel and on several other contemporary works for his facts, brings this hierarchical, exclusive, cultivated society before us. He thinks that there has been none like it. The Heian world was devoted to the arts. Its style was austere elegance, its moods were melancholy and frivolity. It was not good (instead of ethics it had etiquette), but it was lovely. Professor Morris's book is critical, expository, evocative, and, above all, entrancing.

The Three Worlds of Captain John Smith, by Philip L. Barbour (Houghton Mifflin). Jamestown, the first permanent English settlement in North America, survived because of the good judgment and strong character of the cosmopolitan soldier Captain John Smith. Most of his contemporaries knew this—as most American schoolboys do now—yet difficulties at the London end of the venture, combined with Smith's low rank in English society, deprived him of any reward for his services. Though he later explored around New England, Smith's most effective work, after his return from Virginia, was to publicize the possibilities of New World settlement. Mr. Barbour is fascinated by the romantic career of this very sober adventurer, and he gets us so interested in the general movement of his story that the scholarly asides read like a good chat.

The Offensive Traveller, by V.S. Pritchett (Knopf). A collection of first-rate travel pieces, written by a particularly well-equipped (multilingual, observant, experienced, and kindly) traveller. The essays on the satellite countries—Czechoslovakia, Poland, Hungary, Bulgaria, and Rumania—are especially fine. They provide, directly and persuasively, and in a delightful style, the answers to a Westerner's questions: What is it like there? How do they manage? Who is happy? What is beautiful?

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